

Another Untimely Death



FR. JUSTIN MOORE, C.P.

Last month, in appealing for a fund to build a Hospital in Hunan, we wrote: "Meanwhile they wait—these noble, uncomplaining priests and Sisters. And meanwhile, perhaps, OTHER UNTIMELY GRAVES MAY REAR THEIR HEADS IN THE FAR EAST."

As we go to press a cable reports the death from fever of Father Justin Moore, C.P. He had been just six months in the Passionist Mission district. The ideals which inspired this young priest are revealed in his article on page 674 of this number.

He did not live to carry out those ideals because, when stricken with disease, he was without adequate medical facilities.

Our appeal for funds to build a Hospital began in September with word of the death of Father Edward McCarthy, C.P. Now, with only about two-thirds of that fund realized, another of our missionaries is dead.

Could we possibly add anything more to enlist your speedy and generous response?

Please send your donation at once to:

The Hospital Fund: THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

Our Cover

Chartres Cathedral

THE Cathedral of Chartres stands forth as one of the greatest of the architectural "Glories of Mary." It is a spot where the sufferings and trials of this life seem to be forgotten for a moment, and one catches a fleeting glimpse of the life of glory that Mary now enjoys, the glory that we will one day share with her.

Almost incredible bodily labor and artistic inspiration were required to produce Chartres Cathedral. Yet, to the Catholics of northwestern France who erected this edifice, this offering of their best efforts seemed only natural. To them, Mary was not only a living reality; she was their Queen, in a way that none other could be queen. She combined the love, the tenderness and affection of a Divine Mother, with the majesty and dignity of the Queen of Heaven. It was this Catholic concept of Mary that bore as its fruit, the splendors of Chartres Cathedral. And perhaps chief among those splendors of Chartres are its glorious windows, which neither words nor pictures have ever been able to portray. Of these windows, it has been said that they are the most splendid color decorations the world has ever been privileged to see.

Under the mighty portals of Chartres Cathedral has passed a long procession of pilgrims, a procession seven hundred years in length. Men have found here help in their spiritual needs, healing for their physical ills, inspiration to seek the highest things in life and above all, they have gained a realization of the place Mary must hold in our love for Christ.

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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A Place of Merit in the Church

THE World Catholic Press Exposition at Vatican City is attracting the attention of the entire Church. Intense and detailed preparations have been made both at the scene of the Exhibit itself and throughout the world to present in a graphic manner the development and progress of the Catholic Press. Visitors who are privileged to see the Exposition will be impressed with the variety of languages represented and with the growth, especially in recent years, in the number and quality of magazines and papers produced. They will observe the Church's use of this powerful, modern weapon of defense and propaganda.

Catholics of the United States have a further reason for interest in this Exhibit. At Columbus, Ohio, the Catholic Press Association of this country is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. In the gathering strength of such national organizations has been laid the foundations for the magnificent display now offered, with justifiable pride, to the whole world.

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IN opening the Exposition, Pope Pius XI spoke with earnestness and at length on the function of the Catholic Press. He declared that it had acquired "a place of primary merit in the Church." But His Holiness took the occasion to address a strong warning against Godless Communism and other pressing evils which confront the whole human race. Twice in his address he emphasized that he spoke not only as head of the Church to which our Saviour guaranteed an eventual triumph, but also as "a son of our times," and with solicitude especially for "human, earthly institutions."

Rather than linger over the deserved triumphs of the Catholic Press or rest content with its acknowledged place of merit in the Church, it will be to our advantage to consider the warnings given by the Holy Father.

That such a warning is timely is evident, to take an example from the Exhibit itself, by the absence of representation from Russia and Germany. Of the latter country Pope Pius observed that "in violation of all justice and through an effort artificially to identify religion with politics, the Catholic Press is not wanted." In a surprisingly short time the flourishing Catholic Press of Germany has been suppressed. In other countries its rights have been greatly curtailed. Facts such as these should dissipate that sense of security which has lulled many into the "It-Can't-Happen-Here" frame of mind.

• • •

THE truth is that conditions in the world to-day are forcing action upon us. Nearly all of these assaults upon Christian faith and morals have as their spearhead of attack a vigorous and, often, a subsidized press. If we are not on the alert our own press, instead of advancing the Cause of Christ and winning to the Church those who should be numbered amongst its children, will be-

come the weakened weapon of a retreating defense. There is no Catholic editor or publicist who has not thought seriously on this subject. But the admission is here freely made that editorial success, in spreading the message of the truth, depends surely and finally on the loyal readers to whom it is addressed.

In a great many of our papers and periodicals there has been a marked improvement in the coverage of world news, in attractive appearance and in the acquisition of finished and informed writers. There has resulted an increase in circulation and, most important, a fruitful prestige from united action on behalf of Catholic principles and morals. This record should serve as an urge to accomplish the greater task before us.

May we propose at this time, when the Catholic Press is so prominently before the world, a few practical questions? They are offered with the assurance that the readers of THE SIGN, who have so often given proof of their interest, will find in them helpful and practical suggestions.

• • •

DO you subscribe to your diocesan paper? (A check on the Catholic population and the number of subscribers in our large cities provokes this question.)

Do you ever ask for a Catholic paper or magazine at the newsstands? (News distributors still insist that Catholics will not buy Catholic periodicals there.)

Have you attempted to sell the idea of Catholic literature to those who should be interested, but who are not? (Your personal appeal will convince many whom we cannot reach.)

Do you let firms or companies with whom you deal know that you expect to see their advertisements in your Catholic paper or magazine? (Progress in the Catholic Press, from which you will benefit, is too often hindered by lack of financial help.)

Do you realize that the message of the Catholic Press is so important that, if you drop your subscription to THE SIGN, you should take one or more of our other outstanding Catholic magazines?

Do you take your subscription merely as an act of charity, or with the purpose of keeping in touch with affairs that concern you and your faith?

• • •

WE should like to hear from you.

You have reason to be proud that the Catholic Press, which depends so much on you, has a place of merit in the Church. To preserve your own glorious faith, to safeguard that heritage for those in your care, to assist in bringing that faith to others—you should make the cause of the Catholic Press your own.

Father Theophane Maguire, S.J.

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CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

SO terrible was the World War and so unthinkable would be the horrors of a future war, because of more effective destructive machinery, that people have sought eagerly for some

A Tottering League of Nations

means of avoiding further armed conflicts. Pacifism has never taken a strong hold on the popular imagination because of its lack of practical realism. For awhile collective security, as embodied in the League of Nations, seemed to have solved the difficulty. For years the League dominated the European scene and was hailed by many as the God-given means of preserving the peace of the world.

But now the League would seem to have received its death blow from the Italo-Ethiopian dispute. It survived other failures, but this one is so complete and so decisive that it seems impossible that it should continue as a powerful and effective guarantor of the peace of Europe and the world. The debacle has left Europe stunned. The general bewilderment is reflected in the reports and guesses of the European correspondents as well as in the groping and dilatory policy of the League members.

This blow to the League, even more than the threat to British prestige, is the most important result of Mussolini's African War. As far as the Ethiopians are concerned, we can and do sympathize with their brave but hopeless defense of their country against an unwarranted aggression. But in all fairness to Italy we must admit that her case was not quite as black as it has been pictured and that not only have large numbers of slaves been freed but large portions of the people have changed masters for the better. The introduction of European civilization and progress has always been put forward as the justification of colonial conquest. The objection, of course, is that while British Imperialism, for instance, was already in existence, Italy gained hers only at the cost of destroying the system of collective security embodied in the League of Nations.

DISAPPOINTMENT in the League of Nations as an instrument of collective security has been great in proportion to the confidence placed in it. Events have proven this confidence insufficiently founded in fact. At least there is one consolation to the advocates of peace through the medium of the League. It

Defects of the League

failed in preventing a colonial war in Africa, involving but one great power rather than in preventing a European conflict. Perhaps there is yet time for reform before so heavy a burden is placed on it.

Looking back now on the history of the League, it is evident that its origin was too closely associated with the Treaty of

Versailles for it to be a stable and permanent organ. The French especially have always viewed it as a guarantor of the Treaty of Versailles and a means by which the victors in the World War could continue to assure themselves of the fruits of the victory for which they had paid so dearly. The whole emphasis of the League Covenant is thrown on maintaining the *status quo* rather than on securing peaceful means of settlement or change.

The League has been dominated by the "haves" as against the "have-nots," even when these latter were member states. In actual practice it has become little more than an alliance of great nations, such as Britain and France, that have made great gains in territory and wealth at the expense of others and whose greatest interest is in maintaining the *status quo* and resisting any change. The rebels against such a set-up for collective security have been such countries as Germany, Japan and Italy. Animated by an intense national sentiment they feel that they have certain needs which have not been satisfied under present arrangements. They feel sufficiently powerful to satisfy these national needs and to do so they are willing to challenge the existing order.

ONE of the highest hopes held out by advocates of the League of Nations was that it would bring about a decrease in the intense and fanatical nationalism which for centuries

The League and Nationalism

has been the curse of Europe. The League was to form one great family of nations. It was to bring about the elimination of the secret alliances which for so long had divided Europe into opposing armed camps.

But nations which had built up empires by blood and war, which had extended their frontiers by sacrifices of men and money, could not be made overnight to forget all this and to work solely for the common good. Nothing can alter the fact that the lust for power and possession is as strong and vicious in nations as in individuals. Far from disappearing, Nationalism, which is essentially local and selfish, has increased especially in countries living under dictatorship.

The predominance of national over international interests was quite evident in recent months. France tried to carry water on both shoulders. She wished to retain the friendship of England and yet not offend Italy whom she needs as an ally against Germany. Austria too did not wish through sanctions to weaken Italy whom she might need at any time as her protector against the menace of Hitler. Britain's protestations of loyalty to the League and to the principle of collective security where Italy was concerned were too loud to ring true. Britain blew hot and cold on efforts to stop Japanese aggression in Manchuria and manifested faint zeal when Hitler scrapped the Locarno Treaty.

In spite of the defects of the present organization of the League of Nations it cannot be denied that it has had its triumphs and that it has accomplished much good. It is an advance on the old system of alliances and has helped to arouse popular sentiment in favor of peace—at least in democratic countries. A League, in some form, at last, of European countries, still seems to be the only hope of maintaining peace and order.

Any re-vamping of the League of Nations that will make it an international system guaranteeing collective security must make drastic changes. There will have to be a reduction of nationalistic pretensions and ambitions, some re-distribution of territory, and especially of raw materials, the breaking down of trade barriers and the institution of some means by which aggression can be forcibly resisted. Perhaps this is too much to expect, but the only alternative is a return to the old system of secret alliances or the continuance of a League that is little more than an international club.

• • •

THE *New York Herald Tribune* in a special article by Edward Angly reveals the progress of the New Deal in Puerto Rico, our island dependency. It appears that the

New Deal Birth Control

greatest obstacle to the "rehabilitation" of the natives is "the yearly crop of babies." The population now totals 1,700,000 and is increasing at

the rate of between 30,000 and 40,000 yearly. This is the only "sure bumper crop" of the island. It interferes with the brain-trust plans of Doctors Ickes and Tugwell. Something must be done about it. "If they thought they could get away with it the enthusiastic rehabilitators of the P. R. R. A. would like to instruct the fertile families of this overpopulated island in the practice of birth control."

It appears from the above article that the fear of opposition from Catholics—Puerto Rico is almost wholly Catholic—has not prevented the administrators of the P. R. R. A., from reducing their virtuous designs to practice. Birth control information and service goes under the camouflage of the "maternal health aid division." "Up to now it has given counsel and supplies to 2,000 Puerto Rico women," says Mr. Angly. He was informed by an official of the F. E. R. A. that "the birth control job was the best one the agency had accomplished."

The New Deal is spreading the gospel of race suicide in a country whose inhabitants are Catholic, and who, presumably, know the Church's condemnation of unnatural contraception—otherwise euphoniously called birth control. What is one to think of this effrontery and inconsistency—banning birth control propaganda and contraceptives in the mail in the U. S., and permitting them in a dependency? It is a damnable imposition on the poor people of Puerto Rico. It is a strange way of effecting their "rehabilitation," this counselling and providing means of violating the natural law. To plug up the wells of life is a coward's way of providing a remedy for the ills of the living.

• • •

OVER a year ago Monsignor Fulton Sheen, speaking in Washington, said to a gathering of Lay Retreatants: "The soul of society is sick—and we can look forward to no great betterment until the retreat

Laymen's National Retreat League Convenes

movement and all it stands for spreads throughout the world and particularly this great country of ours."

On the 27th and 28th of June, Lay Delegates from the various retreat centers in the United States and Canada will gather in convention in Chicago under the patronage of His

Eminence, Cardinal Mundelein. They convene to discuss ways and means of increasing the efficiency of the Lay Retreat Organization as a whole and the better functioning of each of the many individual units throughout the country.

There is something quite democratic about this convention. There are Bishops from various dioceses, there are priests—secular and from many religious communities—and laymen from every class and place in society. All of them levelled—or shouldn't we say "lifted up" by the one common purpose—the perfecting of the Lay Retreat organization—so that it may function with the greatest efficiency and may attain its object in helping to save the sick soul of society.

The Passionist Fathers are happy to be among the number of delegates to this convention. St. Paul of the Cross, their founder, in the rule which he wrote for the government of his congregation, provides that "certain rooms in each monastery be set aside for those laymen who might be desirous of retiring to the monastery to make the spiritual exercises." His foresight has been a great contribution to the cause of Catholic Action in these days when it has become so imperative. Attached to the various monasteries of the Passionists in the United States are several retreat houses for laymen. At Pittsburgh, Boston, Jamaica, L. I., Springfield, Mass. and Sierra Madre, California, are houses open almost the year round. And measureless is the good which has been accomplished within their walls, countless the graces which have come to the souls of men, impossible to estimate the strength given to the Lay Apostolate and Catholic Action. The Sons of St. Paul of the Cross are happy to be participants in this noble work and to make the contribution of their prayers for the success of the present convention.

• • •

THERE can be no doubt in the mind of any thinking man today that we are faced with grave economic and political situations. Their tensity is razor-edged. But the gravity of these things is surpassed by the accompanying seriousness of the moral problems facing society.

Retreats and Catholic Action

Moral disintegration which has shown itself in the breaking down of the Christian home, disregard for the sanctity of the marriage bond in family life, corruption that cries to heaven in politics, and not only indifference but open hostility to religion—all these are in the tide which is pounding away at the foundations of human society and threatening to undermine the very fabric of human civilization.

Now whether those outside the Catholic Church care to make the admission or not, she alone has withstood the prevailing corruption of the times, and she alone can, because in her only is the inexhaustible fount of Divine Light and Strength which Jesus Christ has left to mankind.

And today she is sending out that strength and radiating that Light by the Lay Apostolate. And the force, the vigor, the permanence of the Lay Apostolate is in the further development and maintenance of the Lay Retreat.

Instance the words of our Holy Father: "It is our conviction that the evils of the day have their source in this, that too few men think in their hearts. It is therefore our earnest desire that retreat houses, as the seminaries of perfect Christian life, will become more numerous and operate more splendidly. This is the burden of my daily prayer. If many Catholics will diligently use this means of sanctity then we have every reason to believe that in a short time the thirst for unbridled liberty will be assuaged, conscience and responsibility will again function, and human society will finally obtain the long-desired gift of peace."

Cardinal O'Connell has this to say of the Retreat Movement: "The Laymen's Retreat movement is counteracting in the best possible manner the materialistic tendency of the age."

Archbishop Glennon declares that "the Lay Retreat movement may be regarded as the post-graduate department of our whole system of Catholic education."

IT is a cause of wonder among Catholics in this country that in Spain—a country supposedly Catholic—the Church is being attacked, not only in her temples, convents and seminaries, but also in her philosophy of life. An explanation of this strange situation is given in *The Clergy Review*, which seems to be

Lessons From Spain

as convincing as one could wish.

The writer, H. W. Howes, says: "It would require a book to deal with the matter adequately, but certain facts can be given here by way of a general answer to the reader's problem. I have no hesitation in asserting that a few years ago comparatively few poorer class Spaniards could give a reason for the faith they practiced. Agitators discovered this fact and used it for all they were worth. On many occasions I have been appalled by the feeble answers on elementary doctrine given to anti-clerical questioners by men of reasonable education. In passing, the tragedy of the Church in Spain is a lesson to Catholics everywhere to make a constant endeavor to study their faith, so that they will be able to answer the enemy effectively when he comes along. Then, again, the Spanish worker has lived for centuries on the edge of poverty. Today many are unemployed, and this fact coupled with the generally low standard of living in the villages, and the smallness in the countryside of a middle class, provides a fertile soil for the Left agitator. We must remember that the Spaniard does not like anything of an abstract character. The agitator in these circumstances has an easy task, his argument being that there is plenty of money in the country, and that it is in the hands of the Church and the big landlords."

TWO very important conclusions follow from this general diagnosis of the campaign against Catholics and the Church in Spain. The first is that the faithful must know the doctrines of the Church and be able to explain them intelligently to those who attack them. Often a simple explanation of what the

Two Important Conclusions

Church teaches or does not teach is sufficient to stop an opponent. Yet this is just what many Catholics are unable to do. The faith deals with abstract principles of belief and conduct, which must be absorbed in the mind in the manner best suited to it. Intellectual conviction is vital. Nothing less than conviction of the truths of faith can stand the strain of organized opposition, especially when that opposition takes its inspiration from the lack of material welfare in the masses. Further, faith must be translated into conduct, for otherwise the principles of faith will remain purely theoretical and unable to stand the shock of attack: just as the muscles, flaccid from lack of exercise, are unable to endure physical demands.

In order to attain to this state of personal conviction, it is necessary that the clergy be vividly aware of their duty to instruct the faithful in the truths of religion in a manner suited to their capacity to receive—and to keep everlastingly at it. They must preach the word "in season and out of season." They should never consider that the lessons of faith are too well learned to need review and emphasis, especially in these days, when spiritual truth is attacked on a thousand different fronts. Thank God, the educational system of the Church in this country has done great good. It is generally appreciated by Catholics because they have sup-

ported it at the cost of great sacrifices. But this system is not an insurance policy against all weakening of the faith and must be constantly strengthened and buttressed by instruction from both pulpit and press. Incidentally, the Catholic press is the greatest auxiliary of the pulpit, as Pope Benedict XV declared.

THE second conclusion from the situation in Catholic Spain is equally important. It is that the Catholic Church must above all things undertake the defense of the poor, who are the most numerous of all her members. The rich know how to care for themselves in material things. Pope Leo XIII was the first in modern

Defense of Poor

times to champion their cause against the forces of oppression. The working class should enshrine his name forever in their hearts. But this is not enough. The clergy must, if they want believers to remain faithful to the Church, ever be watchful over their interests—yes, their material interests. It is here that the Communists start their attack. They challenge the Catholic who is unemployed and without sufficient means to tell them what the Church does about getting them a job, about paying their rent and doctor's bills, especially when a baby is born. Such an argument is unfair. It takes mean advantage of another's misery. Religion in itself has nothing to do with getting a believer a job or paying his bills. Its office is to aid him to become virtuous and to save his soul. Nevertheless, religion should never be indifferent to his material welfare, as Leo XIII declared.

With the example of the alienation of Catholics from the Church in Spain before us, it behooves all the clergy to manifest a real and effective concern for the material welfare of their people. This means for the working classes, which make up the bulk of nearly every parish. Social Justice is the most important need of our day. The clergy who are convinced of this will do whatever lies in their power to bring about this reformation of the social order. Such is the express command of Pope Pius XI.

TO THE Most Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, on the silver jubilee of his Episcopate. † To Very Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Monaghan, President of Seton Hall College, on his appointment as coadjutor Bishop of Ogdensburg. † To Rev. L. H. Tibesar, M.M., pastor of Our Lady, Queen of Martyrs

Toasts Within the Month

Church for Japanese in Seattle, and former pastor at Dairen, Manchuria, on his election to the Presidency of the Catholic Anthropological Conference. † To the Ancient Order of Hibernians, on the centenary of their foundation in this country. † To Rev. Julius A. Nieuwland, Professor of Chemistry at Notre Dame University, on his reception of the Mendel medal from Villanova College. † To Premier Hepburn of Ontario, Canada, and his associates on their successful solution of the involved Separate School Tax Question. † To John Nesson, of Philadelphia, and the Mercier Club of New Jersey, on their donations of scholarships to Notre Dame University for the training of Catholic lay writers. † To Rev. Francis X. Talbot S.J. on his appointment to be Editor of the Catholic weekly, *America*. † To Rev. Thomas F. Collins, the first priest to be ordained for the diocese of Reno, Nevada. † To Mrs. Mabel Washburn, President of the National Historical Society of New York, on her dignified rebuke to the Committee of the "Eleventh Seminar" in Mexico on that country's persecution of religious liberty. † To the Catholic Press Association of America on its twenty-fifth anniversary.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

BALLADE OF EFFERVESCENCE

THE following, written by John Topliss in "G.K.'s Weekly," was inspired by a report in an English newspaper describing the outrages committed by the Spanish radicals as harmless blowing-off of steam:

When after dinner on a boat-race night
An undergraduate the Force defies,
Pleading next day the fact that he was tight
For actions he'd avoid in sober guise,
Or, if to drown a speaker with their cries
Opponents of his view unruly seem,
Their actions are just smiled at by the wise,
It's only letting off a little steam.

Our great Progressives, always in the right,
Have told us that Democracies comprise
In every country, souls so lily-white
That even if a Left wing voter tries,
He can't commit a fault of any size.
With gentle fun his honest face agleam;
While in his playful way the stones he shies,
It's only letting off a little steam.

Thus when Left-wingers convents set alight,
Or loot the home from which the orphan flies,
When churches burn, they cheer the pleasing sight
And listen to the tortured cleric's cries.
Delighted watching as he slowly fries;
Encouraged by the Liberals' kindly beam,
To call them crimes or murders would be lies,
It's only letting off a little steam.

ENVOY

Remember Prince, that day the English rise
And in your editorial precincts teem,
When they display the rope before your eyes,
It's only letting off a little steam:

BELLS OF ROME

THE Roman correspondent of "The Irish Catholic" of Dublin describes a characteristic of Rome which strikes every visitor to that city as almost unique:

It is hackneyed to say a thing is conspicuous by its absence, but the phrase is none the less descriptive, as was brought home to us in Rome at the end of last week. Here we live in an atmosphere of bell tones which rarely obtrude themselves on our conscious thoughts, so accustomed are we to their constant harmonies. It is only when all Rome is silent that we realize the great void the quieted bells leave in that composition of sights, sounds, and other sensations which give Rome its peculiar identity, one almost could say personality.

The sudden outburst of all the bronze tongues of Rome in one accord at eleven o'clock on Holy Saturday was as expressive of the Paschal joys as the Church could make it. The Cardinal Vicar's orders that no public bell was to be sounded till eleven was rigorously observed. But at that hour the lusty sacristans of Rome released the pent-up energy of the silent days in a tumultuous clamor that aroused the most lethargic to a semblance of joyous enthusiasm.

And now Rome is its old self once more. The insistent shrillness of the little church bell makes us realize that today is the feast day there, the mighty booming of the great bells of the Basilicas informs us that the Canons are chanting their perpetual chorus of praise, the gentle tinkle of the convent

bell tells us that the Sisters are going to chapel, or that Mother is wanted in the parlor. Then all the bells unite at the hour of the "Ave," and the towers of Rome are rocking to remind the good Quirites to turn their thoughts to their dear "Madonna." Unlike our Angelus bell, the "Ave" varies with the sunset of the season of the year. In this it is intimated by the bell of the *De Profundis*, rung an hour after the "Ave."

Once upon a time, at least, the *De Profundis* bell was peculiar to Rome. They tell a story of its origin thus. A certain traveler was lost in the Roman Campagna, and dusk fell on him to bewilder him still more. Now the Campagna was no safe place for night prowling, for the shepherds had reason to fear the bandits, and kept huge white dogs as guards of their flocks which were fierce enough to kill a stranger prowling near the flock. But the sound of a monastery bell came to relieve the poor wanderer's terror. He made towards the sound, and soon found himself in safety. In his gratitude he left a foundation for the ringing of that bell one hour after sunset so that others might come to benefit as he had done. Soon the custom spread, and today every church in Rome rings such a bell, which is now called the *De Profundis* bell from the pious practice of reciting that prayer for the suffering souls on the sound of it.

There is something characteristic, too, in the ringing of the bells of Rome. No calculating mathematics enters in as in the monstrous and infinite combinations of the "ringing of the changes." There is no sweetly pretty tinkling of the Lourdes Hymn on a chime. If the church has two bells they will be pulled lustily, if it has three, four, or five, they must all sound together, "a stormo," as they say themselves, with onomatopœia. The speed and the volume depend entirely on the whim or the physique of the ringer. And so it goes on all over Rome all day long in some church or other, and even in the night the bells of a Carmelite convent or a Trappist monastery break the silence but not the sleep of the Romans. Nature has provided for that, and the inhabitants become inured and immune to such minor disturbances as the ringing of a bell.

THAT DROWSY FEELING

EVER feel drowsy in the afternoon? Bob Davis in "The New York Sun" gives a hint to those so inclined that may bring them the proverbial "forty winks":

A hint to people who are inclined to drowsiness in the afternoon: Arm yourself with a paperweight, an ash receiver, or any small object weighing in the neighborhood of a quarter pound. Hold it lightly in the right hand a few inches above floor level, stretch out in any easy chair or on the sofa, take half a dozen deep respirations and surrender yourself to sleep. Once you are in the clutch of Morpheus your fingers will relax, and the weight, falling, will arouse you. Don't get mad; just pick it up and repeat the formula; repeat it four or five times, taking a brief snooze between each interruption. You will find that these short periods of brief but complete somnolence are more refreshing than an hour of so-called deep sleep, which soddens without stimulating. In other words, six vitalizing soporifics in place of one deadly, down-and-out surrender.

THE ROSICRUCIANS

PERHAPS you have noticed those enticing ads in some magazines and newspapers, even in "The New York Times," which prides itself on its ethical code of advertising. You read: "What strange powers did the ancients possess? Where was the source of knowledge that made it possible for them to perform miracles?"

This wisdom was not lost—it is withheld from the mass. It is offered freely TO YOU, etc.?" This is the propaganda of The Rosicrucians. In view of their extravagant claims, it is interesting to read the following extract from Chalmers' Dictionary, published in London in 1728. Christian Rosenkreuz, the German gentleman, was the creation of the imagination of one John Valentin Andrea, a Lutheran theologian. (The italics are ours):

Rosicrucians, or Brothers of the Rose Cross, a name assumed by a sect or cabal of hermetical philosophers, who arose, or at least became first taken notice of in Germany in the beginning of the last century. They bound themselves together by a solemn secret, which they swore *inviolably* to preserve, and obliged themselves at their initiation in the Order to a *strict observance* of certain established rules.

They *pretended* to know all sciences and chiefly medicine, whereof they published themselves the Restorers. They *pretended* to be Masters of abundant important Secrets, and among others that of the *Philosopher's Stone*; all of which they *affirmed* to have received by Tradition from the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, the Magi, and Gymnosophists.

Their chieftain was a German gentleman, educated in a Monastery, where he learned the languages. In 1378 he went to Jerusalem, but falling sick at Damascus, he consulted the Arabs and other Eastern philosophers, by whom he was *supposed* to be initiated into this wonderful art. At his return in Germany he formed a society to whom he communicated the *Secrets* he had brought with him out of the East, and died in 1484.

They have been distinguished by several names, accommodated to the several branches of their doctrine. Because they *pretend* to protract the period of human life by means of certain nostrums, and even to restore youth, they were also called *Immortals*.

As they *pretended* to know *all* things, they have been called *Illuminati*; and because they have made no appearance for several years, but have kept together *in cog.*, they have been called the *Invisible Brothers*.

Their society is frequently signed by the letters F. R. C., which some among them interpret *Fratres Roris Cocti*, it being *pretended* that the matter of the Philosopher's Stone is *dew* concocted, exalted, etc. Some, who are no friends to Freemasonry, make the present flourishing Society of Free Masons a branch of Rosicrucians; or rather the Rosicrucians themselves under a new name or relation, viz., as Retainers to Building. And 'tis certain there are some Freemasons who have all the characters of Rosicrucians, but how the AERA and original of Masonry, as traced by Mr. Anderson, and that of Rosicrucianism, here fixed by Naudaeus, who has written expressly on the subject, consist, we leave others to judge.

SWEENEY FOR SWEDEN

THOSE who fill book orders, especially will appreciate this item in "The New York Times" Book Review:

Yale University Press reports having received an order for "Sweeney: The Middle Man." Having no such book in stock, the publishers sent a copy of Marquis W. Childs's "Sweden: The Middle Way," which proved to be precisely what the customer wanted.

DYNAMITE FOR HORSES

MURRAY TYNAN in "The New York Herald Tribune" tells of a new way to make a race horse go faster, but he doesn't say where:

Race horses have been known to eat almost everything, but the business of feeding dynamite to a trotter, with highly favorable results, is a new one.

The story of the explosive diet came to light several days ago when an official of the Province of Quebec ordered a citizen to quit feeding dynamite to his harness horse, a sufferer from asthma. Not only that, but the man in question had to get rid of all dynamite on the premises because his

wife had complained that he threatened to throw some at her.

Defending his possession of the explosive, the horse trainer claimed that not only did dynamite cure the asthma, but it had the desired effect of making the horse go much faster. The dynamite was pulverized and mixed with oats. Maybe you would like to try it sometime.

RELIGIOUS POSTAGE STAMPS

IN the department entitled "Seven Days Survey," "The Commonwealth" has the following information, interesting to collectors and the general public on the subject of religious postage stamps:

Postage stamps have aided missions, hospitals, and bored kings. They may also, in these days, be aids to religious instruction. Few realize, we are told in a Belgian magazine, how many stamps have a spiritual connotation. Good popular examples are the Italian "Propaganda of the Faith" issue and Hungary's beautiful Saint Imre issue, neither of which is very expensive. Lovely miniature Madonnas appear on many stamps, there being a particularly attractive Belgian "Virgin Mary and Arms of Seven Abbeys." Italy and Portugal have honored Saint Anthony, France has its Sainte Jeanne d'Arc stamps, and Czechoslovakia has an interesting Saints Cyril and Methodius issue. The Beatitudes are the subjects of Germany's attractive 1924 series. Great abbeys and shrines have been duly commemorated: Spain brought out scenes of Montserrat on stamps, several of which beguile the collector; Italy has done well by Monte Cassino; and Belgium's well-known Abbey of Orval series have been much appreciated. Polish stamps commemorate the Cathedral of Cracow. Portugal has reproduced pictures of Lisbon cathedral, and few need to be reminded of the French Mont Saint Michel and Reims cathedral stamps. Belgium has honored the memory of Cardinal Mercier; Austria has stamps commemorating Monsignor Seipel, and Italy has, of course, done nobly by Dante. There are Eucharistic Congress stamps for the collectors of Irish and Brazilian issues. Switzerland has honored the charitable nun. Pictures of Pope Pius XI and of St. Peter's appear on Vatican City issues. These are a few of the stamps to which the delver in religious lore might profitably turn.

EVOLUTION

FROM "The Catholic News" of New York comes the following description of the evolution through life of a man's ambition:

To be a circus clown.
To be like dad.
To be a fireman.
To make All-State.
To do something noble.
To get wealthy.
To make ends meet.
To get the old-age pension.

PRICE OF PEACE

UNDER the title of "The Practical Price of Peace" Mr. George Lansbury, the well-known English Pacifist and labor leader, writes the following in "The Churchman":

I once discussed my faith as a Christian with Lenin and Trotsky. Both repudiated my reliance on Christian ethics, and Lenin said, "Go back home and convert the Christians; get a world of justice by Christian teaching. No one wants bloodshed, but Christians slaughter each other as readily as others for material gain." Trotsky thinks me, as do some learned divines, slightly hysterical and foolish. My answer still is that it is the will of God that not one of his little ones shall suffer evil. It is our self-satisfied indifference, our faithlessness and arrogance, which make wars possible. I do not deny the good intentions of those who with courage and much fighting planted the flag across the Seven Seas, but I

most emphatically deny that the world is more peaceful, secure and happy because of their labors and the slaughter which inevitably accompanied their toil and fighting. It is impossible by such means to live in peace and security.

Our Lord wept over Jerusalem because of the folly, ignorance and cruelty of man to man, and the failure of one civilization after another to do His will. His words ring down the ages to us. We British, like Rome and Israel, have succeeded in building a great Empire of material things. So have other nations. Nowhere does the possession of vast territories or the piling up of individual or national wealth give peace and security, so true is the message, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

With great humility, I challenge my fellow Christians, leaders and followers, to join in a new missionary effort. Perhaps I was wrong in asking the chiefs of Christendom and other religions to meet at Jerusalem. I hope not. I believe the next move for world peace must come from them. In any case, my appeal is to you. We must go back to Calvary, and with humility ask forgiveness for our own individual and national sin and for power to take our stand before the world, declaring our faith in the truth of the gospel message and our willingness to give up all imperial dominations, and with Julian say: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean"—and mean it, as the first disciples meant it.

ONE REASON FOR CELIBACY OF CLERGY

AN up-to-date commentary on I Cor. 7:33 is furnished by this incident, told by an Anglo-Catholic priest in the current number of Cowley (Anglo-Catholic magazine):

When Saturday came there was no small stir at our table as to who was going to preach on the morrow. "Are you going to give us a discourse in the morning?" said the deacon to the Presbyterian minister. "No!" said the minister's wife, while he smiled blandly, as much as to say, "it's quite unnecessary for me to say anything more."

A REMARKABLE CONVERSION

THE following account of a remarkable conversion is taken from "The American Convert Movement," by Rev. Edward J. Mannix. Dr. Stone later became a Passionist and was known as Father Fidelis Kent-Stone. The convert was Father John D. Whitney, S.J., of Georgetown University:

Following the yacht races for the American Cup at Newport in 1870, the captain of the *Mercury* invited a newly married couple, on their bridal tour, to return to New York on board his school-ship. All went well until the boat was drifting up Long Island Sound. Suddenly a young officer, below decks, heard the boatswain's mate call the third cutter. It was an unusual thing to lower a boat at this time and place, so the officer hurried on deck to see if someone possibly had fallen overboard. What was his surprise to learn that all the excitement had come from the carelessness of the bride, who had not herself fallen overboard but was making almost as much commotion as if she had. It was a book! She had been reading, and inadvertently dropped it into the water. But for a bride all hands rose gallantly to the rescue. The obstreperous pages were saved from a watery grave. The next day, after the bridal party had embarked at New York City, the young officer in question discovered the sadly soiled object of so much attention on the wardroom table. It had been probably too much spoiled to pack. Moved by curiosity he picked it up—probably a romantic love story? To his astonishment—and chagrin—it "happened" to be a religious piece of literature! In fact, it had but recently been written—in response to the Holy Father's apostolic appeal "to all Protestants and other non-Catholics": Dr. Stone's *The Invitation Heeded*. The navy man was about to put the thing aside in disgust, when an attractive sentence caught his eye. He read it. He read more.

He continued to read. He finished the book, after an uninterrupted and intensive perusal, in the small hours of the following morning. The next day he presented himself to the proper authorities in New York City for instruction. The Fisher of bride's books became a Fisher of Men.

TO WHOM PEACE?

THE following is from "Marginal History" in "Corrent History." Perhaps it really is better to wish peace to the victors as they may find it more difficult to secure than the vanquished:

Six years ago in Dedham, Mass., a monument was erected before the local home of the American Legion. A towering stone shaft with a feminine figure holding an olive branch bore the Latin inscription: "Pax Victis."

Recently a local clergyman translated the inscription and astonished the townsfolk with the result. He informed them that during all these years the monument magnanimously had been dedicated to Germany. Instead of "Peace to the Victors" as originally intended, the inscription read "Peace to the Vanquished."

Dedham has already taken steps that will return the peace to her own boys.

WHY WRITERS WRITE

WHAT are the motives that urge authors to write? François Mauriac explains one in his "God and Mammon," published by Sheed and Ward:

A few years ago a review posed the question: "Why do you write?" to the literary world. The majority of answers merely tried to be witty; Paul Morand, for instance, said: "To be rich and esteemed." He was making fun of the whole thing by confusing immediate motives with deep motives.

The deep motive seems to me to lie in the instinct which urges us not to be alone. A writer is essentially a man who will not be resigned to solitude. Each of us is like a desert, and a literary work is like a cry from the desert, or like a pigeon let loose with a message in its claws, or like a bottle thrown into the sea. The point is: to be heard—even if by one single person. And the point is that our thoughts and, if we are novelists, our characters should be understood and loved and welcomed by other intelligences and other hearts. An author who assures you that he writes for himself alone and that he does not care whether he is heard or not is a boaster and is deceiving either himself or you. Every man suffers if he is alone, and the artist is the man for whom and in whom this suffering takes a physical form. Baudelaire was right when he called artists *lighthouses*. They light a great fire in the darkness, and they set light to themselves so as to attract the greatest number of their fellow-beings to them.

SPECIALISTS IN THE CHURCH

IT seems that the age of specialization is making its way into the management of parish affairs. The following lament from the *Lightwater* (Surrey) Protestant parish magazine calls it a "disease":

The disease of specializing is finding its way into the Church, and soon it may be as hard to find a good parish priest as it may be to find a good general practitioner. The great guns of the diocese are chosen for their specialty, and now the parish priest is no longer capable of running his parish—he has one specialist to teach him how to run his choir; another, how to run missionary work; another, how to interest the youth of the parish; yet another to show how Sunday schools should be run; another, who will give him advice on how to work among men; while the work of the women's section of the parish may be taken bodily out of his hands. Finance experts will tell him how much the parish can pay. Other experts will tell him whether or not he is justifiable in catering for the welfare of his parishioners on the lines he advocates. And so we may go on, and the unity of the parish will become a thing of the past.

Will Islam Rise Again?

Alone Among the Great Heresies Mohammedanism Endures. Mr. Belloc Thinks That One of the Great Surprises of the Future Will Be Its Return To Power

By Hilaire Belloc

IN this last article upon the tremendous affair of Islam—the main quarrel between the Catholic Church and its strongest and most permanent enemy, I turn to the vital question, “May not Islam return?”

In a sense the question is already answered because Islam has never departed. It still commands the fixed loyalty and unquestioning adhesion of all the millions between the Atlantic and the Indus and further afield throughout the scattered communities of further Asia. But I ask the question in the sense “Will not perhaps the temporal power of Islam return and with it the menace of an armed Mohammedan world which will shake off the domination of Europeans—still nominally Christian—and reappear again as the prime enemy of our civilization?” The future always comes as a surprise but political wisdom consists in attempting at least some partial judgment of what that surprise may be. And for my part I cannot but believe that a main unexpected thing of the future is the return of Islam. Since religion is at the root of all political movements and changes and since we have here a very great religion physically paralyzed but morally intensely alive, we are in the presence of an unstable equilibrium which cannot remain permanently unstable. Let us then examine the position.

I have said throughout these articles that the particular quality of Mohammedanism regarded as a heresy was its vitality. Alone of all the great heresies Mohammedanism struck permanent roots, developing a life of its own, and became at last something like a new religion. So true is this that to-day very few men even among those who are highly instructed in history recall the truth that Mohammedanism was essentially *not* a new religion, but a *heresy* in its origins.

Like all heresies, Mohammedanism lives by the Catholic truths which it has retained. Its insistence on personal immortality, on the Unity and Infinite Majesty of God, on His Justice and Mercy, its insistence on the equality of human souls in the sight of their creator. These are its strength.

But it has survived for other reasons than these; all the other great heresies

had their truths as well as their falsehoods and vagaries, yet they have died one after the other. The Catholic Church has seen them pass, and though their evil consequences are still with us the heresies themselves are dead. The strength of Calvinism was the truth on which it insisted, the Omnipotence of God, the dependance and insufficiency of man; but its error, which was the negation of free-will, also killed it. For men could not permanently accept so monstrous a denial of common sense and common experience. Arianism lived by the truth that was in it, to wit, the fact that the reason could not directly reconcile the opposite aspects of a great mystery—that of the Incarnation. But Arianism died because it added to this truth a falsehood, to wit, that the apparent contradiction could be solved by denying the full Divinity of Our Lord.

AND so on with the other heresies. But Mohammedanism, though it also contained errors side by side with those great truths, flourished continually, and as a *body of doctrine* is flourishing still, though thirteen hundred years have passed since its first great victories in Syria. The causes of this vitality are very difficult to explore, and perhaps cannot be reached. For myself I should ascribe it in some part to the fact that Mohammedanism being a thing from outside, a heresy that did not arise within the body of the Christian community but beyond its frontiers, has always possessed a reservoir of men, newcomers pouring in to revivify its energies. But that cannot be a full explanation; perhaps Mohammedanism would have died but for the successive waves of recruitment from the desert and from Asia; perhaps it would have died if the Caliphate at Bagdad had been left entirely to itself, and if the Moors in the West had not been able to draw upon continual recruitment from the South.

Whatever the cause be, Mohammedanism has survived, and vigorously survived. Missionary effort has had no appreciable effect upon it. It still converts pagan savages wholesale. It even attracts from time to time some European eccentric, who joins its body. *But the Mohammedan never becomes a Catholic.* No fragment of Islam ever abandons its

sacred book, its code of morals, its organized system of prayer, its simple doctrine.

In view of this, anyone with a knowledge of history is bound to ask himself whether we shall not see in the future a revival of Mohammedan political power, and the renewal of the old pressure of Islam upon Christendom.

We have seen how the material political power of Islam declined very rapidly during the 18th and 19th centuries. We have just followed in my last article the story of that decline. When Suleiman the Magnificent was besieging Vienna he had better artillery, better energies and better everything than his opponents; Islam was still in the field the material superior of Christendom—at least it was the superior in fighting power and fighting instruments. That was within a very few years of the opening of the 18th century. Then came the inexplicable decline. The religion did not decay, but its political power and with that its material power declined astonishingly, and in the particular business of arms it declined most of all. When Dr. Johnson's father, the bookseller, was setting up in business at Lichfield, the Grand Turk was still dreaded as a potential conqueror of Europe; before Dr. Johnson was dead no Turkish fleet or army could trouble the West. Not a lifetime later, the Mohammedan in North Africa had fallen subject to the French; and those who were then young men lived to see the whole of Mohammedan territory, except for a decaying fragment ruled from Constantinople, firmly subdued by the French and British Governments.

THESE things being so, the recrudescence of Islam, the possibility of that terror under which we lived for centuries reappearing, and of our civilization again fighting for its life against what was its chief enemy for a thousand years, seems fantastic. Who in the Mohammedan world today can manufacture and maintain the complicated instruments of modern war? Where is the political machinery whereby the religion of Islam can play an equal part in the modern world?

I say the suggestion that Islam may re-arise sounds fantastic—but this is

only because men are always powerfully affected by the immediate past;—one might say that they are blinded by it.

Cultures spring from religions; ultimately the vital force which maintains any culture is its philosophy, its attitude towards the universe; the decay of a religion involves the decay of the culture corresponding to it—we see that most clearly in the breakdown of Christendom today. The bad work begun at the Reformation is bearing its final fruit in the dissolution of our ancestral doctrines—the very structure of our society is dissolving.

In place of the old Christian enthusiasms of Europe there came, for a time, the enthusiasm for nationality, the religion of patriotism. But self-worship is not enough, and the forces which are making for the destruction of our culture, notably the Jewish Communist propaganda from Moscow, has a better future before it than patriotism.

IN Islam there has been no such dissolution of ancestral doctrine—or, at any rate, nothing corresponding to the universal break-up of religion in Europe. The whole spiritual strength of Islam is still present in the masses of Syria and Anatolia, of the East Asian mountains, of Arabia, Egypt and North Africa.

The final fruit of this tenacity, the second period of Islamic power, may be delayed:—but I doubt whether it can be permanently postponed.

There is nothing in the Mohammedan civilization itself which is hostile to the development of scientific knowledge or of mechanical aptitude. I have seen some of the best artillery work in my life in the hands of Mohammedan students of that arm; I have seen some of the best driving and maintenance of mechanical road transport conducted by Mohammedans. There is nothing inherent to Mohammedanism to make it incapable of modern science and modern war. Indeed the matter is not worth discussing. It should be self-evident to anyone who has seen the Mohammedan culture at work. That culture happens to have fallen back in material applications; there is no reason whatever why it should not learn its new lesson and become our equal in all those temporal things which now *alone* give us our superiority over it—whereas in *Faith* we have fallen inferior to it.

People who question this may be misled by a number of false suggestions dating from the immediate past. For instance, it was a common saying during the XIXth century that Mohammedanism had lost its political power through its doctrine of fatalism. But that doctrine was in full vigor when the Mohammedan power was at its height. For that matter Mohammedanism is no more fatalist than Calvinism; the two heresies

resemble each other exactly in their exaggerated insistence upon the immutability of divine decrees.

There was another more intelligent suggestion made in the XIXth century, which was this:—that the decline of Islam had proceeded from its fatal habit

WITH the present article Mr. Belloc ends his discussion of Mohammedanism. He places particular stress on the fact that it is a heresy rather than a new religion. Like all heresies it lives by the Catholic truths which it retains, but unlike the other great heresies it has endured and still lives its own vigorous life. Its culture and its material prosperity have declined, but as a religion it even now inspires the fanatical and undying devotion of its adherents.

Mr. Belloc asks the question: "Will not perhaps the temporal power of Islam return and with it the menace of an armed Mohammedan world which will shake off the domination of Europeans—still nominally Christian—and reappear again as the prime enemy of our civilization?"

Of the chances of an Islamic revival Mr. Belloc writes in a letter to the Editor of THE SIGN, "I have always thought this probable, and it is one of the most interesting subjects of speculation in our time. It seemed remote after the experiences of the nineteenth century, but those who know the East are agreed that it may come at any moment." This opinion the author develops in the present article, and his views are substantiated by recent developments in North Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Iraq and India.

The articles by Mr. Belloc on Islam have been part of a series dealing with the main attacks that have been made on the Catholic Church, and in the case of all but the last (which is still in progress) with the causes of their failure. Next month he will take up the Albigenian heresy and then continue through the Reformation to what he calls the Modern attack.

of perpetual civil division: the splitting up and changeability of political authority among the Mohammedans. But that weakness of theirs was present from the beginning; it is inherent in the very nature of the Arabian temperament from which they started. Over and over again this individualism of theirs, this "fissiparous" tendency of theirs, has gravely weakened them; yet over and

over again they have suddenly united under a leader and accomplished the greatest things.

Now it is probable enough that on these lines—unity under a leader—the return of Islam may arrive. There is no leader as yet, but enthusiasm might bring one and there are signs enough in the political heavens today of what we may have to expect from the revolt of Islam at some future date—perhaps not far distant.

After the Great War the Turkish power was suddenly restored by one such man. Another such man in Arabia, with equal suddenness, affirmed himself and destroyed all the plans laid for the incorporation of that part of the Mohammedan world into the English sphere. Syria, which is the connecting link, the hinge and the pivot of the whole Mohammedan world, is, upon the map, and superficially, divided between an English and a French mandate; but the two Powers intrigue one against the other and are equally detested by their Mohammedan subjects, who are only kept down precariously by force. There has been bloodshed under the French mandate more than once and it will be renewed*; while under the English mandate the forcing of an alien Jewish colony upon Palestine has raised the animosity of the native Arab population to white heat. Meanwhile a ubiquitous underground bolshevist propaganda is working throughout Syria and North Africa continually, against the domination of Europeans over the original Mohammedan population.

LASTLY there is this point to which attention should be paid. The attachment (such as it is) of the Mohammedan world in India to English rule is founded mainly upon the gulf between the Mohammedan and the Hindu religions. Every step towards a larger political independence for either party strengthens the Mohammedan desire for renewed power. The Indian Mohammedan will more and more tend to say "If I am to look after myself and not to be favored as I have been in the past by the ruling alien European in India—which I once ruled—I will rely upon the revival of Islam." For all these reasons (and many more might be added) men of foresight may justly apprehend, or at any rate expect, the return of Islam.

These lines are written for American readers and America has had no experience of Islam in the past. A political problem which has been acute for centuries in the experience of Europeans is to Americans unknown. The more reason should they have for watching the obscure forces at work and stirring in the Mohammedan world, for if that world awakes again fully to power *all* the white civilization will be involved.

*Written in March, 1936.

Is Parole Wrong?

Several Recent Crimes Have Gone Far Towards Shaking Confidence in Parole.
To What Extent Has the Theory of Parole Really Been Tested?

By Lawrence Lucey

THE sandman had succeeded in half closing little, three-year-old Billie's eyes. His mother noticed his drooping head, blood-shot eyes and prepared for her nightly ordeal. In a voice that was honeyed she said: "Come son, and mother will put you to bed." Immediately the scene began. The child couldn't see why he should go to bed. At first he sweetly asked for "just a little while longer." Then as his mother became more stern he became more obstinate. He stamped his feet in rage, cried, and refused to follow his mother into the nursery. Rather than use a slipper on the child in the presence of her guests, the mother let Billie have his way.

The amateur psychologist waited five minutes before testing his mettle on Billie. He spoke softly at first. "Don't go to bed," he said. The child merely looked at him without speaking. After a few seconds the amateur psychologist again told the child to stay up, this time a little more emphatically. Billie replied: "I will so go to bed," but he failed to act upon his promise. Finally the amateur psychologist fairly shouted at the boy: "Don't you dare go to bed!" The child accepted the dare and dashed into his nursery. From under his blankets he chanted: "I'm in bed—I'm in bed—ha! ha!"

Criminals are not like stubborn children who disobey their parents without a reason and seem to take pleasure in doing something solely because their parents told them to do the opposite. Criminals do not commit crime just to spite the government, or society or some other abstraction. Sane criminals are moved by their reason. Crime has a cause. If people are irreligious, poverty stricken, uneducated, live in delinquency areas, are mentally defective, or plagued with other ills, they will resort to crime. Crime is a sounding board that echoes the social ills of a nation.

Parole rests on the philosophical notion that man has a free-will and can choose to avoid crime. It does not accept crime as inevitable for a particular human being, it believes that he can better himself if granted the opportunity. Parole believes, as did Christ on the cross when He turned to the criminal at His side and promised him paradise, that

there is some good in every criminal which if brought to the surface will lead to his reformation.

It is the purpose of parole to cure the ills which caused a prisoner to commit crime and restore him to society in a rehabilitated condition. Parole is supposed to cure a person of crime like a hospital cures him of disease. It is a radical departure from the theories of crime treatment which had preceded it. It is comparatively new, and like every new idea it has had to meet much criticism from conservatives who seem to believe that anything new cannot be of much value. Henry Ford, the Wright brothers and Edison were all considered to be mentally unbalanced when they first began tinkering with the automobile, the air-plane and electricity.

To be eligible for parole a person convicted of a crime must first receive an indeterminate sentence. If a criminal is sentenced to ten years in prison without any allowance being made for good behavior, he cannot be paroled. The period of parole is that part of a sentence which a criminal spends outside prison under the supervision of a parole officer. By giving a criminal an indeterminate sentence the judge in effect says: The longest period you will spend in prison is ten years (or whatever the maximum sentence may be). If you can prove to the authorities at the prison and the parole board that you have learned your lesson sooner than that time, they will release you conditionally. You will be placed under the supervision of a parole officer until the whole of your sentence expires. However, if you misbehave while you are on parole the officer will return you to prison, and you will have to serve your full sentence with no allowance being made for the period that you spent on parole.

THE theory of parole is summarized by the Prison Association of New York accordingly:

1. That the prisoner ordinarily arrives at a period of his imprisonment when further incarceration will be of less service to him and to the state as a reformatory measure than a like period passed in liberty under parole supervision.

2. That in the determination of the proper time at which to admit the prisoner to parole an exhaustive and painstaking study will be made of the individual case, in order that the right of society to be protected, and the right of the prisoner to rehabilitate himself, may be preserved.

3. That the supervision of prisoners while on parole shall be conducted thoroughly, and with efficiency and sympathy.

The big thing that critics of parole forget is that unless a criminal is sentenced to life imprisonment, which very few criminals are, he must at some time be released from prison. If these people are released without being supervised and helped by someone it is only natural that they will immediately return to their old life. If a man leaves prison without a job, returns to his criminal companions, finds himself penniless and in need of the necessities of life, he will make a livelihood for himself by the only means at hand which is crime.

PAROLE tries to bridge the gap between prison and freedom. It seeks to re-introduce a criminal to freedom by degrees, as the parole officer aside from helping the convict also represents a threat—a threat that he will be returned to prison without a trial unless he lives up to the laws of society and the rules of the parole board.

In establishing certain periods of imprisonment as the punishment for the commission of particular crimes, and having the term of incarceration vary with the seriousness of the crime, the law makes the punishment fit the crime and takes no account of the individual who has committed the crime. In one State, say New York, the punishment for robbery is the same for everyone who commits this crime in that State. The crime of petit larceny also has a uniform sentence which is less than that for robbery. This method of suiting the punishment to the criminal act is unjust. Punishment should be adapted to the individual who commits the crime, and by means of the indeterminate sentence and parole the rigidity of the law can be overcome.

Take as an example the case of two men who are caught after stealing an auto. One of them is a callow youth who

never before resorted to crime and was led into this theft by the promptings of his companion. The other is a hardened criminal whose life has been warped, whose conscience has been dulled by every known vice and crime. Ordinarily both of these men would receive the same sentence. However, when the parole board examines the lives of these men it will find that one can be readily reformed while the other appears to be hopeless. One can be released at the end of the minimum sentence and placed on parole, while the other can be kept in prison until the maximum sentence has been served. It is impossible for a legislature to fit a punishment to an individual, it must take the seriousness of a crime as its guide in determining what sentence it will impose for each crime. But parole by investigating the life of each criminal and diagnosing the factors which caused his crime, can take into account the human elements which entered into a crime. They are determining factors.

Parole also provides an incentive for those who have entered a prison. The inmates of a prison are informed on entering that their record will be used by the parole board when they are granted a hearing to determine whether or not they should be paroled. If a person enters a prison knowing that no matter how he behaves while there he will not be released any sooner than the full period of his sentence, he has no reason for striving to live up to the regulations of the prison. Parole is necessary to maintain discipline in a prison.

HAS it been a success? When it first began there were many glowing reports about parole which were apparently the product of wishes rather than facts. The recent converts to the theory of parole estimated that from ninety to one-hundred per cent of the prisoners placed on parole did not return to crime. Soon the newspapers began to become skeptical of these figures and made it a point to find out whether or not a criminal who had participated in a crime that was in the news had ever been placed on parole. If he was, this fact was played up to such an extent that parole became very unpopular. In the Weyerhaeuser kidnapping case the criminal was a parolee and this fact was emphasized so much that the abolition of parole was sought. The press instead of seeking better parole methods and striving to improve upon the known faults of parole wished to do away with it with one stroke of the pen. Such an attitude is as bad if not worse than the glowing reports of those who have an interest in parole.

Stanford Bates, Director of the United States Bureau of Prisons, has stated that a large percentage of those released on parole succeed in living a life free from further crime, and he says that in some

places parole has been ninety percent successful. Such a high percentage of success is, if true, remarkable, for it is not child's play to reform a person who has been sent to prison. Hospitals for the cure of serious diseases have not, nor could they be expected to have, such a large percentage of successful cases.

ON the other hand are the remarkable studies made by Sheldon Glueck of "Five-Hundred Criminal Careers" and "Five-Hundred Delinquent Women." In these two volumes are to be found the factual biographies of five-hundred men who had been released from the Massachusetts Reformatory and five-hundred women who had been released from the Massachusetts Reformatory for Women. The lives of these people were investigated five or more years after they left these reformatories so that they would have ample time to return to crime if they were so disposed. It was found that eighty per cent of the men and eighty-five per cent of the women were not reformed by their stay in the reformatory or by their period on parole. However, this damaging evidence did not shake the faith of Sheldon Glueck in parole for he also found that though these criminals were released on what was called "parole" few of the essentials of parole were practiced. In most of these cases the prisoner was released from the reformatory without being properly investigated, without being diagnosed, and without being supervised and helped after release. Merely to release a person from prison prior to the maximum time of his sentence is not parole. There is no need of parole officers or parole boards if that is all that parole is to consist of. Parole should not be criticized when it has not been tried. In most jurisdictions prisoners are released prematurely and nothing is done to eradicate the cause of their crime, and when they return to crime, which would be expected, a howl is raised about parole.

At the Attorney General of the United States' conference on crime the usage of parole was recommended provided the following conditions were observed as a minimum:

- (1). The minimum and maximum of indeterminate sentences should be compatible with adequate punishment, rehabilitation, and public welfare and protection.
- (2). Paroles should be granted only by a full-time salaried board of duly qualified persons.
- (3). Full information should be available and sought for the use of the board as to the prisoners' records, habits, environment, family and prospects.
- (4). The names of all persons endorsing a prisoner for parole should be made public on request of the press or any responsible person or organization.
- (5). No parole should be granted ex-

cept where adequate employment and rigid supervision are provided.

(6). Adequate appropriations must be provided for obtaining requisite data and furnishing necessary supervision.

(7). One parole officer should not be expected to supervise more than a number to whom he can give adequate attention.

(8.) No political or other improper influence should be tolerated.

(9). Machinery should be provided for the prompt revocation of any parole when continuance at liberty is not in the public interest.

It ought to be axiomatic that mentally defective people should not be placed in prisons with others who are not so handicapped, yet almost every prison has its group of people who have slipped past the courts without their mental condition being observed. "For instance," reports the warden of the Massachusetts Reformatory for Women, "the Reformatory for Women, with which I have been familiar for twenty years, has carried during that period an average case load of 25% feeble-minded women of the gentle type who are breeders, with 5% incorrigible feeble-minded, and with 3% disturbed psychopathic women. We believe very little good, if any, has been done for these women by their confinement here, and much harm has come to the community on their return. We further believe that their presence here has impeded work for the more nearly normal inmates."

AT Sing Sing the mental condition of 608 consecutive criminals who were admitted to this prison was observed by Doctor Bernard Glueck. He found that 21.8 per cent were feeble-minded. At the Massachusetts State Prison 22 per cent were feeble-minded. At the Indiana State Prison 23 per cent were mentally defective. And at the Auburn State Prison 52 per cent of the inmates who entered between 1921 and 1926 were found to be feeble-minded. Of late years the percentage of feeble-minded people who have been sent to prison has been lessened by the growth of clinics that are attached to criminal courts. But the practice of examining the mental condition of an offender in order to determine whether or not he should be sent to an asylum or a prison has not as yet become the usual practice.

The law has never been able to determine whether people whose minds are defective yet are not clearly insane should be held responsible for their crimes. The legal test of insanity is most unsatisfactory. However, it should be possible to confine those who are feeble-minded to asylums without attempting to say whether or not they are responsible. Feeble-minded criminals should not be turned loose, nor should they be sent to prisons with those of sound mind.

It is ridiculous to criticize parole when it fails to reform a person who is mentally deficient. These people do not belong on parole, yet they are being released from prisons on parole every day. It is difficult enough for a parole officer to handle and reform a criminal of sound mind without asking him to perform the task of reforming a mentally defective offender.

IT is next to impossible for parole to reform a prisoner for whom it cannot obtain a job. As the Attorney General's conference realized, a job should be procured for a prisoner before he can be said to have been released on parole. Many offenders have resorted to crime because they could not obtain a livelihood in any other way, and to release these men without being certain

that they will be able to support themselves and their dependents by a legitimate means is the height of folly, for they will return to crime rather than starve.

A big obstacle in the path of parole is the community attitude toward the ex-convict, which was illustrated when Alabama Pitts was released from Sing Sing. It required tons of publicity before the rulers of organized baseball were willing to make an exception of this parole and permit him to work for the Albany ball club. But what about the other thousands of parolees who do not have crusading newspapers at their backs? Is it not a fact that the ex-convict can, in most cases, only procure a job by lying about his past record? And lately with the spread of fingerprinting this method is being closed to him. Even the Civil Service will not have a parolee. The government

by creating a parole board and employing parole officers approves of it with one hand while disapproving of it with another hand by refusing to employ parolees.

IT is certain that criminals do not act like children and violate the law without any reason. It is the purpose of parole to find out why a parolee became a criminal and attempt to remove this cause. To date there have been very few real attempts to remove the underlying cause which led a criminal into crime. Parole has not been tried. Consequently it cannot be said that parole is wrong. It is possible that parole may be wrong—perhaps criminals cannot be reformed by it. But the only method of finding out whether or not parole is wrong is to test it.

William Penn and American Catholics

By John J. Meng

AMERICAN Catholics have reason to be gratified with the election of William Penn to the Hall of Fame of New York University. None of the seventy-two American "immortals" now in that august group deserves the homage and gratitude of Catholics more than does the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania. To him we are largely indebted for the cultivation in colonial America of that spirit of tolerance which finally made possible the overthrow of religious discrimination by the independent governments of the United States. In his colony alone were the Catholic's freedom of conscience and of religion protected at all times in fact as well as in theory.

This toleration, be it said to the everlasting glory of Penn, was not the result of clever evasion of the laws by the Catholics themselves. It was an essential part of Penn's philosophy of government; it was an honest manifestation of his Quaker principle of equality. William Penn's life is largely a record of honest convictions honestly adhered to in the face of great difficulty. Peaceful though he was, he had at all times battles to fight in the name of liberty of conscience. America may be thankful for the courage that nerved him to brave royal displeasure and unjust punishment rather than banish religious toleration from his colony.

Penn, born in 1644, was the son of a high-ranking Admiral in the British navy. His father fitted him for the life of a gentleman; high connections promised a brilliant future. But all of this he put aside at the age of twenty-two, when he

WITH William Penn religious toleration was a personal conviction which he strove to make a public policy. His efforts accomplished much for the establishment of liberty of conscience in America. Catholics are deeply indebted to him.

embraced the faith of a new religious sect called "Quakers." The next fifteen years Penn spent propagating Quaker doctrine in England and on the Continent by word of mouth and by numerous pamphlets. In common with Catholics, the Quakers (and among them Penn) suffered from the proscriptions of the English penal laws. At times the Quakers were assumed to be Catholics in disguise. This presumption called forth emphatic protests from Penn and his co-religionists, yet for the greater part they were not protests of the intolerant sort that might have been expected. In 1678 Penn appeared before a Parliamentary committee to defend the Quakers' position. Among other things he said:

"I am far from thinking that Papists should be whipped for their consciences, because I exclaim against the injustice of whipping Quakers for Papists. No, for the hand pretended to be lifted up against them hath, I know not by what discretion, lit heavily upon us, and we complain, yet we do not mean that any should take a fresh aim at them or that they must come in our room. We must give the liberty we ask, and cannot be false to our principles, though it were to relieve ourselves, for we have good will to all men and would have none to suffer

for a truly sober and conscientious dissent on any hand."

This was indeed brave language at a time when freedom of conscience and toleration in religion had not yet become the accepted heritage of the common man.

FOR forty years after 1647 the English Quakers suffered persecution under laws originally intended to suppress Catholicism, and under laws directed at themselves. Hundreds died in prison, thousands filled the jails at all times. It is not surprising that under circumstances like these William Penn, with his wealth and social position, should have sought to establish a refuge for his persecuted brethren. In 1681 he was granted a charter by Charles II for the land to the west of the Delaware River, an area as large as all England. Penn's ideas concerning just government were clear and definite. "I abhor two principles," he wrote to a friend, "and pity them that own them; the first is obedience to authority without conviction; and the other is destroying them that differ from me for God's sake."

There was no clause of church establishment and no provision for liberty of conscience in Penn's charter. The new proprietor was left a free hand to regu-

late religion in full accordance with his previously expressed ideals. Accordingly he composed, in 1682 while still in England, a "Frame of Government of Pennsylvania," in which he stated the end of all government to be:

"to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from abuse of power; that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honorable for their just administration; for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery."

The Frame of Government, and a set of forty laws which Penn had drafted, became the basis of "The Great Law or Body of Laws" adopted for the regulation of the government of Pennsylvania by the first colonial assembly which met at Chester in 1683. The first chapter was "Of Religion":

"No person . . . who shall confess and acknowledge one Almighty God to be the Creator, Upholder and Ruler of the world; . . . shall in any case be molested or prejudiced for his, or her, conscientious persuasion or practice. Nor shall hee or shee at any time be compelled to frequent or maintain anie religious worship, place or Ministry whatever, contrary to his or her mind; but shall freely and fully enjoy, his or her, Christian liberty in that respect, without any interruption or reflection."

A notable feature of the law, differing greatly from the other colonial statutes, was the complete enfranchisement of Roman Catholics. Under this earliest of Pennsylvania constitutions a Catholic could both vote and hold office.

THIS was not the first establishment of toleration in the English colonies, but it was the most permanent. Lord Baltimore in 1632, Roger Williams some years later, and the Quaker proprietors of New Jersey in 1676, had laid the foundations of religious toleration in their colonies. New Jersey's toleration, however, did not extend to Catholics, while that of Rhode Island was not put to a test by Catholics until 1718. In 1692 religious toleration became a dead letter in Maryland until the Revolution. In 1718, when Rhode Island was required for the first time to decide whether her toleration extended to Catholics, she adopted drastic laws against "Papists," which were also in force until the Revolution. Within thirty-five years after the foundation of Penn's colony it had become the only place in the British dominions where Catholics might worship freely and in public. It retained that eminent distinction until the very eve of the War for Independence.

Penn's tolerant spirit was the guiding force of the colony for thirty years. To him it was always "an holy experiment." "We aim," he writes, "at duty to the

King, the Preservation of Right to all, the Suppression of Vice and Encouragement of Virtue and Arts with Liberty to all People to Worship Almighty God according to their Faith and Persuasion." Again he says: "There can be no reason to persecute any man in this world about any thing that belongs to the next." More specifically still, Penn declared the first fundamental of the government of his province to be:

"that everyone should have and enjoy the free possession of his faith and the exercises of worship, in such way and manner as every such person shall in conscience believe most acceptable to God, and so long as such person useth not his Christian liberty to licentiousness or the destruction of others, he shall be protected in the enjoyment of the aforesaid Christian liberty by the civil magistrate."

There is an old adage to the effect that "The proof of the pudding's in the eating." That Penn's high-sounding sentiments were not mere pious protestations is attested by the facts of Pennsylvania's development. As early as 1686 there were Catholics in Philadelphia. After 1692, when Catholicism was outlawed in Maryland after having been variously restricted there for forty years, Pennsylvania became the only British province in which Mass might be celebrated legally. Freedom to hold office was taken away from Catholics in 1693, however, when William and Mary issued orders to the Pennsylvania Legislature that from that date forward all office holders in the colony should be required to subscribe to the form of the oath used in England under the Toleration Act. This oath was designed as a test, discriminating against Jews, Catholics and Unitarians. It excluded these three classes from public office, but does not seem to have deprived them of the right of voting. William Penn and his legislature accepted the orders from England, but not willingly, and not without protest. Because of unsatisfactory relations with William and Mary, Penn's charter was revoked, and for a very short time the colony was administered as a part of the province of New York. The next year, 1694, Penn found means of propitiating King William and of having restored to him his charter and the government of the colony. But Penn could not venture at once on setting aside the test. Accordingly the first assembly under the reestablished proprietary government passed in 1696 "A New Act of Settlement" which required the religious tests of the English Toleration Act to be administered to all office holders.

THIS settlement Penn evidently considered only temporary, as in 1699 he set about getting rid of these religious restrictions. He introduced a series

of laws, two of which concerned themselves with the religious question. Passed by the legislature in 1700, their effect was to restore the definition of religious liberty as established in the fundamental law of 1683. News of this action was unfavorably received in England. In 1702 the Queen in council annulled it and peremptorily ordered the religious test of the Toleration Act restored. When this order arrived in Pennsylvania it found the Proprietor absent. He had returned to England hoping to forestall such action. That he had not been able to do, and now at the crucial moment he was not with the colonial legislature to lend it his support in resisting the demands of the Sovereign. As a result, in 1703 the entire assembly subscribed to the tests and in 1705 legalized them by formal act, taking both steps against its better judgment. Religious liberty was theoretically dead in Pennsylvania until 1776. Actual religious toleration of the broadest type continued to exist. The denial of the right to hold office was the only disability placed on Catholics during the entire colonial history of the State.

The spirit of Penn animated also his successors and the inhabitants of the colony in general. Father Joseph Greaton, an English Jesuit, was appointed first resident pastor of Philadelphia in 1720 and received an unobtrusive but kindly welcome in the City of Brotherly Love. When it came time to build a church, the friendly and generous toleration of the Quakers made possible its establishment in an out-of-the-way spot adjoining the Quaker Almshouse. As if to emphasize the harmony existing between them, Quakers and Catholics for many years used jointly the path leading in from Walnut Street to their neighboring properties. This was St. Joseph's, for many years the only public Catholic chapel in the British Empire.

WHEN the members of the Second Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia in May, 1775, with the echo of Concord ringing in their ears, they found two Catholic chapels serving the needs of the city. St. Joseph's had been enlarged, and the more pretentious St. Mary's had been built. The spirit of Penn was still manifest in the city he had planned. There is an historical fitness in the fact that his city should be the cradle of American liberties. There, in Carpenters' Hall, the First Continental Congress convened. There, in Independence Hall, the famous Declaration was signed. There, in that same hall, the Federal Constitution first saw the light of day. There the persecuted English Quakers found refuge. There the despised "Papist" received a friendly welcome. There today, stands the little chapel of old St. Joseph's, a fitting monument to the tolerance of William Penn.

A Jesuit-China Cup

A Collector Chances on an Interesting Bit of China in London

By George Bennigsen

THERE is a curious place in London—the so-called “Caledonian Market,” where every Tuesday and Friday a brisk trade is carried on in the most varied and heterogeneous goods. A cursory survey suffices to reveal that there seems to be nothing, from shapeless and soiled rags to some rare print or piece of silver, which will not find a vendor and buyer. The art connoisseur, the lover of any old curio, may with patience, luck, and discrimination succeed in unearthing, often in the dingiest and most unsavory part of this open-air market, some choice piece or antique worthy to figure in a museum or library. The writer of this paper was lucky enough one day to acquire an autograph manuscript poem of Cardinal Newman, which is now in the Dominican library at Haverstock Hill.

On one of my periodical visits to this Mecca of the collector, I chanced upon a Jesuit-china cup—a small bowl without any handles, upon the white glazed surface of which is delicately etched in black and red the baptism of a native, seemingly by a Dominican friar. By what vicissitudes did this bowl, shaped, decorated, and fired in China some time in the eighteenth century, find its way to a London market in the year of grace 1934? It is all the more curious because such pieces were prohibited, and when found, destroyed by the “enemies of our religion,” as the learned Fr. d’Entrecolles, S.J., wrote in 1712. Every book on Chinese porcelain quotes the following from his letters to his friends: “From the débris at a large emporium they brought me a little plate which I treasure more than the finest porcelain made during the last thousand years. . . .”

But what is “Jesuit china,” and why is it treasured? To answer this question, a very short survey of the activities of the sons of St. Ignatius in China becomes necessary. They reached China towards the end of the rule of the Ming dynasty. Headed by Fr. Matteo Ricci, the Jesuits established their missions in southern China, and from thence rapidly worked their way north, through the provinces of Kwan-tung, Nan-king, Shanghai, etc., with the object of reaching Peking. This they succeeded in do-



ing, and in 1610 Matteo Ricci, their venerable leader, died in the Imperial city revered both by Europeans and Chinese. These Jesuits were highly cultured and educated men. As Mr. R. L. Hobson says in his book on *Later Ceramic Wares of China*, “Jesuits were able to pass the barriers which to most foreigners proved insurmountable. The passports of these men were their skill in mathematics and science.” Several of them succeeded in obtaining important appointments at court. Thus the Dutchman Verbiest was appointed to the Board of Astronomers, and commanded to supervise the making of a new set of astronomic instruments. Castiglione and Attiret printed pictures for the Emperor and advised him upon architecture. Some of the Jesuit fathers became interested in the production of porcelain, and, as is recognized by W. G. Gulland, another specialist on Chinese ceramic art, it is to them that must be awarded the honor of having been the first to bring European art to the notice of the Chinese.

THIS happened probably under the Ming dynasty and before 1644, when it was succeeded by the new Ch’ing dynasty of Manchurian invaders. These Manchu conquerors at first showed themselves favorable to the Jesuits, however, under the regency established during the childhood of the second emperor of the dynasty, Kang’he, intrigues against the fathers led to their imprisonment. These persecutions were of short duration, for when Kang’he took the reins of power, at the age of fourteen, in his own hands, he released the prisoners and remained their staunch friend throughout all his long reign (1662-1722).

Kang’he was indeed a great ruler, scholar, and patron of arts, also a great soldier and statesman, and a lover of every sport. He persistently defended the missionaries against the attacks and calumnies of the Chinese upper class. In his time Jesuit influence upon the manufacture of china became more pronounced, though, as it is noted, specimens of this early Jesuit china are now very rare. The making of this porcelain was almost entirely restricted to Ching-te-chen, a remarkable town in the Kiangsi province. People justly call it the “Stoke-on-Trent of China,” and at the height of its glory, when it was visited by Fr. d’Entrecolles, S.J., it must have been a model of organization. It was already in existence in the sixth century under the name of Chang-nan-chen; in 1004, in the Ching-te period, it was granted imperial patronage, and its name altered. In a letter to Fr. Orry in Paris, the same Fr. d’Entrecolles gave an interesting description of the town.

He was surprised by the great order, reigning in this densely populated city, which had no walls, and was governed by one mandarin only. He says further that the town is situated in a vast plain, surrounded by high mountains from which issue two rivers whose junction forms a wide open basin. “There are,” he says, “eighteen thousand families, and more than a million souls. . . . The expense of procuring materials is very considerable, for everything consumed here has to be brought from a great distance, even the fuel to feed the furnaces has to be transported over a hundred leagues; provisions are very dear, yet numerous poor families, unable to subsist in the neighboring towns, find employment here. Young and old, lame and blind, all find work at which they can earn a livelihood by grinding colors or otherwise.” And then the priest relates how the mandarin in charge preserves order in his city: “Each street is superintended by one or more officers, according to its length, and each officer has ten subalterns who each take ten houses under their special charge, and if they do not keep strict watch, the bastinado is liberally applied. The streets are barricaded, and few, if any, strangers are allowed to

spend the night in the town: they must retire to their boats, unless they can find some well-known inhabitant to stand warrant for their honesty and good behavior." At the time when this learned Jesuit visited the place, it was supplying the whole of China with its wares, and also producing a good deal of articles for export. Some eighty years later Lord Macartney, British Ambassador to China, spoke of this un-walled city with its 3,000 furnaces, all alight, which at night presented the appearance of a town on fire.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century the Jesuits began to supply local potters with religious subjects which were reproduced on the blue and white porcelain. The British Museum possesses a sample of this early Jesuit china in the shape of a bowl and cup on which a Crucifix is surrounded by ornaments of the ordinary Chinese style. They belong to the Kang'he period, and are probably similar to the plate brought to Fr. d'Entrecolles, and on which next to the Crucifix were painted Our Lady and St. John. In designing for the Chinese potters sacred subjects, the Jesuits had in view not so much China herself as Japan where Christianity was being ruthlessly stamped out in one of the most violent persecutions the world has ever experienced.

JAPAN had the privilege of receiving Christianity from the hands of St. Francis Xavier in 1549, and when he left that country, there were already some 3,000 families, among which several feudal princes, who had embraced Christianity. By 1597 the number of Christians had reached three hundred thousand, which naturally antagonized the pagan priests. The Europeans themselves were responsible for much of the trouble, as Protestant sailors, Dutch and English, accused the Spanish and Portuguese missionaries of being the forerunners of the armed forces by which their governments intended to conquer Japan. Catholics themselves were disunited, the Portuguese were hostile to the Spaniards, while the Friars opposed the Jesuits. When persecution actually began, however, they rallied together and courageously bore the most atrocious tortures for the Faith.

After the first edicts prohibiting Christianity, in 1565, persecution became sporadic. Successive rulers started their reigns by refraining from persecution, but later, pressed by the heathens instigated by Protestants, they persecuted always on a wider and more ruthless scale. We cannot go through the full story of the heroism of the missionaries and the Japanese Catholics. Up to 1635 the number of martyrs has been estimated as 280,000. Officially, Christianity was finally rooted out in 1638 with the tragedy of Shimabara.

Brought to despair by the unceasing persecutions, a Christian rebellion broke out in the last month of 1637. The rebels seized the promontory of Shimabara on the Gulf of Nagasaki. Thirty-seven thousand men, women, and children, shut up in the dilapidated castle of Hara, fought over three months against the forces of a much stronger enemy. Their colors flaunted a red Cross, and their battle-cries were "Jesus, Maria and Sant Jago!" On April 12th, 1638, their ammunition having come to an end, the castle was taken, and with the exception of 150 prisoners, all the defenders were put to the sword. Thus Christianity was stamped out, and for two hundred years Japan was closed to foreigners. We may note here that at the siege of Shimabara the Dutchman Koeckebacher helped to shell the castle with his artillery.

But some Christians secretly survived in Japan. Hidden and persecuted, without priests or Sacraments, they carried their faith through more than two centuries, and when in 1865 Fr. Petitjean came to Nagasaki, 15 Catholics made themselves known to him, assuring him that there were fifty thousand Christians in Japan. It is known how they submitted him to a searching examination to be sure that he belonged to the "right faith." Curiously enough, the so-called "Jesuit china" may have played some part in the preservation of the Faith in Japan. So, at least, thought Fr. d'Entrecolles, when he wrote to Père Orry about the precious plate he was given at Ching-te-chen: "I am told that this kind of porcelain was occasionally shipped to Japan, but that this commerce came to an end seventeen or sixteen years ago. Apparently Japanese Christians took advantage of this manufacture at the time of the persecution to obtain pictures of our mysteries, and these wares, mixed with others, in the crates, eluded the vigilance of the enemies of our religion. This pious artifice was no doubt eventually discovered and rendered useless by more stringent investigation, and that is why the manufacture of this kind of ware has ceased at Ching-te-chen."

THUS we see that more than sixty years after Christianity was supposed to have been suppressed in Japan, there was a constant demand for "Jesuit china" with biblical and other religious subjects. Then this supply was stopped owing to severe measures taken by the Japanese authorities. Nevertheless, contrary to Fr. d'Entrecolles' affirmation, the manufacturing of this porcelain did not cease at once. There is a later "Jesuit china," of the last years of Kang'he's reign and that of his grandson, Kien-Lung (1736-1795). It is also decorated with religious subjects but in on-glaze enamel, usually on white ground.

The cup I found is of this later type. Such china was probably also made at Ching-te-chen, then sent down to Canton and decorated there. The decorators used as models European engravings both profane and religious. As Mr. Hobson remarks, some of the copyists reproduced European designs with a surprising exactitude; some even appear as transfer-prints. In others the interpretation is freer, and here the Oriental touch is apparent in the rendering of human faces and figures.

OF this category is my cup. It is distinctly a Chinese scene, and probably for use in China proper, for the position of Christians had by that time become precarious after the death of the great Kang'he in 1722. Under his son Yung-Cheng all missionaries, with the exception of those occupying positions at Court, were exiled to Canton. This was a time of great tribulation for the Christians in China, for not only were they threatened with persecution but they themselves were torn by internal dissent. The question of rites is too well known and too vast a subject to introduce into this short article. Yet the discord between the Friars and the Jesuits who stood on a ground of tolerance in questions of secondary importance, did much to weaken the stand of Catholics in China.

During the long reign of Kang'he's grandson Kien-Lung persecution broke out. This emperor had much in common with his grandfather; he was a warrior, writer, and poet, yet at the same time he was cruel, and his reign was marred by rebellions which he suppressed mercilessly. In 1736 he issued an edict forbidding all preaching of Christian doctrine under penalty of death. In 1746 a cruel persecution took place at Fukien when Bishop Sanz and four Spanish Dominicans were martyred. In 1748 it was the turn of two Jesuits at Su-chou, while the persecution of native Christians went on incessantly during this reign and that of Chia-ching (1796-1820). It seems most plausible that being unable to teach the native Christians of China in any other way, the missionaries of Canton again resorted to porcelain, so that their Chinese flocks should have ware on which the mysteries of their Faith were represented. Why this kind of manufacture gradually died out we do not know. Maybe the persecution increased so that it was no more possible to smuggle porcelain decorated with sacred pictures to distant places, or maybe measures were taken by the Chinese authorities to prevent its manufacture at Canton. Anyhow it seems that specimens of this later Jesuit china are scarce and much treasured by collectors. It was a strange and gratifying experience to happen to one at this late date.

THE SIGN-POST is our readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

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BOY POPE BENEDICT IX

John Hix in his newspaper feature "Strange as it Seems" says that "Benedict IX, young Pope of the eleventh century, was first installed in the papal chair when he was twelve years old. He was the son of Alberic, Count of Tusculum, and nephew of Benedict VIII his predecessor. He was named Pope through the efforts of his father, and after he held the office eleven years he was driven out by the Romans because of misconduct, in spite of the fact that his actions met with the approval of (Emperors) Conrad II and Henry III." Is this a fact? It is my understanding that the Pope, regardless of his personal conduct, is protected from error by the guidance of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, should we presume that the boy Pope was guided infallibly in his *ex cathedra* pronouncements, or were there any of the latter made during his reign?—N. N.

The account of Pope Benedict IX (1033-1044) given by Mr. Hix is substantially correct. The defect of feature items like this is that they do not tell the whole truth of the matter. Reliable historians are not agreed as to the age of Benedict when he became Pope. The ages twelve, sixteen and twenty are given. Benedict was forced into the papal chair by his father, Alberic, Count of Tusculum, in order to maintain the latter's power in Rome. It is generally admitted that the young Pope was not only under the legal age but also unworthy for moral reasons. Yet, Cardinal Hergenrother says that he "was well enough gifted in mind. He often showed much practical sense and had he been better brought up and accustomed to keep his passions in check, he would perhaps have made an excellent Pope."

In the eleventh century the Papacy had fallen on evil days. Powerful princes usurped the appointment of Popes and Bishops and installed their own candidates by force. The encroachment of the secular power in ecclesiastical appointments were not effectively stopped until the time of Pope Gregory VII, who had very great difficulty in doing it.

There is much exaggeration concerning the Popes of this dark period of the Papacy. In regard to Benedict IX, Professor Whitney, a Protestant, writing in *The Cambridge Medieval History* says: "The description of his depravity becomes more highly colored as years go by and controversies of Pope and Emperor distort the past. Attention has been too often concentrated on the profligacy of Benedict IX, which in its more lurid colors shines so prominently in later accounts. What is remarkable, however, is the corruption, not of a single man, even of a single Pope, but of the whole Roman society. Powerful family interests maintained it; the imperial power might counterbalance them, and, as we have seen, the Papacy had been treated much as a German bishopric." In order to judge of cases like this we must avoid thinking of the eleventh century in terms of the present one.

All legitimate Popes are preserved from officially teaching error in doctrine or morals by virtue of the guidance of the Holy Ghost, promised by Christ to St. Peter and his successors. There is no instance of a pronouncement of Benedict IX which calls for discussion on this point.

BISHOP, METROPOLITAN, ORDINARY: ENCYCLICALS: INDEX OF FORBIDDEN BOOKS: LIST OF CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS

(1) Explain the difference between a Bishop, a Metropolitan and an Ordinary. (2) Is every Encyclical of the Pope to be considered an *ex cathedra* pronouncement? (3) Where may one obtain inexpensive copies of these, the Index of Forbidden Books, and a list of all Catholic publications?—F. H., Iowa.

(1) In Canon Law one who has ecclesiastical jurisdiction by virtue of his appointment to an office is called an Ordinary. An Ordinary in Episcopal Orders who has jurisdiction over a diocese is a Bishop in Ordinary. Several dioceses form an ecclesiastical province, over which an archbishop presides, who is called a Metropolitan.

(2) The Pope is infallible only when he speaks *ex cathedra*; that is, as chief Pastor of all Christians in relation to faith or morals. Every Encyclical is not necessarily an *ex cathedra* pronouncement. If the Pope intends it as such, he indicates this in the Encyclical. Sometimes, however, it is not clear whether he does this or not. But whatever his intention in this regard, convinced Catholics will always receive his teachings with dutiful submission and assent.

(3) Pamphlet copies of the recent Encyclicals may be obtained from Catholic Book Stores, The Paulist Press, The America Press, and The International Catholic Truth Society. A pamphlet containing a partial list of Forbidden Books (all that the average reader need to know) may be obtained from THE SIGN for 18 cents. The complete list, bound in cloth, may be obtained from Catholic Book Stores. A complete list of Catholic publications will be found in *The Catholic Press Directory*, 64 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill., and in *The Franciscan Almanac*.

PATRON SAINTS: QUARANTINE INDULGENCE: CONSISTORY: PRECONIZED: DISCALCED

(1) What saint should be invoked for a happy marriage? Who is the patron saint of lawyers and statesmen? (2) What is a quarantine indulgence? (3) a consistory? (4) What is meant by saying that a bishop is "preconized"? (5) What is a "discalced" nun?—F. H., Iowa.

(1) St. Joseph is quite generally invoked as patron of happy marriages. St. Ivo (May 19) and St. Genesis (August 25) are listed as patron saints of lawyers. There does not seem to be any patron saint of statesmen. Some one impishly suggested that the devil himself was their patron.

(2) A quarantine indulgence means that that amount of temporal satisfaction for sins, previously forgiven as to guilt, is gained as would have been merited by doing penance for forty days according to the ancient discipline of the Church.

(3) A consistory is a meeting of the Pope and his Cardinals concerning some grave matter pertaining to the government of the Church.

(4) When the Holy Father publishes the name of some one as bishop, the latter is said to be "preconized".

(5) A discalced nun is a woman member of a religious

order who goes barefoot—without shoes. Usually, however, "discalced" means the wearing of sandals in place of shoes.

N. B. May we suggest that you keep on hand a good Catholic dictionary or almanac. *The Franciscan Almanac* (noticed in our May issue) will be very helpful in these elemental matters.

INTEREST AND USURY

Please explain the Church's attitude towards interest and usury.—N. N.

At the present-time interest is commonly considered the lawful gain perceived on occasion of a loan of money; usury is an unjust or excessive gain in the same circumstances.

The history of this matter has been one of great controversy. It still is. Until the sixteenth century all interest on money loans was regarded as usury. Theologians and canonists of the Middle Ages constructed a rational theory of the loan for consumption which contained this fundamental statement: the *mutuum* or loan for immediate consumption does not legalize, as such, any stipulation to pay interest, and interest on such a loan must be restored as having been unjustly claimed. Even the Protestant Reformers—Luther, Melancthon and Zwingli were in accord with the Catholics, but Calvin permitted interest on loans made to the rich.

In order to understand the attitude of the Church on this question, it is necessary to recall the nature of a money loan in those days. Money then was considered merely as a medium of exchange. Loans were generally for the purpose of immediate consumption. A money loan was considered a *mutuum*, which is a contract by which a thing to be consumed by its first use was given to another, with the obligation of returning another thing of the same nature and value. Since it was a *gratuitous* contract and the thing consumed was *given* to another (and therefore his property), no interest could be taken for the service rendered; otherwise the lender received in return more than he had given. The use of the thing tendered could not be distinguished from the thing itself. All charge on such a contract was considered usury. It would be like selling a suit for \$30.00 and charging an extra \$5.00 for the use of the suit.

This view was derived from the Old Testament, the teachings of the Fathers and the constant tradition of Christianity. With the advent of the commercial and industrial age, however, money was considered to be invested with an additional character. It was no longer considered as a mere fungible (a thing consumed in its use), but an instrument of production as capital. That is, it had a permanent value, like a house. When money was loaned, not for consumption (e.g., to buy household needs), but to produce articles of trade, etc., an opinion gradually developed among Catholic theologians that a moderate rate of interest could be charged against the borrower. In order to legitimize this extrinsic titles were invented, such as the loss sustained by the lender while the money was with the borrower, the risk involved, etc.

Both the ancient and the modern viewpoint of interest is contained in Canon 1543 of the Code of Canon Law, which says:

"If a fungible thing is *given* to another in such a manner that it becomes his own and is afterward returned in kind, no gain can be perceived by reason of the contract, but in the loan of a fungible thing it not *per se* illicit to enter into an agreement to pay the legal rate of interest, unless it is clear that it is excessive; or even to pay a higher rate, if there is a just and proportionate title for it."

The Holy See admits in practice the lawfulness of interest on loans, though it has not yet issued a doctrinal decree

concerning it. It is still *sub judice* (under judicial consideration). But usury, as distinct from legitimate interest, in that it is excessive, either absolutely or relatively (e.g., to the very poor), is still condemned by the Church, as well as by all honest men. Pope Leo XIII in his Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* wrote with great emphasis on this subject when he said: "The evil (suffered by the working class) has been increased by rapacious usury, which, although more than once condemned by the Church, is nevertheless under a different form, but with the same guilt still practised by avaricious and grasping men." An instance of this is the exorbitant rates of the money sharks in New York City, who were apprehended by the Dewey investigation. (For further reading consult *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. xv).

CATHOLICS MAY NOT BE ROSICRUCIANS

(1) *May a Catholic belong to the Rosicrucians and receive the Sacraments? I know of one who does and who claims that membership in the Rosicrucians does not conflict with the teachings of the Church; also that priests are members. Is this the truth?*—Kansas City, Kan. (2) *If a Catholic joins the Rosicrucian Society (A.M.O.R.C., San Jose, Cal.) does he commit a mortal sin and incur a censure, even though there is no danger of "perversion"?*—J. F.

(1) The Ancient and Mystic Order of the Rose Cross, to give the society its full and sonorous title, is religious nonsense and psychological rubbish. It teaches Pantheism and Reincarnation and how to perform "miracles"! It contradicts Catholic doctrine in the book "Who was Jesus Christ?" and has the effrontery to charge that revealed religion is "wrong in many instances", that is has been suppressing facts for ages, and that it lacks in its teaching "what Jesus and the great Masters of the past taught and secretly revealed." Wherever it contradicts Catholic doctrine it is clearly heretical. A.M.O.R.C. is really a religious sect, despite the protestations of the leaders of Rosicrucianism that it is not. It has its own sanctuary "where all spiritual ceremonies are conducted" and "whence are radiated the spiritual and metaphysical vibrations to members in all parts of the world each year." In view of these facts it is clear that no Catholic may be a member of this cabal.

A.M.O.R.C. may supply a few workable psychological rules for the attainment of temporal success, but they may also be found in decent "success" literature, without imbibing them from a secret and religious sect.

It appears that the book which contains the "teachings" of A.M.O.R.C. was a satire written by a German Lutheran theologian, John Valentin Andreä (1586-1654, A.D.) in ridicule of the morbid interest manifested by so many in his day for the mysterious and the occult. He created a mythical character, Christian Rozenkreuz, who made a journey to the East, where he fell sick and was cured by Eastern magicians. He took the secret back with him to Germany, etc. Strange to relate, that very book was adopted by the Rosicrucians. "As a result of his satirically meant but seriously accepted works, which soon gave rise to occult humbuggery (opposed by him) in new Rosicrucianism, Andreä openly renounced Rosicrucianism and frequently referred to it as a ridiculous comedy and folly." (*The Catholic Encyclopedia*). This fact fairly well illustrates the appetite for the mysterious and the occult. Rosicrucianism was denounced as a "ridiculous comedy and folly" by the author of their text book. Now it appears to have attained the status of a racket.

There may be Catholics who out of unhealthy curiosity have become members of this society, but they are either ignorant of their faith and its demands, or, if they know this, have deliberately violated their conscience; hence are bad Catholics. No Catholic who imbibes Rosicrucian

"teaching" is worthy to receive the Sacraments of the Church. We do not believe that there are any Roman Catholic priests among the members of A.M.O.R.C. and challenge any one to substantiate this charge.

(2) The Rosicrucian Brotherhood is not condemned expressly by name in the Code of Canon Law, but it is implicitly banned to Catholics by Canon 684, which warns them to "shun secret, condemned, seditious and suspected societies, and those which seek to escape the vigilance of the Church." This is a solemn warning and binds under pain of grave sin (not censure) even those who foolishly imagine that there is no danger of perversion in their case. Of course, it is a different thing for a priest or a convinced and intelligent lay person to read their literature with a view to refute their absurd claims.

Incidentally, membership is quite expensive—not that there are any dues—only *donations*. The candidate makes the following pledge: "In accordance with the ancient custom I herewith *donate* and enclose Five Dollars as a *contribution* to The Rosicrucian Foundation, and will contribute to this Foundation the sum of Two Dollars monthly, beginning with the first month after I have been accepted into the work of the organization. This I will continue as long as I desire membership." The Officers and Scribes of A.M.O.R.C. did not need to go to Egypt to learn "that the number of fools is infinite" and "there's one born every minute." In case the hierophants of A.M.O.R.C. have not selected any one of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, or Magi as their patron saint, we suggest one Phineas T. Barum. He wasn't a Rosicrucian, but he knew their "secret." (For detailed information see *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. xiii, "Rosicrucians"; vol. xi, "Occultism"; and "Categorica" in this issue).

COPTS NOT FIRST CHRISTIANS

I heard in a broadcast lecture that the Coptic Christians were the first Christians. I have always been under the impression that the Copts were heretics. Please explain.—R. J. S., DUBUQUE IOWA.

The statement is false. The first Christians were the converts, mostly Jews, made by St. Peter in Jerusalem, as you can see from the Acts of the Apostles. The converts of the Apostles were first called Christians at Antioch (Acts 9:26). Before that they were called "the disciples," "the brethren," "the saints," etc. The Copts are the descendants of the Christians of Egypt, who fell into the Monophysite heresy in the fifth century. Still, there are a few Copts who are true Catholics—about 25,000.

COUGING THE PEONS IN MEXICO

A Protestant said that the real trouble in Mexico is that the Catholic people there are rebelling against the Church because of the extraordinary demands the Church makes, demanding from the people (peons) more and more money to support the Church. Please give me something in the way of a satisfactory answer to this ridiculous charge.

The Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States on the Religious Situation in Mexico, published in 1926 by The National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C., shows the falsity of such charges. "Equal in falsehood with the slander against the Church in reference to education and wealth is that concerning extortion on the part of the Mexican clergy. Those who have seen the poverty in which the clergy of our generation have lived need no proof drawn from statistics to know that they have been slandered. It suffices to say for those of other days that the total offerings collected in the churches by the Mexican clergy never represented a donation of even so much as one peso from each member of the flock per

year. Offerings on the occasions of baptisms and marriages are smaller than those made to clergymen in the United States. Works of education and charity have been supported chiefly by those whose means enabled them to be generous, as in our own country. The poor paid nothing but the copper dropped into a collection basket on Sunday." A footnote on page 28, on which the above extract appears, gives the following testimony: "*The Churchman*, a Protestant Episcopal publication (New York City), in an editorial, February 6, 1915, quoted William Watson, (a non-Catholic, who had lived some eight years in Puebla, Oaxaca, Guadalajara, and Mexico), on offerings as follows: Baptisms, 33 to 69 cents; marriages, \$2.50 to \$3.00; and nothing for Baptisms and marriages during missions." The whole letter should be read, the better to appreciate the gravity of such a calumny. If the poor Mexicans were systematically robbed by the clergy, it would be difficult to explain their devotion to the Church and her pastors.

CHURCHING OF WOMEN: SIMON OF CYRENE

(1) Please explain the "churching of women." Is it necessary to be "churched" after the birth of a child? (2) Did Simon of Cyrene carry our Lord's cross willingly, or was he forced to carry it?—J. E. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) The ceremony of thanksgiving for a safe delivery is called in the Church's liturgy "The Blessing of a Woman After Childbirth." It is an ancient practice in imitation of the humility of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who in conformity with the Mosaic laws, submitted to the Jewish rite of purification after the birth of Jesus Christ. There is no obligation to receive this blessing, but devout Catholic mothers are in the habit of doing so in thanksgiving to God. Of course, this blessing is intended only for those who give birth to children from a legitimate marriage.

(2) The expressions used by St. Matthew (27:32) and St. Mark (15:21) clearly indicate that Simon was *forced* to carry the cross and therefore that he did so unwillingly, at least in the beginning. But it is piously believed that the grace of our Lord overcame his initial repugnance. Moreover, it seems solidly probable that Simon carried the entire cross alone, and not merely part of it together with our Lord.

THE TERM "JEW"

Does the term "Jew" indicate a nationality or a religion? If not a religion, what is the religion called?—HOMEWARD, ILL.

The term Jew, according to the St. Louis Convention of American Hebrew Congregations, February 6, 1925, "has an historical religious connotation." It indicates, therefore, both a race and a religion. As a racial term it denotes a member of the Hebraic division of the Semitic race, descended from Abraham through Sarah in the line of Jacob or Israel. Hence, Jews are also called Israelites. As a religious term, it belongs to those who worship God according to the law of Moses. The religion of the Jews is called Judaism.

JOSEPH OF AVERLAINE (ARIMATHEA)

Will you kindly tell me who Joseph of Averlaine was? I think it was at Canterbury that I saw a tree which grew where he placed his staff.—M. C. M., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

We presume that you refer to Joseph of Arimathea, who was a wealthy Israelite and disciple of Christ but "secretly for fear of the Jews." He requested from Pilate the body of Jesus and with the help of Nicodemus placed it in the tomb carved out of the rock (*Matt. 27*). There is a legend which tells of his coming with St. Philip the Apostle to Gaul to preach the Gospel. St. Philip is said to have sent St. Joseph

to England with twelve clerics. He is supposed to have founded the church at Glastonbury—not Canterbury—and to have been buried there. Glastonbury is also called Avalon (Isle of Apples) in the legends. There is a famous variety of hawthorn, originally found only at Glastonbury, which has the peculiarity of flowering twice in the year, at Christmas and again in May. "The legend that that original tree grew from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, which was thrust into the ground and took root, is found before the destruction of the abbey, but the date of its origin cannot now be ascertained." St. Joseph's feast day is March 17th. There is a lengthy article on Glastonbury Abbey in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. VI, and a revised account of his life in Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, vol. III by Thurston and Attwater.

LIST OF PROMINENT CONVERTS

Would you kindly give me a list of prominent converts to the Catholic Church, especially those who are Hollywood stars?—M. G. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Several books have been written listing prominent converts to the Catholic Church in this country of which the latest and most complete (to our knowledge) is *The American Convert Movement* by Rev. Edward J. Mannix, (New York, 1923). It is at once both an historical and psychological study of conversions. *The Catholic Who's Who*, 1936-1937, page 416, gives a partial list of noted converts with their avocations. *The Epistle*, published by The Saint Paul Guild for Converts, 117 East 57th Street, New York City, publishes a partial list of some clerical converts from 1920 to 1935. We do not know of any converts to the Catholic Church from among those whom you call "Hollywood stars."

MARRIAGE ON EASTER SUNDAY: FIRST BIBLE

(1) May a couple be married on Easter Sunday morning with a Mass, or any other Sunday of the year? (2) In what year was the first Bible written? Was it during the time of the first apostles?—D. P., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

(1) Marriage may be contracted on every day of the year, but the solemn nuptial rite is forbidden during the "closed times," that is from the first Sunday of Advent to Christmas day, inclusive, and from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday, inclusive. The solemn nuptial rite is composed of the nuptial Mass and solemn nuptial blessing. The essence of marriage is the mutual expression of consent before an authorized priest and two witnesses. The solemnities are rites added by the Church for the special benefit of those who express their consent. It is these added rites which the Church forbids during the "closed times."

(2) We presume that you mean the first book of the New Testament. The Bible comprises two Testaments—the Old and the New. There are seventy-two books in all. It took centuries to compose all these books. The first book of the New Testament is the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, which was written in Aramaic—the language spoken by our Lord—probably between 40 and 50, A.D.

RECLINING AT LAST SUPPER

I noticed in The Boston Post, under the title "The Truth Is," that the Last Supper is not historically correct as painted. The author claimed that the custom at that time was to recline on a couch while eating. Is this true?—F. O'C., MILTON, MASS.

The observation is supported by good authority. "In the course of time the Jews had adopted the Persian custom of lying at table, i.e., of resting the left elbow on a cushion, and turning the upper part of the body toward the table, whilst the feet were stretched out behind. This position was

the usual one among the Jews of the upper classes, especially on festal occasions, but even the poor assumed it when eating the Pasch, as it suggested the liberty gained by their departure from Egypt. Couches were arranged at three sides of the dining table, the fourth side being left accessible to the servants." (*The Passion and Glory of Christ*, Poelzl-Martindale.) The pictures of the Last Supper usually emphasize art instead of history.

CONSECRATION OF SMALL PARTICLES

When are the small particles used by the priest to administer Holy Communion to the faithful consecrated? So far as I can see, the first time the particles for the people's communion appear during the Mass is when the priest takes the ciborium from the tabernacle.—M. F., JAMAICA, N. Y.

The consecrated particles for the communion of the faithful are consecrated together with the large Host to be consumed by the celebrant. Those which remain are kept in the ciborium in the tabernacle for the communion of the people until they are all consumed. The Blessed Sacrament is distinct from the other Sacraments in this, that it remains in existence until the species are changed. Therefore, it is not necessary for the celebrant of the Mass to consecrate small particles for the faithful at every Mass.

SWALLOWING FINGER NAILS

Does one break his fast before Holy Communion if he bites and swallows his finger nails?—PITTSBURGH, PA.

The swallowing of one's finger nails does not break the fast to be observed before the reception of Holy Communion. Of course, this bad habit is not to be recommended. The Eucharistic fast is broken only when what is considered food or drink is swallowed, even accidentally. Indigestible things, such as glass, thread and finger nails are not considered digestible.

MARY OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID

Was the Blessed Virgin Mary recognized as a princess and was the expression which was used to describe her and St. Joseph—"of the royal house of David"—of any particular meaning?—M. C. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.

The descent of both the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph from King David has a very special meaning, for Christ the Messiah, as man, was to be given "the throne of David his father" (Luke 1:32), as the angel announced to Mary before His birth. The descent of Christ from David was one of the signs of His Messiahship, so that the Jews would recognize Him as such when He appeared. Both Mary and Joseph, who was also "of the house and family of David" (Luke 2:4), lived in a poor and humble estate, according to the Gospels. Authentic Tradition coincides with this view. It was most fitting that they were poor, in view of the birth of Him "Who though in the form of God . . . emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, and in habit was found as a man" (Phil. 2:6). Apocryphal and legendary sources which describe Mary and Joseph as living in a regal state are contrary to known facts.

NO PROTESTANT SAINTS

A Catholic said that there are Protestant saints, which accounts for several Protestant denominations naming their churches after them. What is one to think of this?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

The immediate conclusion is that the Catholic manifests a lamentable ignorance. There are no Protestant saints, in the sense that a convinced member of a Protestant denomination has practised the virtues of the Christian religion

to a heroic degree and that God has set the seal of His approbation on their virtue by working miracles through their intercession. All the saints after whom all non-Catholic denominations name their churches etc., are Catholic saints. There are no other kind. The Catholic Church has no monopoly on goodness—there are many good Protestants—but she has a monopoly on the saints, who were not merely good Christians, but heroic Christians.

SPECIAL MASS FOR CONTRIBUTORS

In a certain parish the pastor announces that the Mass is intended only for those who place 25 cents or more in the collection basket on Sunday. Many parishioners are too poor to do this. Does it follow, then, that only those who contribute this amount will share in the benefits of the Mass?—N. N., ILL.

In order to increase parish revenues some pastors announce that those who contribute 25 cents or more on Sunday will share in a Mass to be said for them during the week. This is a special Mass which the Pastor has no previous obligation to offer. There is nothing reprehensible in this. Parishioners have a Mass said for them by their Pastor on all Sundays and other feast days—about eighty Masses in all—throughout the year, whether they can afford to contribute to the Church or not. These Masses are commanded by Canon Law and represent part of the Pastor's duty towards his parish in return for their material support. Again, all the faithful share in every Mass celebrated, especially those who are present at it, as you can see if you look at your prayer book, which says: "and all here present, whose faith and devotion are known to Thee." No injury is done to anyone by such an announcement. It is little enough to give for the benefit of religion, when one compares the prices for admission into the movies, etc.

IMPOUNDING PETER'S PENCE IN GERMANY

What is the truth of the report that the Pope had given to Mussolini the money collected as Peter's Pence in Germany? If the report is true don't you think that the Pope is working against instead of cooperating with other countries in the cause of peace?—W. A., CANADA.

This is "old stuff" now. A report was circulated that Mussolini would guarantee to the Pope the Peter's Pence which the Nazi Government forbade to be sent to Rome, if the Holy Father would loan the same amount to Mussolini, so that he might purchase war materials in Germany. The report was indignantly denied more than once by the *L'Osservatore Romano*, semi-official newspaper of the Pope. This is one more instance of the attempt of the enemies of the Holy Father to compromise the Church and to involve him in Mussolini's imperial designs. It should not be necessary to warn that all reports in the papers are not true, especially in time of war.

EFFICACY OF PLENARY INDULGENCE AND MASS

According to the recent decree of our Holy Father, a plenary indulgence may be gained by the faithful each time the exercise of the Stations of the Cross is performed, which indulgence is applicable to the souls in Purgatory. In other words the Stations will do more than the Sacrifice of the Mass. Am I right?—J. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.

You are not. It is the doctrine of the Catholic Church "that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls therein detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful, but principally by the acceptable sacrifice of the altar." It follows, therefore, that no suffrage or intercession made by the living faithful in favor of the dead can be compared in efficacy with the sacrifice of the Mass. The Mass is a

Divine institution, the Stations of the Cross a human one. Though the Mass is of such great efficacy that one sacrifice could, absolutely speaking, obtain the liberation of all the souls in Purgatory, we know that Divine Providence does not act in that way. Moreover, it must be remembered that the prayers and sacrifices of the living, even the Sacrifice of the Mass, are offered to God by way of *suffrage* or intercession, not by way of *absolution*. The Church has no jurisdiction over the souls in Purgatory, like she has over the living faithful. How far Almighty God applies the efficacy of the Mass or an indulgence cannot be known by us outside a private revelation from Heaven. Another point is that we ought not to consider it too easy a matter to gain a plenary indulgence, which we must do before we can apply it to the dead.

JESUS ONLY CHILD OF MARY

I heard a sermon on the birth of Christ over the radio, in which the speaker said that the Virgin Mary gave birth to two other children by Joseph after the birth of Jesus. I understood that the speaker was a priest, but as he spoke with an accent I could not be sure of what he said. Is his statement true?—E. T., LA FERIA, TEX.

It is not true. Jesus was the only child of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Such is the doctrine of the Catholic Church, which is based on the Holy Scriptures, the teaching of the Fathers, and the constant tradition of the Church from the beginning. Either the speaker was not a Catholic priest or you misunderstood him.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.T.D., Kansas City, Mo.; M.G.H., Mt. Adams, O.; F.C., New York, N. Y.; M.N.W., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.F.McD., Cambridge, Mass.; M.A.C., Phila., Pa.; M.F.G., Elmont, L. I.; M.C.B., New York, N. Y.; M.O.McG., Pittsburgh, Pa.; K.C.V., Union City, Ind.; M.E.H., New York, N. Y.; M.P.McG., Brookline, Mass.; C. W. Tuckahoe, N. Y.; M.E. Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.A.C.W., Somerville, Mass.; C.H., Carbondale, Pa.; M.P.McG., Brookline, Mass.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Souls in Purgatory, H.E.H., Plainfield, N. J.; Souls in Purgatory, K.M.McN., Cambridge, Mass.; St. Joseph, M.W.T., Bridgeport, Conn.; Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, Little Flower, St. Rita, C.T.W., Phila., Pa.; St. Anthony, M.C., Somerville, Mass.; Sacred Heart, Our Lady, M.A. McK., Lynn, Mass.; Suffering Souls, D.D., Roxbury, Mass.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady Immaculate, M.A.C., Phila., Pa.; St. Anthony, R.H., Rice Lake, Wis.; Souls in Purgatory, R.M.P., Phila., Pa.; Sacred Heart, A.M.S., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jesus Crucified, Sacred Heart, Holy Wounds, L.W.S., Cleveland, O.; Mother of Sorrows, M.M.K., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Joseph, W.T., Bridgeport, Conn.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Anthony, M.O.McG., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Teresa, M.E.McL., Cambridge, Mass.; Sacred Heart, E.G.C., Great Neck, L. I.; St. Anthony, M.E.R., Chicago, Ill.; St. Gabriel, A.W., Tenaflly, N. J.; St. Jude, St. Joseph, Little Flower, M.G.D., Goshen, Mass.; Sacred Heart, M.J., Wyncote, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M.G., Phila., Pa.; St. Anthony, M.M.K., Cleveland, Ohio; Blessed Gemma Galgani, A.N., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Blessed Gemma Galgani, F.H., St. Louis, Mo.; Blessed Mother, A.B., Cambridge, Mass.; St. Anthony, M.E.L.M., Darby, Pa.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Rita, C.T.W., Phila., Pa.; K.V.F., New York, N. Y.; W.M.W., Dorchester, Mass.; C.W., Co. Mayo, Ireland; F.G., Brooklyn, N. Y.; I.N., Staten Island, N. Y.; M.C.W., St. Louis, Mo.; M.T.H., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.A. D.V., Bridgeport, Conn.; A.F.R., Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has prepared a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlets are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

Clergy and Social Justice

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the May issue of *THE SIGN* a writer from New York asks why there are so few Coughlins, Walshes and Sheens. For an answer you say it is too much to expect that all Catholics be geniuses or even brilliant apostles of Social Justice. This is quite right, but it is not too much to expect that all the clergy should take a more active interest in the cause of Social Justice, because they have been commanded to do so by Pope Leo XIII in these words: "Every minister of holy religion must throw into the conflict all the power of his mind and all the strength of his endurance." This, I think, has not been done.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

SUBSCRIBER.

"But" Is the Word

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In "The New Passover" in your April issue, page 532, third paragraph of third column, I read: "But He it is who offers; the priest does *not* lend his hands and his voice." Should it not be: "The priest does *but* lend his hands and his voice?"

PRESCOTT, WIS.

(REV.) JOHN M. THILL.

American Recipient of Lourdes Favor

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reply to the request in *The Sign-Post* of the May issue, asking for the record of an American who received either a spiritual or temporal favor at Lourdes, may I submit the following from *The Wonders of Massabielle at Lourdes* by S. Pruvost, page 20:

"Dr. Bull, an American-born Protestant, a noted atheist and freethinker, was cured at Lourdes of all his infirmities of both body and soul. Without discontinuing the practice of his profession, he applied himself with apostolic zeal to the conversion of others, and many Protestants and Jews were responsible to him for their conversion to Catholicism." I think that the International Catholic Truth Society has a pamphlet about Dr. Bull. If memory fails me not, Dr. Boissarie, who until his death directed the work of the Medical Bureau at Lourdes, mentions the same case in his *Lourdes—Histoire Medicale*, which, I believe, has been translated into English under the title *Healing at Lourdes* (Baltimore, 1933). In the February, 1936, issue of *THE SIGN*, Mr. Connolly, President of the International News Service, in an interesting letter informs us of a conversation which he had with Dr. Alexis Carrel, concerning a miracle at Lourdes, which this distinguished American surgeon personally observed. *The American Magazine* has this to add concerning the Nobel Prize winner: "He (Dr. Carrel) believes that miracles of healing are possible, and has spent weeks in Lourdes studying them. He has never quite recovered from his awe at seeing a large cancerous sore on a workman's hand shrivel to a scar before his eyes—this man who in 1931 won the Nordhoff-Jung medal for cancer research."

While the following is not quite apropos of the question

asked, it is nevertheless interesting to note that in the twenty-three years prior to 1914, almost eight thousand doctors visited the Medical Bureau at Lourdes. At one time when professional Liberals tried to close up the shrine in the name of hygiene, three thousand physicians protested by open letter. Among these were thirteen members of the Academy of Medicine, fifty-two professors of medical schools, one hundred and twenty-nine surgeons, and sixty-five heads of departments of clinic and laboratory.

WEST NEW YORK, N. J.

JOSEPH A. CERULLO.

Our Hospital in China

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Since reading in this month's issue of *THE SIGN* your appeal for 25 cents from each reader in order to start building a hospital in China, I am sure all can do that little if they want to.

I have very little money but I made up my mind to contribute, and to do so I shall not buy a newspaper for the 31 days in May and shall send four quarters to encourage you in your anxiety about its success.

Everybody surely could do that much even if they have to give up a smoke, paper, drink, shoe shine, tip, and so forth. So here goes a dollar hoping that others will follow the example of an 88-year old subscriber.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

M. KEHOE.

Spain and China

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I cannot tell you how much benefit I and my fellow-students have received from reading the pages of your splendid periodical, *THE SIGN*. We have read the entire magazine with the greatest interest, but especially the department describing the lives and sufferings of the Passionist Fathers in China. We can very well understand the sufferings which they have undergone from persecution because we students have also suffered persecution. We were in the Asturias (Spain) during the Revolution of October, 1934, when the Socialists and Marxists murdered one of our priests and two of our fellow-students. We could not help but compare the peril in which we stood with the peril of the good Fathers in China. Our fate seemed equally tragic, as there seemed no possibility of escape. We were finally rescued only after the soldiers had killed the Reds.

So you see that it is with particular interest that we read of the labors, sufferings, sacrifices and dangers of these missionary priests in China. How well we can understand what Bishop O'Gara says in his article *At Grips With Reds*. "The anxiety and suspense of such situations can only be appreciated by those who have actually suffered such experiences."

BARROSELAS, PORTUGAL.

MAURICE, C.P.

The Belloc Series in Book Form

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

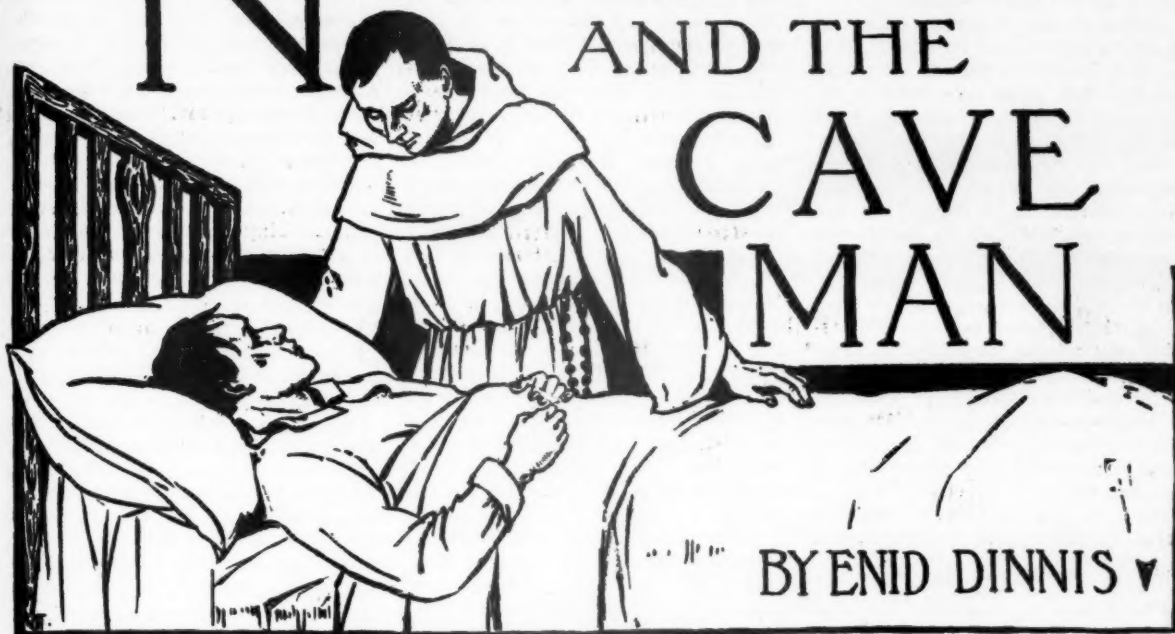
It is with pleasure and instruction that I have been reading Mr. Belloc's series of articles in your magazine. And, while I am speaking of him, I might add that I would like to see more articles written by him and Mr. Chesterton appearing in your monthly. My purpose in writing is to inquire whether Mr. Belloc's series is to be issued in pamphlet form.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
PRINCETON, N. J.

JOHN B. MURRAY.

EDITOR'S NOTE—It is expected that Mr. Belloc's series will be published not in pamphlet but in book form after it has appeared in *THE SIGN*.

NETHERBY AND THE CAVE MAN



BY ENID DINNIS ▽

THE splash of the monks' oars made sad music on the lake as they rowed out to the little island in its center—the island called Pax—for their errand was a sad one. They had set out from the monastery on the lake-side to fetch home Brother Pacificus, who for many a year now had made his dwelling in solitude on the island. Perhaps "home" was not quite the right way to put it for the hermit monk had regarded the cell on the island as his home and being thus torn away from it would all but break his heart.

For some time past now it had been realized that the brother was no longer fit to remain in solitude. His visions and dreams which hitherto had been of heavenly things, helpful and heartening to those who moored their boats at the island and sought the holy hermit in his cell, had become strange and disquieting. They had sometimes taken a sinister and terrifying form. Father Abbot heard about it and took action. The hermit brother must be brought home and looked after by his brethren. So a couple of the brethren were rowing over the lake to the island called Pax.

Brother hermit was far too holy a man to question his Abbot's decision, albeit that he was old and his enfeebled mind could not grasp the fact that those whom he helped by his words could still visit him at the monastery. A hermit is a hermit, and with solitude comes "grace of office."

But Father Abbot had spoken, and grace of office was also his.

"Some day Father Abbot may let me return," the old man said, wistfully as he took his place in the boat in which they had daily brought him his food. "Suppose some one were to come to seek my aid and find me not?"

His old eyes were fixed tearfully on the receding shore. "The birds will miss me," he murmured, "and my tame hares, and all the little living things."

The look of sorrow deepened in his eyes. "They may come who need me and find me not," he repeated, "in the days when hell lets loose her brood above the bird's sanctuary." Then he betook himself to prayer as the oars made music on the calm waters. When he spoke again it was with gentle resignation.

"If so be that I may not return, at least I pray that Father Abbot allows my bones to be buried over yon."

And the brothers who were rowing reassured him that it surely would be so.

IT was not the first time that Ralph Netherby had crashed. His friends told him that he owned a charmed life and he was proving their words true.

He was certainly feeling a bit queer, but he had been able to creep out all right from under the fragments of his plane. There was a sharpish pain in his back and a queer feeling in his head—but he was all right.

He had crashed during the bombing

practice. They had selected the little island in the center of the lake for their target—trippers had been warned off since the Air Ministry had commandeered it for that purpose—and it certainly made an excellent target. It was not in the program that Netherby's plane should have alighted there as well as the accurately-directed bomb but it had saved him from drowning. It had been rather a remarkable landing altogether.

NETHERBY sat up. Yes, he was unquestionably shaky. He took a look round him. The place was extraordinarily quiet. It had been a bird sanctuary once upon a time but the birds appeared to have migrated, perhaps at the sound of the bomb practice. The island had been known as a "holy island." A hermit was said to have lived there, in a cave, in the old days when it belonged to the monastery which still stood on the lake side. The trippers had been shown the spot where his cell was supposed to have been. There had been no end of a fuss when Authority took it over for National purposes. For once, in a way, a holy island might make itself useful. Such were the sentiments of the rulers of the country in which Netherby had taken service. It was one of the countries of the Old World, the disturbed, war-threatened Western World. The world that had lived its life through the dark ages and the later medieval times and emerged

into the civilization of the twentieth century. Netherby came from the New World, the World which had not to wait long for the supreme gifts of civilization. It had come on with giant strides during the last hundred years.

Netherby was American enough to enjoy a glance back at the quaintness of the past. The old hermit who had passed his days here would have been an extraordinarily different type of *homo sapiens* from himself. A primitive type, not so very different from the original cave-man. He would know nothing about electricity or the movies. His idea of adventure had been to stay in one place all his life! The man who had crossed the world to find adventures, not to mention the skies, stood and wondered what points of contact could possibly exist between himself and the cave-man whose memory was still cherished in connection with the "holy" island.

What would a man who had been content to preach to the local bird colony think of men who were able to address men and women at the other end of the world? It was certainly a wonderful thing, was the evolution of the mind of man.

THE place was awfully quiet. As he walked along his foot touched something. It was a discarded vacuum flask. The hermit would not have known the use of a vacuum flask. A solitary blackbird was perched on a bough near it. A silent and unfriendly-looking bird. It eyed the vacuum flask as the hermit might have eyed it, with no knowledge that it embodied a scientific principle. A principle which enabled a tripper to get a hot cup of tea without the bother of kindling a fire. The blackbird whose forebears had possibly listened to the impassioned words of the hermit was not vastly interested in the vacuum flask.

Netherby pulled himself up. He was getting quite Emersonian in his reflections, or like Gray in a country churchyard. He must be more practical. He had to remember, for one thing, that the ground upon which he was standing was a target for bomb practice. If his fellow airmen had not witnessed his forced landing there might be bombs descending on him. The planes had retired for the moment but it would be wise to seek cover until they had sighted the evidence of his whereabouts.

He staggered to his feet. The hermit, he remembered, had lived in a cave. He must explore and see if there were any caves on the island which might afford him a shelter—the hermit's had long since disappeared.

He staggered on, painfully. It was rather quaint—his becoming a cave man, too, *pro tem*. There were varied motives for men seeking a cave-dwelling, it seemed. The blackbird flew over his head. It had nothing to say.

He glanced round him. They had called the island "Pax" in the old days—so an irate correspondent to the Press had pointed out when protesting against the desecration of the holy island. There was a curious feeling of peace about it. What people call atmosphere. It certainly was rotten bad form to be dropping bombs on it. No wonder the birds had cleared off. All except that queer old blackbird that ought to have been singing and wasn't.

He wondered why the hermit had elected to come and live here. Had a girl treated him badly? He himself had first taken to adventuring after a woman had played him false. His "charmed life" had not been without irony at that time. Now-a-days he had no desire to court death for its own sake. Life held its possibilities. Its onward lure towards the new and strange. He wondered if the hermit had, perchance, recovered from his scurvy treatment by the fair sex only to find himself bound by the chains of a vow. That would have been rotten luck! Especially if he had had a taste for adventure.

Really he was getting quite interested in the legendary hermit. He must have been pretty glad to die when the time came if his surmise about the girl business had been right. But, then, holy hermits were always pretty glad to die. They didn't have to take cover from the thought of death.

Netherby was slowly approaching the rising ground in the center of the island which formed a small hill or knoll. A well directed bomb had been placed there and the earth was scattered in all directions leaving a hole in the side of the hillock big enough for a man to creep through. It led into a cave or hollow. With a definite thrill Netherby realized that he had discovered the long-lost entrance to the hermit's cave. The heart of Pax had been laid bare by the dread implement of modern warfare.

He went forward and paused on what was certainly the threshold of a cavern. A cavern which had erstwhile been the dwelling of a latter-day cave-man—a "holy hermit." The story ran that the hermit had been buried in his cell, as solitaires often were. Was he about to find the bones of the holy man?

THE blackbird was wiping its beak on a clod of dislodged turf. It seemed to have become more at home in its surroundings. Netherby sat down. He had to go gently—very gently. The atmosphere of the cave would not improve the muzzy feeling in his head. It was not so quiet now. There seemed to be some birds singing.

So the hermit would be lying somewhere here. Netherby thought of the old Scandinavian legend of the hero who was said to slumber in a cave-tomb awaiting to come forth at the hour of

his country's direst need. The hermit of Pax might be doing the same? But then he was not a warrior, only a man who was a tamer of birds and frightened little beasts.

His thoughts were suddenly arrested by the appearance of a man. Just for the moment he was startled, for the newcomer was dressed in a rough habit such as the hermit would probably have worn. Then he remembered that the monks over at the monastery were still wearing that kind of get-up.

"One of that crowd," Netherby thought to himself. "Lucky the bomb didn't do him in." They really had no business to be prowling over the island after the warning had been issued.

THE monk, he was an old man with a gentle countenance that was yet not devoid of shrewdness, was regarding him expectantly.

"I saw you coming," he said. "You have hurt yourself and are in pain?"

He spoke in a rough peasant dialect. Netherby was by way of being pleased with himself for being able to understand what he was saying.

"I've just had a crash," he explained. "My plane's smashed, but I don't think that there is much wrong with me."

He flattered himself that he was speaking the lingo quite decently but the other seemed puzzled.

"Did you come alone," he asked, "or did they row you over?"

"I didn't come in a boat," Netherby said. "I'm an airman. I dropped from the clouds—made what we call a forced landing."

It was obvious that the other was still none the wiser.

"Dropped from the clouds?" he repeated. "And yet you are not dead!"

Plainly, the good monk had no knowledge of what the other was talking about. That would explain his presence in the danger zone. The monks must have contrived to keep amazingly aloof from the world not to have been aware of the presence of the air-planes in the neighborhood.

"Haven't you ever heard of an air-plane?" Netherby asked him. "It may be described as a bird-like machine that carries men."

A look of sudden fear had come into the other's eyes.

"Ah," he said. "I know what you mean. So they have come! The birds from hell that lay stinking eggs as they fly, that scatter foulness and death. My poor friend, one of these has perchance swooped down on you, like an eagle on its quarry, and then cast you forth. You do not look as though you came from hell."

Netherby was considerably taken aback. It ought by rights to have been exquisitely comical, but—this medieval fellow who called an air-plane a bird ap-

peared to have heard something about mustard gas and the most modern methods of killing. He was not being complimentary, except in refusing to credit Netherby with a commission in the Air-Force.

Netherby gave a little laugh. "I don't suppose," he said, "that, living out here, you know much about what is being done in the world. I happen to be a member of the Air-Force. Flying is one of the great inventions of modern times, like the radio."

"And what is the radio?" the monk asked. His tone was apprehensive.

Netherby was amused. "Hearing what is being said ten thousand miles away," he said. "You simply tune in, and then you hear voices speaking right at the other end of the world."

THE other was precise. "At the other end of *this* world," he commented. Then he added, in a tone of calm, philosophical certitude: "that is nothing."

"It's considered an important discovery," Netherby said, rather dryly, and added: "but I expect you are rather out of sympathy with a world that builds skyscrapers instead of cathedrals." He got "sky-scrappers" into the other's vernacular with some difficulty.

The listener wrinkled his brow.

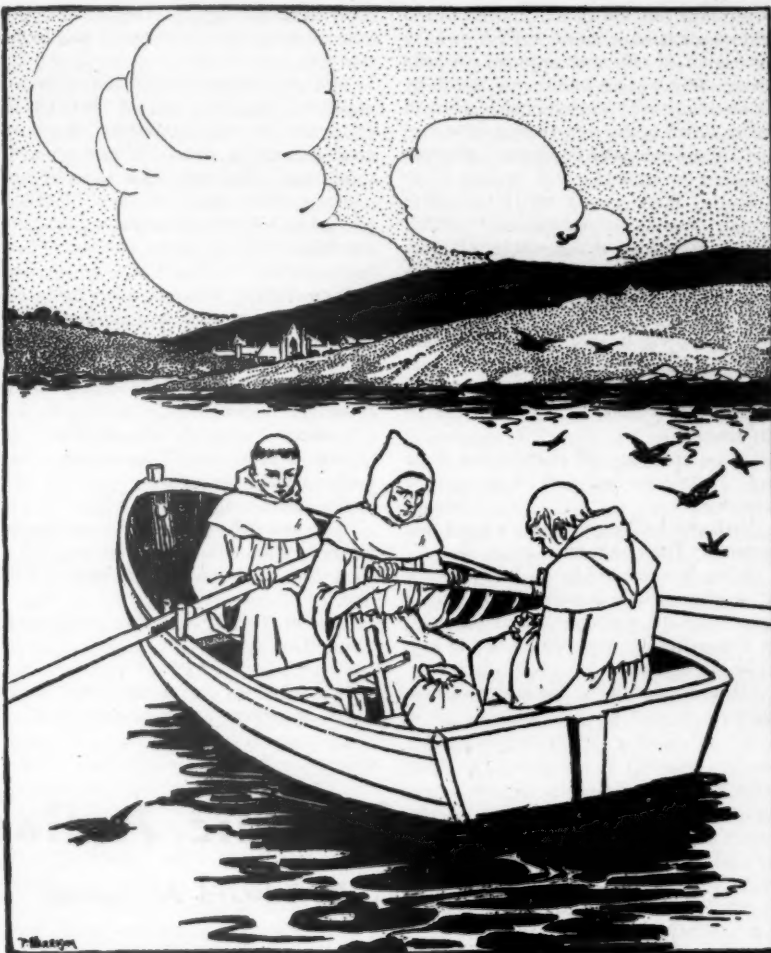
"Our houses have topped the church spires," Netherby explained. They go straight up, square, with a flat top. Human habitations. We call them 'sky-scrappers' by way of a joke."

"We build our spires," the other remarked, thoughtfully, "to carry the mind of man up to the only lasting habitations. We build them high so that men may see the pointing finger, not that it may scrape the sky. Man needs to be reminded of the distance between him and what lies beyond the stars."

"The mind of man is now able to measure the distance between the earth and the stars," Netherby said. This fellow's astronomical knowledge was probably not of an advanced order. He proceeded to give a few brain-shattering calculations.

The monk waved his hand impatiently. "What of that?" he said. "That is nothing. Billions, quadrillions—years—miles! I speak of that which lies beyond the shining of the farthest star. And—" he lowered his voice—"that which is nearer to me than my thought." A sudden light shone out in his face. "You have come, perhaps," he said, "to ask me concerning this? To save you from your modern world which has fallen so far that men are content that it be circumscribed by the star-light, and to flit backwards and forwards across the breadth thereof, and therewith are as pleased with themselves as a carp that hath learnt to swim at a great pace round its pond."

"In the world I live in," he went on,



THEN HE BETOOK HIMSELF TO PRAYER AS THE OARS MADE MUSIC ON THE CALM WATERS.

"we move about slowly, on foot or on a four-footed beast. We bear our pains unalleviated; we kindle our fires of wood, and we have not what you call radio. But we ken that the Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and we are not as children who have a lust to destroy that which they have made. As a child would knock down the castle built of its bricks so you would bring your birds of hell to destroy your habitations. 'Tis the doom of the work raised by man that has foregone his full stature as Man. The lust of self-sufficiency will cause him to destroy his own handiwork, as a babe destroys its toy."

A strange feeling had come over Netherby. "What is this world that you live in?" he asked.

The other made reply.

"The world that is twelve hundred years after Christ." He was watching Netherby's face with a shrewd smile at his bewilderment. "The mystery of time is a secret of Eternity," he said. "And yet you think to make one marvel with your radio!"

He raised his hand and made the sign

of the Cross. "Peace be with you, my son," he said. "Go back to the place where your plane lies. They will be coming to look for you there. They will not seek you in the hermit's cell." He smiled. "Think and ponder well over my words so that, if it be the will of God that you crash to earth again, your journey downward may, in sooth, be a flying upward to the heaven of heavens."

The blackbird suddenly burst out into song. Netherby felt himself going off. The pain in his head was intense. The monk's advice had been sound. He must get back to the spot where they would look for him. This place was—was it a place at all? He felt himself staggering onward. The monk had not offered to assist him; but how could he if he lived in the thirteenth century and this was the twentieth?

He was lying on the ground now, near the ruined plane. It was night and the stars were shining above him. Bright, and infinitely distant; yet as nothing compared with the distance that was not to be measured by space.

Queer fellow, that monk. He had

never heard of the radio, or been to the movies, or used a thermos flask to keep his tea hot, or sent a telegram, or used the phone, or taken an anesthetic or sat by an electric stove. A cave man! He had never flown above his Gothic churches and dropped bombs on them. A queer fellow, a cave man!

He lay there gazing up at the stars; signals from a distance that had nothing to do with space—at something infinitely distant and yet nearer to himself than his own thought—God.

He seemed to be moving upward—no, outward. No, it was inward. He had discovered a new dimension—one known to the cave man.

He heard voices. They had come to his rescue.

"How are you, old chap? Not done in? Hold on a bit, they're bringing a stretcher."

Netherby held on for quite a good few seconds. Then he fainted away.

When he came to himself he was lying in a whitewashed room. There was a crucifix on the wall opposite, and a monk in a rough habit was seated beside him as he lay in bed.

"Where am I?" Netherby asked, faintly.

"You're all right. They've brought you to us in the monastery," the monk told him.

The room possessed a tall, rounded window. Netherby gazed through it. He could see the monastery chapel, a Gothic building freely decorated with pinnacles. The tall spire tapered upward. "Not here, not here." That seemed to be their message—each tapering finger joining in the chorus. "Not here; yonder." The world which had fashioned them was not advertising itself. The monastery adjoined the church, a solid, rock-like building. Men of peace were living there still, lifting their hands to heaven. Praying for a demented world.

Netherby turned to his guardian.

"Am I badly hurt?" he asked. His voice sounded far away.

The other hesitated.

"You won't be doing any more bombing for a good while," he said, evasively, "but you can stop with us as long as you like."

"Thank God," Netherby whispered. "Yes—God."

* * * *

The splash of the monk's oars made sweet, mournful music as they carried

the body of Brother Pacificus, the hermit-brother, to its last resting-place on the holy island. They had promised him that he should sleep his last sleep in his cell.

During the last days he had been troubled with a recurrence of the terrifying visions of that which should happen in the future. He had seen the great black birds that were no birds of Paradise for all that they were without legs. But then he had fallen asleep and his dream had been a happy one for he told them that he had dreamt that Father Abbot had allowed him to return to his cell to succor one that was in direful need, and that the same had found salvation for his prisoned soul.

IT had made Brother hermit very happy, for Brother hermit's dreams were no figments of a disordered brain—a man who leaves his cell at the call of obedience and is content to return but to lay his bones there is not subject to the devil's tricks—they contained many secrets that were buried with him in the cave on the holy island. And one of them was contained in that saying of his: "The mystery of Time is the secret of Eternity."

Catholic Action

By Edward A. Connell

CATHOLIC ACTION *implies individual action. It is only when the individual accepts his responsibility that Catholic Action can succeed.*

WHEN my non-Catholic friend asked me what is meant by "Catholic Action" I could only answer—"why it means—it means Catholic action." Which was hardly an answer at all, because he didn't know that I was saying "action" in italics with the capital letter chopped down to lower-case size. Now I have done considerable thinking since that time. I have tried to analyze Catholic Action, and to determine what is meant by the participation of the laity in the Apostolate of the Hierarchy which is the Apostolate of the Church itself. Of course, Catholic Action is not without its component details and attributes which can be at least partially outlined. It is all right, in romantic footlight warfare, for the handsome Belgravian general to bellow his command of "Forward!" and surge up the hill amid a waving of spotless banners to the accompaniment of off-stage artillery manned by members of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees in good standing. But in the real war, a group

of hard-headed and very unromantic staff officers huddle grimly around a table with protractors, compasses, slide rules, and field telephones. Very prosaic instructions are dictated to howitzer companies, engineers, infantry, and field artillery units, and each of these carries out its part in the general plan.

To me, Catholic Action represents an attitude more than it does a campaign. Included in this attitude are such fundamentally old principles and practices as charity, humility, kindness, love of neighbor and a desire to edify him. Catholic Action means a constant communion in thought with the Source of all thought and an actual communion with Divine Life itself, through nourishment by the actual Body and Blood of Jesus Christ.

Catholic Action, as urged by Pius XI, could well be characterized by such a descriptive term as "being progressively and actively Catholic-minded" or "on your toes" to use an expressive modern bit of American slang. Catholic Action—and the word *action* must be

kept in mind—is no passive thing. Neither, on the other hand, must it be construed as meaning only vigorous physical activities such as marching or parading or the staging of "colossal" and "stupendous" dinners and athletic nights. Let me get specific. If I were to outline my own interpretation of Catholic Action I would proceed in the following manner:

By Example: Every Catholic should subject himself to rigid self-analysis, braving the pitfalls of "introspection" that the modern psychologists have prepared for him who dares to think, to determine what, if any, value he has as an advertisement for the Faith he professes to hold. Is he inclined to apologize for his religious beliefs, indulging in the "one church is as good as another" chorus? Do his every day actions convey an inspiring idea of the effect that the Faith should have on the individual? Is he charitable, with no disturbing thought only for the published list of donors in the local newspaper? Is he strictly and unequivocally honest in his every day conduct whether this be in connection with selling neckties, trying involved court cases, or running a steam shovel? Is he tolerant in a healthy way, not by refusing to believe that there are such entities as Right and Wrong or by

an insipid negation of Reality, but by being charitable towards those whom he knows to be wrong in their beliefs, firmly presenting his facts to counteract error? Does he support the pornographic publishers by reading filth, whether it be encompassed in the slicked-up pages of some \$10.00 "trilogy," or in the cheap pulp of *Heart Throbs Monthly*? Does he shrink from embarrassing his friends at the club by turning down the excellent steak on Friday noon?

I COULD go on indefinitely, discussing individual Catholic Action, the Catholic actions of the single link in the chain. It is this phase of Catholic Action which, possibly, is in danger of being overlooked in the mass movement, the clubs, dinners, demonstrations—and it is this phase which must be strikingly emphasized if Catholic Action is to become a well-rounded and effective whole. I can readily visualize "A" and "B" each making outstanding contributions to Catholic Action, "A" by paying his back neglected grocery bill and "B" by organizing a boys' club in his parish. Fifteen Catholics whose personal lives are above reproach can accomplish more for Catholic Action than fifteen hundred who have not felt the individual responsibilities in the very idea of Catholic Action. I have never yet seen a football team that got very far just because it was made up of eleven men, but a center who snaps the ball back accurately, an end who "cleans out" effectively on the offense, a guard who charges low and fast—these and eight others carrying out their individual tasks, and the result is a driving and successful team.

By *Knowing What the Catholic Church Stands For*: I once heard a Catholic stubbornly defending his statement that all of the Popes have been men whose personal lives were above reproach. His very well-read non-Catholic opponent in the argument gently pointed out specific examples, familiar to every intelligent Catholic, that would indicate otherwise. The Catholic held out strenuously, citing "infallibility" as proof positive that the Pope could do no wrong! Now his approach to the whole thing was unfortunate for two very good and substantial reasons: (1) his attempt to deny the fact that two or three out of a long line of Popes might be classed as ultra-worldly or unworthy of the high office they held, might be reasonably construed as an indication that looking through rose-colored glasses was a general Catholic habit, thus lessening respect amongst non-Catholics for the Church, and obstructing what might be an honest desire to appraise Catholicism objectively; (2) worse still, my Catholic friend, by hopelessly failing to distinguish between the doctrine of Papal Infallibility in matters of faith and morals, and *impeccability*, which is not a papal prerog-

ative, forfeited a golden opportunity to explain a Catholic doctrine which can only be understood when these two are correctly defined and pigeon-holed.

"Action" does not necessarily imply group or collective movement, although it is true that the common interpretation of the word lays great stress on group activity. Of course, Catholic Action *does* mean group, as well as individual, action. But if we lose sight of the individual's responsibility, where will Catholic Action lead us? Probably into a welter of clubs, associations, and their attendant "activities" with intricate rules and by-laws and a minimum of individual objectives. I only wish that I could think of the proper term to define the individual's part in Catholic Action. Reverting to my football analogies (which, I suppose, are as appropriate as any in a country where 90,000 people will yell themselves hoarse on an October Saturday afternoon), Catholic Action is really a "touchdown drive." But eleven men don't "join" a touchdown drive. Each man contributes his part. The contributions of the individuals may be totally dissimilar externally but they contribute equally to the drive towards the last white stripe.

Several months ago I heard a prominent Catholic woman say that she was a trifle weary of the constant recurrence in speeches and written articles of the words "Catholic Action." Her contention was that for the past year she had heard nothing but "Catholic Action," and devoutly hoped that she would some day see a sodality organized, a Catholic book discussed by a literary group, or a Catholic summer camp launched without all of these being done *only* in the "cause of Catholic Action." Her resentment was really aggravated, I believe, by the constant repetition of words which she felt to be too all-embracing, too spiritually definitive, to be dragged into every single Catholic movement or gesture. She felt that this would soon result in a pointless, hazy attitude of mind that would act to defeat Catholic Action. Let the charity worker collect funds for aiding the unfortunate, she said, and the literary group discuss its new book, but let the first be done because it is in accordance with the Divine Will, let the second be done for the sake of intellectual improvement—then Catholic Action will be automatically furthered.

WE Americans are devotees of the organization and not inclined to incorporate ourselves into groups with the general motive of the organization predominating. It is the American Legion and not Veterans' Welfare, Inc., the Society of American Foresters and not Better Forests, Inc. It is difficult, too, for us to fall in line behind a movement that subordinates its physical organization to the end or goal, and emphasizes this goal rather than the

thousand and one details of associative activity. I can, perhaps, make my point clear by pointing out that Catholic Action has no "National President," no "Publicity Committee," no by-laws or state delegates. And when these appurtenances of organization are lacking we don't always fall into line enthusiastically!

WE might realize the depth of Catholic Action more keenly if we grasped the significance of the first word in its implications. There is a meaning to "catholic"—it is "universal, general, all-embracing, large-hearted, free from prejudice, including all mankind" according to my own small dictionary. Education is an important phase of Catholic Action. Medical Missions are a vital phase. Self-control and courage, kindness and humility—these are all important components. Catholic Action is a combination of Crusade and Contemplation, Spiritual Vigor and Humor and Love, and a realization of the purpose for which we are here. It is Sacrifice at one point and Scientific Research at another.

Catholic Action is noticeably evident in the marked revival of Catholic Letters, in the revivification of Catholic organizations such as the Holy Name Societies, in the establishment of Catholic community libraries throughout the United States. Someone has inquired, in a recent magazine article, if Catholic Action will eventually mean the formation of a Catholic political party. I strongly doubt such a turn and I am as strongly opposed to this possibility. Catholic Action cannot be channeled and confined, in its political or sociological phases. It will be most effective when it surges through all activity whether this be governmental or educational.

Perhaps I have been guilty of stuffy thinking. If so, I can only say that my desire, in this awkward exposition, has been to point out, as briefly as possible, the possible pitfalls awaiting the proponents of Catholic Action who fail to remember that ingrained in the minds of American Catholics is the non-Catholic tendency to fight shy of components and march blindly forward in mass movements where it is safe to duck and dodge individual responsibility. We are often called a "nation of specialists." This is only true in its material aspects. We are meteorically brilliant in the automobile assembly line, each man doing his own important job of twisting a nut or clamping a rod. But we do not carry over into things spiritual. In the "assembly line" of Catholic Action, we must remember that a junk heap will result if we do not regard our own little job as most necessary, if we fail to remember that "an automobile" is the sum total of individual skill, materials, and energy, and not a marvelous creation best produced by mass mindedness.

Italy's Triumph and the Future

Italy's Conquest of Ethiopia May Now be Considered Definitely Accomplished. What Are its Effects on Italy and in All Europe?

By Denis Gwynn

EVENTS have moved so swiftly since last month that there is scarcely a Government in Europe which knows just where it stands. Mussolini alone proceeds, with unflagging energy and determination, announcing to all the world precisely what he proposes to do next and defying everybody to interfere with him. Yet even he cannot have anticipated so rapid a collapse of the Ethiopian resistance. In the meantime he pitches his demands higher than he had ever done before; and he is proclaiming Italian sovereignty over all Ethiopia in terms which may yet involve far-reaching complications.

Can it be assumed even now that the Italian conquest is as definite and irrevocable as is the downfall of the Ethiopian Empire? Can it be assumed as beyond all reasonable question that the Fascist régime in Italy will survive the immense strain which it has undertaken and of which the full effects have not yet been felt? There is still room for doubts. But if some violent reaction against the present mood of triumph does not sweep through Italy for some reason or other, Mussolini has in fact revived the greatness of his people to an extent which few outside Italy had imagined as possible. And the recent victories in Ethiopia must be regarded as only the first phase in a much wider program of imperial expansion.

Victory From The Air

LOOK at the map of north east Africa, now that the Empire of the Negus will presumably be colored in the same way as the adjacent Italian colonies of Eritrea and Somalia, which are now united from north to south. By ruthless exploitation of the modern methods of warfare against an almost defenceless and primitive people, Mussolini has conquered territory which has never before been conquered in recorded history. He has given a supreme demonstration to the world of how enormously air power will dominate all future wars, and of how obstacles which were formerly insuperable can now be quickly overcome.

If he can thus quickly conquer ter-

ritory two thousand miles from home, in a climate which tries the endurance of European troops to the last limit, how much more easily could he not overrun country which contains no natural obstacles and is especially exposed to attacks and observation from the air, and which is less than half the distance from Italy? To assume that Mussolini has no designs on Egypt and the Sudan would be to ignore the whole trend and inspiration of his life's work. His ambition has been not only to revive Italy as a great Power, challenging all other Great Powers on equal terms, but to re-create in modern times the historic greatness of imperial Rome.

Italy—An Empire

ALREADY he has announced that Italy is an Empire; just as Disraeli, with his oriental ambitions for England, strove and insisted that Queen Victoria of England must acquire the title of Empress of India. But who in his senses can believe that Mussolini, with his mind steeped in the traditional glories of ancient Rome, will regard that ambition as having been fulfilled by the mere conquest of the rugged highlands and the uninhabitable deserts of Ethiopia? The Roman Empire, long before it had expanded to its wider conquests, included the northern coastline of the Mediterranean and the fertile valley of the Nile.

Within the past month the unexpected death of the Egyptian King Fuad, at a time when Egypt was profoundly unsettled by the Ethiopian war, has inevitably accentuated Italian ambitions and has further hastened the pace of their development. As seen on the map, the Italian territories in northern Africa are already impressive enough in their recent extension. But while Libya adjoins Egypt on the west it does not share in the fertility of her widely watered and irrigated land. And to the south, the Italian forces now occupying the mountains of Ethiopia will look down enviously upon the immense and infinitely fertile country of the Sudan. From Libya they will look east and from Ethiopia they will look north over the most fertile and the most de-

fenceless country in the world—which once belonged to Rome and served as the granary of Italy just as Canada serves England today.

That Italy should have imperial ambitions is only natural. Other countries which have vested interests in these territories which Italy must sooner or later wish to annex cannot reasonably feel aggrieved by them even if they have to take special measures in self-defence. But the real cause for anxiety which this Ethiopian campaign has produced is the clear evidence that Mussolini has no hesitation whatever in attempting conquest by force. He has been absolutely frank and honest about it, in the later phases of the Ethiopian campaign. He intended conquest, and he defied anyone and everyone to prevent him from achieving it.

Henceforward, as most people have now learned to their dismay and disillusionment, the machinery and the covenants which had been established to prevent resort to war have no value for practical purposes. Italy was one of the founder-members of the League of Nations; she had signed not only the League Covenant and the Kellogg Pact for the prevention of war, but the recent Pan-American Peace Pact—every one of which involved a most solemn engagement to abstain from war as a means of settling international disputes. She had also signed the same pledges as every other civilized Power to avoid using poison gas as an instrument of war in any event.

What of the Future?

BUT Mussolini, with a stark realism which allows the new generation to know where it stands, has not only made war, but employed poison gas openly, as the quickest way of attaining victory. Recrimination at this stage of the proceedings is more than usually futile. What stands out is the plain fact that Mussolini, without leaving the League of Nations, asserts the right not only to make war but to use poison gas even against a primitive people who were defenceless against his artillery and aircraft.

The danger of war has to this extent

been nearer than most people had believed. And if war does come, we must expect that it will be waged with poison gas and every other form of frightfulness against defenceless civilian populations as well as armed forces. Still more evident is the demonstration that neither the League of Nations nor any other existing organization is capable either of preventing a war which it condemns or of seriously hampering the aggressor. And while Mussolini has not only proclaimed his defiance of the League and his contempt for promises to mitigate the horrors of war, he has also proclaimed his intention of restoring the empire of Italy and he is more prepared to carry out his program than almost any other Power in Europe.

The Balance in Europe

IN the bewilderment of the past weeks, since Haile Selassie suddenly abandoned his country to its fate, no clear lines of future international alignment have yet emerged. It seems certain that sanctions against Italy will be withdrawn in view of the unwillingness of so many countries to continue them. But even if sanctions are ended will hostility towards Italy persist in a practical form? Will she be unable to raise in the great financial centres the loans without which Ethiopia cannot be developed, and Italy itself cannot be restored to a secure financial condition? How far has the common front of the League of Nations against Italy been in fact inspired by distrust or hatred of the Fascist régime?

Many factors of uncertainty and danger affect the immediate future. I have emphasized here repeatedly that the main anxiety of the European Powers was that Italy was throwing Europe into the melting pot by embarking upon a hazardous and exhausting campaign in Africa. They were prepared to bring any pressure to bear upon the Negus if Italy would only agree to negotiate a settlement without going to war. It was felt that once Italy's forces were depleted by the despatch of a great expedition to Africa, she could no longer maintain the precarious balance in Central Europe. It was a direct inducement to Germany to pursue policies which Italy before had been determined to prevent.

Actually events have justified those fears. Mussolini himself has announced that half a million Italians have been engaged in the African campaign; and it is absurd to suppose that even now he could recall enough of his best troops to dominate the situation around Austria if and when the Nazis gain control there. Hitler has already made a pretext for occupying the demilitarized Rhineland zone and repudiating the Locarno treaty; and France has been compelled to rely more on England than

on Italy for her future security in case Germany takes the law into her own hands on other matters.

In the meantime vast trouble has been created in the countries more directly affected by the Italian campaign. Every experienced diplomatist was aware that such troubles would follow at once if war were begun. That was one reason for the great effort made last summer to dissuade Italy from going to war. Both France and England were to some extent threatened in their interests in North Africa as soon as Mussolini began to talk of regarding certain developments in the League of Nations as acts of hostility towards Italy. Both were compelled in self defence to strengthen their forces in the Mediterranean; and they are now in the position that they cannot reduce these reinforcements without virtually admitting that Italy is entitled to object to their being there.

What for instance will be the position of the British Fleet, so largely concentrated in the neighborhood of Egypt and Palestine? Everybody knows that the Fleet was sent there in full strength because Mussolini threatened to resist any interference by the League of Nations. But the subsequent developments have produced a complicated situation. Egypt at once grew excited, when it became apparent that both Italy and England were anxious to obtain her good-will and each was denouncing the other. The Egyptian nationalists very naturally saw the opportunity to renew their demands for complete independence of foreign intervention, and negotiations for an Anglo-Egyptian settlement were soon undertaken.

But the Egyptians realized that events were likely to favor them and to embarrass the British negotiators; and very little progress was made while the Egyptians watched for fresh opportunities to press their demands. And while this virtual deadlock had arisen, King Fuad's serious illness and death increased the uncertainties of a most difficult situation. The result is a state of suspense in which both England and Italy will compete against each other to obtain Egyptian good-will, while Mussolini's dreams of completing the reconquest of northern African for Italy are likely to grow very rapidly.

A Test for the League

THE centre of excitement, however, may probably shift from northern Africa to Central or even Western Europe before any question of further Italian conquests in Africa need be seriously faced. Germany's rearmament and the extreme internal pressure upon her dislocated economic and financial system give far more cause for alarm to the other European Powers than anything which may happen in Ethiopia. There is a growing feeling that the

explosion may occur at any time and can scarcely be delayed beyond this year or next.

It could indeed be argued that, once Italy defied the League of Nations France and England did in fact deliberately test out the machinery of the League to see whether or not it was worth anything in preventing war or in mitigating war. There could scarcely have been a more simple and straightforward test case for the League to decide. The aggression was undeniable; the intention of conquest was openly admitted; Italy flatly refused to submit her case to arbitration by the League although she had herself sponsored the admission of Ethiopia as a member. It was unlikely that so simple a case would ever arise again; it was also unlikely that any important country involved in aggressive war would ever be so vulnerable to a boycott or so dependent on imports of necessary raw materials and supplies as Italy was.

The Position of France

THE experiment could scarcely have been more complete, and it has failed absolutely. Almost any other country could have presented a stronger case against the accusation of being an aggressor, and could have counted on a larger number of dissident votes. Almost any other country would have been more self supporting and less exposed to punitive action. Yet even in this simple case the League has failed utterly. There can be no further hope that it will avail to prevent or even to discourage an important war.

That being now generally agreed, it is obvious that the League of Nations will be useless in any possible conflict involving Germany. The alternative—a return to her pre-war system of alliances—is already clearly traced in the Franco-Soviet Alliance, which encircles Germany with an instantaneous threat of attack if there is any interference with the *status quo* as defined by the Peace Treaties of 1919. But the intensity of that alliance will depend in practice very largely upon the political complexion of the French Government.

The general elections in France have fully confirmed the impression which I have frequently noted that there would be a decisive victory for the Left. The transference of votes has in fact been larger than was expected; and the Socialists are now for the first time the largest single party in the Chamber. For years past, under the astute leadership of the Jew Léon Blum, the Socialists have refused to take part in any Coalition or to support any Government; and they have time after time held the balance of power by these purely destructive tactics. But on the eve of these last elections they agreed at last to make common cause with the

Communists on their Left and the Radicals on their Right, and the result has been to detach many Radical votes to their own party. They have returned as the strongest single party, not only pledged to participate in the government for the first time, but now ready to assume the full responsibility of forming a Government under their own leaders.

In practice this can only mean that French foreign policy, which became more inclined towards friendship with Russia when Laval was recently replaced by Sarraut's government, will now be still more strongly pro-Russian and anti-Nazi. With a Socialist Prime Minister who is also a Jew, France is unlikely to attempt any negotiations for reconciliation with Hitler's Germany. And while the Left parties in France can be rallied against Germany because they hate Hitler and his régime, the Right are unchangeably anti-German by long tradition.

A revival of anticlerical legislation in France is possible though scarcely probable, because the Government will have no time for such dangerously disruptive policies at a time when it will certainly be involved in a financial crisis. But in Spain the Socialist Government has been unable or unwilling to stem the wave of anti-religious agitation which has obviously been organized skillfully for some time past. There is no doubt that many of its directors have been trained in Moscow and are now acting under orders from the Soviet to spread anti-religious and Communist propaganda by every means. The burning and destruction of churches and convents and religious schools proceeds steadily, and apparently the Government dare not take effective measures to prevent it, although it repeatedly promises to enforce the law impartially. The Catholic organizations who attempt to defend their own property are denounced for provoking reprisals, and are at times dispersed even when they are obviously protecting churches from attack. It is impossible yet to foresee how far the anti-religious agitation will go, or whether it can be suppressed if the government really wishes to repress it. Spain may be rapidly becoming a second Mexico in regard to the Church. We may be at the beginning of a phase of intense and prolonged persecution.

The Future of Ethiopia

IT is not reassuring that Señor Azaña, who was at least an experienced and determined Minister has been shelved from the real authority which he exercised as Prime Minister to become a mere figurehead as President of the Republic. He is to replace President Zamora, himself a national hero when the revolution started, who was deposed only a few weeks ago without the slightest rally of opinion to his

side. In the background there looms the half comic, half formidable figure of Señor Caballero, a swashbuckling agitator who rejoices in the reputation of being the future Lenin of Spain.

Neither Spain nor France under Socialist leaders of varying degrees of extremism are likely to sympathize with Hitler or with Mussolini in their suppression of socialist and democratic institutions. If Italy has ambitions in Egypt—where the King's death and the corruption of her local politicians creates a constant opportunity for strong intervention from some quarter, whether internal or external—she can scarcely count upon a friendly neighbor in all the Mediterranean. Spain and France on the west are both instinctively hostile to a Fascist dictatorship. Russia and Turkey, at the other end of the Mediterranean, are equally opposed to all that Fascist and Catholic Italy stands for. And clinging grimly to the naval bases at Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria and on the shores of Palestine, and increasing at all speed the military and aircraft defences around the Suez Canal, the British Government will watch with ceaseless vigilance and suspicion in case the new Italy may move troops or airplanes to some zone which they regard as a source of potential danger to themselves and their cause.

Mussolini will be lucky indeed if even for a whole year he can count upon freedom to consolidate and develop his conquest in Ethiopia. If he obtains loans for the development of what he has won

by force it may well be that the effective ownership of whatever is developed will pass eventually into the hands of those who lend him the capital that he needs. He is surrounded by a sea of unrest in Europe; and his own Fascist and anti-socialist dictatorship is, for the present at least, owing to the conflict of their territorial ambitions in open rivalry with the similar anti-socialist dictatorship in Germany.

The Next Move?

A determined move by Hitler either in the Baltic or in Austria, similar to the steps which he took quite recently in the Rhineland, might yet bring the whole Franco-Soviet Alliance, and all that it can drag with it, around his ears. Or it may be that some friction between Russia and Japan, in their Far Eastern rivalries may produce a war there which would be the signal for Germany to assert her claims in Europe. It is at least clear that the League of Nations can no longer be considered seriously as a means of preventing war, and that any attempt to reform its constitution will require years to achieve efficiency or success. And secondly that Italy's ambitions in Africa can only be pursued precariously and adventurously, in the certain knowledge that none of her neighbors desires to see her expansion in the Mediterranean, and that some sudden conflagration in Europe may at any time frustrate the prodigious efforts which Mussolini has made and in which he has thus far succeeded.

The Paradox of Love

By William E. Manz

POOR Man unto the sky has raised his heart.
His toes still squirming in the earth's cold mud,
As he seeks out new ease for his soul's smart,
And listens to his life's wild beat and thud.
With burning eyes of agony, or loss
That pierces through his very being's core,
Creation's king, he stirs on throne of dross
To find that rest that, restless, he wants sore.

And then, a flood, full infinite, replete
With fire fierce beyond his wildest dream—
Yet balm and solace, celestial and sweet—
Solicitude of God descends, a stream
Of rapture, heartening and bold. O true!
"As the Father loveth Me, so I love you."



By Jochim Beckes, C.P., Wuki, Hunan

School Days in Hunan

By Michael A. Campbell, C.P.

CHINESE children give the impression that they like very much to study. Before they are of age they are making plans to attend school. Only the other day a little fellow of four years, while holding his mother's hand, said to me without any prompting from her, "Next year I am coming to your school." He was very serious, this little youngster, and he meant what he said. The boys and girls do not like to come late. Since they have no clocks at home they often arrive long before classes begin. Frequently, at Wuki, before 7.00 A.M., a few pupils will be found in the school yard waiting for the bell which does not ring until 9.10. In other places I have noticed this same promptness.

In Hankow one winter morning, as the last shadows of night were disappearing, I met two little boys with their bag of books slung over their shoulder, hurrying to school. It was not 6.45 A.M. I doubt whether or not they had eaten their breakfast. They were in such a hurry that one would think that they were late for school. In fact they were two hours ahead of the bell. At Paotsing the pupils from outside the Mission were often in the yard before the orphans had eaten their breakfast. A few mornings ago while walking by one of the class rooms I heard a voice say, "Where is my older brother? He has not come yet. It is almost time for the bell." The younger lad was worried that his brother would come late. Five minutes later I met him a short distance up the

road from the Mission. "Has the bell rung yet?" he asked. "No, you still have a couple of minutes," I replied. And away he ran to be there on-time for school.

As the children come in the Mission gate they are usually smiling. The pagans as well as the Christians say a pleasant word to the priests and then make a dash for the class room where they put their books and lunch in their desk. Their lunch is a well packed heaping bowl of rice with a spoonful of vegetables spread on top, all of which is wrapped in a cloth or napkin. The children keep their chopsticks in their desks all the time. If somehow or other they lose their chopsticks they borrow those of another pupil. Once their lunch has been safely put in the desk the children begin to prepare their lessons or go out into the school yard and play. If they study, they either write characters or recite their lessons aloud to themselves. If they go out and play there is no end to the variety of their games.

From the early spring until the close of school a few girls will be found seated or squatted upon the brick floor just inside the class room door playing jackstones. (Often a boy or two will be in the group.) The "jacks" they use are ordinary stones and the game is played very similar to the way it is played in the United States. I have noticed this one difference, however. The girls over here throw the jack much

higher into the air than the girls usually do at home.

Hop-scotch is another game very popular with the girls. From what I have seen I think it is much simpler than the hop-scotch that is played at home. Still they play one variety here that seems to be difficult. This is played up and down the stone steps that lead out of the Mission. They play this kind only during the rainy weather because the steps have a covering over them. When playing hop-scotch they throw stones into the boxes, and count stepping on the line as out. The girls also mark the boxes they win. Once in a while a boy will be seen playing the game.

ALTHOUGH the girls jump rope here, still, it is not as popular a sport as it is with the school girls at home. Here in Wuki they only use a single rope. They do not jump the double variety. Rarely do we see anyone jumping rope by herself. The girls do not run to school jumping rope as they did at home. Perhaps it is because the roads are too rough or because rope is too expensive. The kids think jumping "pepper" is great fun.

I think I can safely say that the Chinese boys and girls show more courage on the swing than do our American boys and girls. Two girls standing on the swing will make it go so high that they almost lose their balance and fall off. When two children swing together they both pump at the end of each swing

and they certainly make the swing move. The boys usually monopolize the swing, especially during the half hour before classes begin. The swings are built higher than the playground swings in America. The swings in the Wuki compound must be twelve feet high. Swings are put up along the river bank when the water is low. In the country you will see them when the rice fields are idle. The rope used for swings is made from the fiber of the palm tree or from twisted straw. This straw rope is very thick (about three inches in diameter) but it is unsatisfactory since it is too stiff. Frequently men use the swing.

A favorite sport of the boys is fishing. Before or after school, during recess time, or in between classes, or at any time they have five minutes to themselves, a few of the boys will be fishing in the creek which runs along the east wall of the Wuki school. With trousers rolled high they bend over a rock and fish with their hands for any game fish that might be hiding there. Often it takes as many as six hands to make the catch, which at the most would not be over six inches long. The usual size is two or three inches long. Once the fish is caught it is immediately cleaned and placed on the class room window sill, to dry in the sun. After school it is brought home to mother. Some days one boy will catch as many as ten fish—which will go a long way with rice.

OFTEN the boys bring their stilts to school with them. They do not keep them in the class room but in a place nearby. During free time the boys walk about the yard on their stilts. They engage in battles at times to see who can dislodge the other. Of course the foot rest of the stilts is not the same as one sees in America. Over here nails are scarce and too expensive, so for the foot rest they use two sticks which are tied one on either side of the upright with a leaf of a palm tree, or with a piece of bark, or with a vine. The stilts are made from saplings which the boys cut from the mountain side. The foot rests are not very high off the ground but still the boys call them "high legs."

The children in Wuki had never heard of the games of "tag," "chase," "hide and seek," "run chief run," "hoist the green sail," or "hare and hound." However, there is a game they play that is somewhat similar to "prisoners' base." They divide the school yard into halves. Then one half of the pupils put their hats and coats in a pile at one end, and the other half of the pupils do the same at the other end of the yard. At a given signal some from each side try to steal the clothing from the other side. Soon after there is the greatest excitement and yelling all over the yard. Everyone is either chasing or being chased. Often the clothes suffer. The noise is so



A BLACKBOARD LESSON IN CHINA

boisterous and continued, and is of such a high pitch that one does not have to look to see what game the children are playing. They are always "stealing clothes" at this time.

At 9.10 A.M. the monitor, who is always a boy, if the school is a mixed school, rings the bell for the beginning of classes. When the pupils are settled in their seats the teacher comes into the class room. The monitor says: "Salute!" All the children stand up, not in the aisle, but right at their desk, and make a bow to the teacher who bows in return. Then classes commence. At 10.00 o'clock there is a fifteen minute recess; there is one at 11.00 o'clock, also. At noon here in Wuki all the children go to the church for the Angelus and then take their lunch. Their lunch is eaten at their desk or at the class room door or anywhere about the yard, providing the weather is good. The children do not do much talking while eating their lunch but go about it in a very business-like fashion. In about fifteen minutes they have finished lunch and start to play. The favorite game of the boys during the noon recess is soccer. They play the game very well, using lots of team-work; but they are weak on goal tending. The ball they use at this Mission for soccer is an ordinary sized rubber ball. Since the boys are not very expert in catching such a small ball they like to defend the goal with their feet. Of course the ball usually gets through. Sometimes as many as fifteen boys will be playing on each side. The teachers often mix in with the boys and play the game. Soccer is a very popular sport in China.

When the bell rings for the end of class (and the monitor usually sees to it

that class does not go over time a second), the children again make a bow. How they can get out of the class room so fast is a puzzle to me. Before the hand bell has stopped ringing, there are at least ten pupils in the playground. Since in the country schools there is no strict rule about not leaving the school yard, in the hot weather during any one of the recess periods a few or all of the boys might go out and take a swim to cool off. This also holds true during recess time while examinations are being held.

IN the class room the teacher rarely sits. Behind him on the wall is the black board towards which he is continually turning. It is more convenient for him to stand. If he should like to sit he will sit on one of the desks to the front and one side of the class. The afternoon classes are from 1.00 to 4.00 P.M., with two recess periods of fifteen minutes. During these periods the children might play games other than those already mentioned. They might spin tops, perhaps we should say "whip tops," for they spin them by whipping them. First they wind the whip around the top, then give it a spin to get it started, and from then on keep whipping it to make it go. The boys can keep a top spinning for almost any length of time they please.

The little fellows who are not much for sports like to pitch cigarette cards against the wall. Yes, the Chinese cigarette companies put picture cards in their packages. The girls like to kick the shuttlecock into the air. This is done by throwing it into the air and bouncing it off the inner or outer side of the heel. The shuttlecock is made of a piece of brass coin tied in a small piece of cloth with a few chicken feathers fastened to the top. At times I have even seen grown up men showing their cleverness at this sport. If the wind is high, especially in the spring time, the boys bring their kites to school and fly them in the school yard.

When school is over the little boys run right home but the older boys usually remain in the yard for a game of basket ball. Of all the games played with a ball, basket ball seems to be the most popular. The game is well organized. It is played everywhere. For hours without a stop the boys will run up and down the basket-ball court. They never seem to tire. In some places the court is twice as long as it should be but that seems to make no difference to the players. As long as the boys are shooting baskets they are happy. Some of our Mission teams are very proficient in the game. The Yüanling team has been an outstanding example.

While the boys like to play, they also keep their eyes open for any little business affair that might be profitable.

When K'ai Uen, the biggest boy in the Wuki Mission, returned from his home, where he had gone for the week end, he brought with him a good supply of pencils, pens, and ink. Every morning before school commenced he opened his little store at the class room window and sold his goods to the other pupils. Five minutes before the bell he wrapped them up, carried them to the dormitory and locked them up in his box. He sold out within five days and made no little profit.

Twice a year all registered grammar schools must hold a picnic. The picnic consists in a parade along the main street led by the school band (even girl schools have their own band), to the picnic grounds which is usually close by a temple. Here they have games and races, prizes being given to the winners. Usually there is a drawing contest, with some scene from the nearby landscape as a subject. There is also a lunch which is always a very popular part of a picnic. Finally there is the parade home with

flags flying and the band playing. Sometimes a boat trip is taken on the river to some distant temple. These two days are the happiest days in the year for the children and they do enjoy them.

Now what will seem strange to you, as it does to me, is this: the last day of school is the saddest day of the school year for the Chinese children. For months they have had lots of fun together in the class room and out in the school yard. The discipline is not as strict as it is in American schools. There are many grades combined in one class room, so while the teacher is attending to one grade those of the other grades have a little freedom. Out in the yard they have had plenty of time for recreation and made the most of it. Now that school is closing they must separate. Many of the children come from a distance. They must return home where there will not be so many children to play with.

At home they will have to help to mind

the baby, or take care of the cows, or chop firewood on the mountain side. They will be separated from their teachers for whom they have a great devotion. Until the next term there shall be no more organized games or fun. Is it any wonder that the children often cry as they break up. Boys, too! It's a sad day and they hate to leave. The ten boarders who attended school at the Mission in Wuki this year did not leave for home as soon as school closed on Saturday, though. They could have very easily arrived at home that afternoon. But no, they waited until Sunday and although everyone of them was a pagan they would not leave the Mission until they had heard the Sunday Mass. I heard one of the boys tell the man who came to take his things home, "You wait here until I come out from prayer." These pagan boys like so many others had come to learn the value and the beauty of the Mass at the Mission school, and the fun they had was not in vain.

Back to the Missions

By Nicholas Schneiders, C.P.

BACK in China at last! Back once more amongst the people to whom I have dedicated my life. It is good to be here, and when I set foot on Chinese soil for the first time in many a month I felt that I was home once again.

But whilst I was anxious to get back to China, I realize that the six months I had spent in the United States had done me a world of good. Amongst other things it brought the realization of how zealous our good Catholics are for the Mission Cause. The sacrifices that are being made to help our work along, the prayers that are being offered for the success of that work, the enthusiasm shown by young men and women who hope, some day, to be enlisted in Christ's Foreign Legion. What an inspiration to a missionary to go back home and see the interest that is shown in every phase of his life, what a spur to his zeal to see all that is being done for the missions by the hierarchy, clergy and people of the United States! Truly America is "mission-conscious" now. The day is not far off when America will lead the world in mission endeavor, when America will stand first amongst the nations who show their practical appreciation for the Faith by doing all in their power to bring that same Faith to those who have not yet received this priceless gift.

I could give a hundred examples of the zeal for the missions shown by our people in the United States. There was,

WITH what sentiments does a missionary leave his people and return, after a furlough, to a foreign field? From Hunan Fr. Nicholas writes to describe his recent visit to the United States.

for example, the lady whom I had never met. Through a young friend of mine she heard about me. And the next thing I knew a party had been organized to help me. There was the young man in Cleveland who wanted to sacrifice home, friends, and a successful student career for the sake of coming out to China and helping us in our work for souls. There was the lad who whispered in my ear as we said goodbye: "Father, I'll pray for the missionaries every day of

my life." There was the good Jesuit Father who permitted me to address the students at St. Ignatius High School, Cleveland, and speak about the Passionist Missions, even though the Jesuits have many missions of their own standing in need of spiritual and material support. But, as the generous priest put it, "There should be room for every mission in our prayers."

There were the zealous young members of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade who traveled to Dubuque to attend their Convention, with whom I spent so many happy hours, and whose kindness and friendship towards me won them a grateful and everlasting spot in my heart. There was the boy who, having heard about our difficulties in traveling, went home and asked his daddy to let him give to the missionary what the lad prized more highly than anything he had ever possessed—his brand new bicycle! There was the poor old mother who came to me at the end of one of my lectures and said: "Father, there are five of us at home, and my husband hasn't had work in three years. But, Father, we have never suffered one-tenth of what some of your people have had to suffer in China. So take this



SCHOOL GIRLS AT BASKET BALL

quarter, and may it help to bring a tiny bit of happiness to some poor Chinese youngster. And when I protested and refused to take the money, the mother urged me: "Sure, Father, take it. I only wish that I could make it a hundred times as much." To me, that quarter was worth more than a thousand dollars. I shall never forget it.

But this must suffice as a few examples of the zeal of our American Catholics. If I told you all my similar experiences this issue of *THE SIGN* would have room for nothing else.

Of course, not everyone I met was enthusiastic about the foreign missions. There were those who think us fools for giving up all those who are dear to us, fools for leaving civilization and sacrificing our lives for a people whose ideas are so different from ours, whose ideals are so mundane, whose way of living is so diametrically opposed to ours. But what about Him Who sacrificed His Life for our salvation? If you would call Him a fool, then call us fools for willing to live for that for which He so willingly died.

Another objection with which we frequently met was: "There is so much to be done in the States! What about the American pagan, 'whose name is well nigh Legion'?" What about the South? What about so many fields for spiritual work in the United States that are seemingly neglected? It is not hard to answer these questions. There is much to be done right at home. And charity begins at home, too, but it should not stay there. These things should be done, should be taken care of, and the others not left undone, not left neglected. The Lord will not be outdone in generosity. There is an opportunity in the United States for most sincere souls to come to the knowledge of the truth. But

this cannot be said of the people of China. What about the parable Our Lord told concerning leaving the ninety-nine sheep to go after the one? Whilst we are bound to do all we can for the growth of the Church in America, we must realize also that the Catholic Church is bigger than the United States, and that no one field must be neglected for the sake of the other.

To the sincere Catholic only one answer is necessary for all the objections against sending missionaries into the Field Afar, and that answer is, *God wills it*. "Go ye into the whole world, preach the gospel to every nation" is just as truly a command of Christ now as it was in the days of the Apostles. Christ's own command is a sufficient refutation for any objection.

Some of the good friends who have been so kind and so faithful to me all during the years I spent in China, and some of the new friends I made, brought another objection. How often have I been asked: "Father, why do you go back to China? Why not stay here now and let someone else go in your place?" Will you permit me a little autobiography? Many of you already know the story I am going to tell, but many others have not yet heard it. I am telling it not to solicit sympathy, but simply for the good of the Cause. Here it is for those who are really interested.

From the day that I first left for the monastery, my mother prayed as each day came along that once the time might come when she would have the privilege of seeing her boy offer for the first time the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, when she might kneel at his feet and receive his first blessing. Long years of praying and hopeful waiting passed and when at last the day of my ordination came, my mother could not be there. She had be-

come an invalid. Shortly after my ordination I went to China. Still my mother kept on praying and hoping that at least some day we might meet again and that then she would see me offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Last year, after not having seen my dear old mother for sixteen long years, I came home. Came home to find my mother blind! Oh how she cried and kept on repeating: "If I could only see you, if I could only see you!" It was a grand privilege for me to see my aged parents after the many years of separation, to meet once again my brothers and my relatives. But after three months at home I had to leave. And when the day for parting came, weeping relatives and friends urged me not to go away, urged me to stay near my parents, and be a consolation to them in their old age. And, because of my own tears, I could not answer them. But my mother spoke. "No, son," she said, "don't listen to them. God has been good to us and He will take care of us. Go back to China; go back to the people you love; go back to the people with whom you have left your heart. God wills it!" And then my mother fainted. Gently I took her arms from around me, and with her last words "God wills it" ringing in my ears I left home, very likely never to meet again in this world.

Days will come in my life, as they must come into the life of every missionary, when I shall be blue and lonesome, when facing hardships and trials I shall become discouraged and feel like saying: "What is the use of it all?" But there shall come to my mind the picture of my poor old mother, and I shall recall her last words to me: "God wills it!" And that picture and those words will spur me on to renewed efforts for the Cause of Christ in China.

Through Honolulu and Japan

By the Late Justin Moore, C.P.*

THE great white *Empress of Canada* swung round the famed landmark of Oahu, Diamond Head, and the monotony of our long sea voyage to China was broken by one of the most beautiful panoramas that nature boasts; the picturesque harbor of Honolulu, the capital of a group of the Hawaiian Islands—flung somewhere in the waters of the southern Pacific two thousand miles or more from the coast of southern California. All the passengers were on deck, crowding at the railing to enjoy the sight before us—a glorious vista of sea, mountains and sky with a colorful array of palm-fringed beaches, serene valleys and green hill slopes basking in

tropical sunshine. Nature has been prodigal with this group of islands which Mark Twain termed "the loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean."

Cameras were clicking, flags flying, bands playing and everyone was chatting merrily as *The Empress* steamed to her berth. Tanned-skinned Hawaiian boys swam along with the boat begging the passengers to drop some coins into the water. The gay passengers responded, and as the glittering coins sank beneath the green waters of the harbor, agile bodies as swift as eels disappeared beneath the surface and a moment later reappeared with the coins held tight be-

tween pearly white teeth and faces beaming with smiles of triumph and pleasure.

As the ship came alongside, crowds on the pier shouted their welcome to homecoming friends and loved ones on the ship. As if impatient for the long awaited embrace, the passengers threw long paper streamers of every color to their friends on the pier. Soon hundreds of these streamers flashing in the sunlight formed a veritable rainbow of paper, uniting the passengers with their friends on the pier.

Once on shore our little group, Fathers Nicholas, Marcellus, Reginald, C.P., and myself put our heads together. We had less than twenty-four hours and we

*See *Hospital Appeal*—Inside Cover.

didn't want to miss any of the grandeur of the island. So we decided that the best way to crowd a week's stop-over into one short day was to take a trip around the island which we were told would last about four hours. It was like riding through the garden of paradise.

ONE of the wonderful places we visited was the Nuuanu Pali. This is a passage high up in the mountains from which one can view a great part of the island of Oahu, the island on which the city of Honolulu is located. Peaceful valleys stretched for miles below us, pineapple and sugar cane plantations carpeted the lower slopes of towering mountains on either side of us. Gentle sloping hills of almost unbelievable green, groves of coco palms, and cattle ranches met our gaze. In the distance we could see the green and blue waters of the Pacific glistening in the glorious afternoon sunshine.

Occasionally on our trip we stopped to pick fragrant flowers of a kind hitherto unknown to us, or to chat with the native Hawaiian and Japanese-children. We watched dusky fishermen and their families mending nets or spreading them to dry, for these people still continue to lead the simple life of their ancestors. Outrigger canoes glide on the sheltered bays and native fishermen work on the coral reefs with spear and throw-net in the very same way as was done centuries ago, for not all the life of old has departed with the invasion of the new. Hawaii is still a land of mystery, romance and song. The ruins of ancient temples and places of worship still stare seaward, reminders of a day when the monotonous thump of ceremonial drums, the weird chant of pagan priests who offered human sacrifices to heathen gods, and the cries of swarthy warriors mingled with the magic rhythm of the Pacific surf beat.

Long, long ago bards chanted and interpreted the historic and mythological epics of this strange people. They tell us that the Hawaiians came from Savaii, a group of lost islands in the Pacific, and from Tavaii in New Zealand. Others say that as early as the year 500 A.D. a fisherman named Hawaii-loa, a member of the Aryan race in Zaba or Sava on the Arabian coast, came and settled there and so the island received its name from him—Hawaii—"the little or burning Java." But long before the dawn of commercial and political interest in these islands, the Church sent her missionaries to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to these almost savage tribes and the story of Christ Crucified won many of them to the faith. Closely woven with the strange history of these islands is the story of Fr. Damien's life of self-sacrifice and labor, for Damien and Molokai have become synonymous with time.

As the sun was setting on the golden

horizon the great white *Empress* was again under way, headed westward along the path of the setting sun. The decks were crowded once more and hands were raised in a last farewell to friends on the pier. A group of Hawaiian troubadours sang that haunting melody, "Alohae," that has become almost sacred to these people.

The moon had now risen, casting the radiance of its golden glow on the peaceful waters of the Pacific. Myriad stars bespeckled the heavens enhancing the loveliness of the tropical night. The great *Empress* rode on in majestic silence, rising and falling gently as the waters gave way beneath her. I stood on the deck forward, and looked into the darkness ahead. Somewhere out there was China with its teeming millions still in darkness waiting for the Light. I thought of Fr. Damien and tried to picture him in similar surroundings on that great evening of his life when he too had



A TEMPLE SHRINE IN JAPAN

left the picturesque shores of Oahu to begin a life of arduous labor and sacrifice for those outcasts of humanity, the lepers of Molokai. I tried to imagine the thoughts that crowded his mind on that night of nights as the vessel carried him further and further away from friends and loved ones, and from everything that had been his life. I tried to make his thoughts, his sentiments, his prayer my own, for like him we are sent "to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death": to direct their wandering feet in the way of peace and salvation.

* * * *

IT was Flower Day in Tokyo. Crowds of the cities' 5,500,000 inhabitants gathered in the parks and temple areas to enjoy the lavish show of chrysanthemums that were on display everywhere. Bobbed-haired children in gay kimonos and clumsy wooden sandals followed at the heels of their elders, enjoying everything. Shy maidens, gor-

geously garbed, with elaborate hair dress, against the background of colored flowers and sunlight, made a beautiful and unforgettable picture.

Along the streets beautiful chrysanthemums of white, yellow, lavender, pink and purple were being carried by flower-vendors on flat trays swung by bamboo framework to the end of long poles. It is the Festival of the Chrysanthemum, the apotheosis of the gardener's skill and art. This afternoon Baron Mitsui invites his friends to enjoy his display of almost three thousand different kinds of chrysanthemums, cultivated by his fifty gardeners. On some single plants their wonderful and almost mystic skill has produced several hundred blooms—lovely fragile creations whose decorative value is well understood by these lovers of flowers.

In Shiba Park laughing merry throngs keeping happy festival wandered about among the flowers, admiring them, smelling them, looking at the tags on some, and chatting about their beauty. Once or twice we were attracted by long lines of school boys clad in blue military uniforms or spotted togas passing by.

IN the temple grounds that adjoin Shiba Park the sunshine shone through the stately trees, casting shadows on the sombre temple buildings. Ascetic looking Buddhist monks with close-shaven heads sat before the temple enclosures beating on tomtoms, inviting the pilgrims to recall that flower day was also temple day and the sleepy-eyed deities and their honorable ancestors must not be slighted. Vigil lights burned before the shrines and occasionally some passer-by would quietly approach, bow low, take a few grains of incense, place them on the little fire in the urn and prostrate in silent meditation while the sweet-smelling incense gave forth its precious aroma. At the entrance of one of the temples an old priest was counting his prayers on a "Juzu," a long string of black beads not unlike a rosary. At our approach he arose from where he was seated and bowed low to welcome us. We all but tripped over the long lines of sandals neatly arranged before the entrance, for in Japan one does not wear his shoes in the house, particularly when that house is a temple or the shrine of one of the Shoguns. Foreigners are dispensed from the necessity of going about in stocking feet; nevertheless the soft straw floors of the shrines and temples must be safeguarded, so we were furnished with velvet coverings like rubbers to place over our shoes.

Once within the sacred precincts of the temple we were attracted by the lavishness of the various objects; ornamental carvings on the ceiling, elaborately carved altars, lacquered work, temple decorations, bronze flowers, grotesque statuary, and the wide sweep

of its gently curving roof; features which the Japanese mind well knows how to use in accomplishing its aim—the attainment of the beautiful and mysterious.

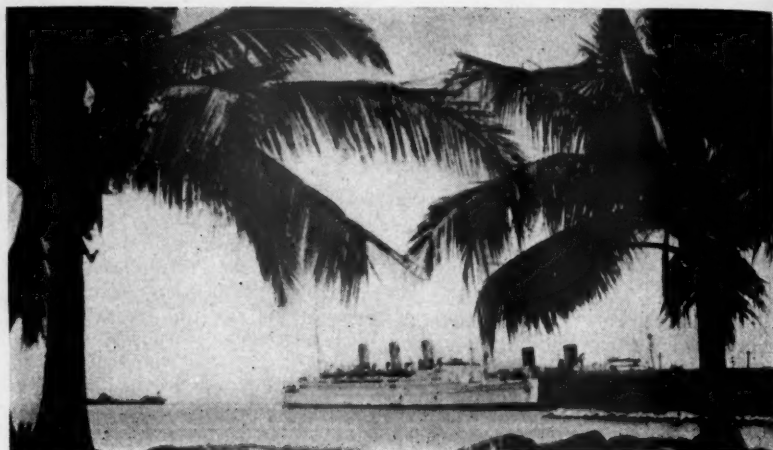
The chrysanthemum festival would not be complete without a visit to the gardens surrounding the Imperial Palace, a spot of rare beauty in Tokyo. The majestic buildings of the Royal Family of Japan, true to the best form of Japanese architecture, remind one of ancient feudal castles. They are surrounded by moats bordered with ancient pine trees, and the grounds within are a kingdom of flowers and shrubbery, a fit dwelling place for the Son of Heaven.

But a great and significant change is coming over Japan, one which may transform her industries and commerce, while threatening her art. Tokyo has become a great modern city like New York and Chicago. Rickshaws have disappeared from the streets and the traffic is as congested as in our great American cities. Japanese forms of architecture have given way before stately and lofty office buildings and hotels. The native dress, the kimono, is gradually disappearing in the cities and the styles of the West are being adopted. We are told that "those who wish to see Japan as she used to be must go into the comparatively little known interior of the country." We board the Kobe express in the busy station at Yokohama and are given comfortable seats in a fine new observation car. The railways of Japan are owned and operated by the government, so everything is orderly and the system is admirably developed, well managed and is comparable to our own in many points. The gong is ringing and through the loud speaker a voice is singing out Oiso, Kodzu, Yugawara, Atami, Mishima, Numadzu, Shidzuoka, Nagoya, Kyoto, Osaka, Kobe, etc.

OUR express pulls out of the station. On the left a long line of youngsters in blue uniforms (as usual) waiting for the train that will carry them to some picnic ground are all eyes to see what and who is in the attractive looking observation car of the express. For the fun of it we waved them a friendly goodbye but the pleasure was not all our own. One by one their hands went up to return the courtesy, and the joy it gave them made us realize that it was not an every day occurrence in the lives of these happy-go-lucky school boys.

And now we are on our way speeding across Japan, the old Japan. The train climbs its way up into the hills, passing village after village nestled on the hillside or hidden away in some beautiful valley below. We are in a mood to see along the wayside and in the long rows of tea plants arranged in perfect order on the cultivated hillsides.

Suddenly the train emerges from a long narrow tunnel and we are almost at



THE "EMPRESS OF CANADA" AWAITING ITS PASSENGERS AT THE HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

the water's edge, skirting the blue and green waters of the Pacific. Numerous fishing villages rest in snug coves by the sea. And here is the picturesque village of Atami hidden between pine clad mountains that rise from its shores. Peace and the magic of the sea is everywhere. No crude sounds of the busy world disturbs the solitude of this place. Along the polished shores fishermen ply their small craft in search of the treasures of the sea, and outside the little harbor lie the dim expanses of the Pacific, studded with innumerable picturesque sampans.

Another tunnel, this one nine and a half miles long, and we are climbing the side of a great mountain covered with fir trees. Did you know that Japan has more forest-land than either America, Germany, France or England? In fact, it is estimated that there is really only about ten per cent of Japan's area that is not covered with woodlands of some sort. Someone remarked that the tunnel we just passed through took eighteen years to build and cost sixty-eight lives, but it is regarded as one of the greatest achievements of modern times in tunnel construction.

A tremor of excitement passes over the passengers and we learn that the train is now passing along the base of Fuji, more often called Fuji-san, ranking foremost among the sacred mountains of Japan. It is the highest (12,365 feet), the most beautiful and most renowned mountain in the Empire, standing out majestically on a plain surrounded by many other high mountains, its snow-capped peak towering almost to the clouds. One can partly excuse the poor pagans for falling in love with this sublime picture of peace and loveliness. They profess the greatest reverence for Fuji and during the summer months crowds of pilgrims from every part of the Japanese Empire climb to the summit to worship. It is a great misfortune for a Japanese to die without having

climbed Mt. Fuji at least once. Although no longer active, the mountain is of volcanic formation.

Again we were sweeping along the lowlands—real Japanese landscapes with clear lakes and ponds dotted with oddly shaped islands, straw farm houses with tiled roofs and fancy lattice work doors and windows, miles of rice fields, small family graveyards surrounded by cryptomeria trees, and the shrines for the household gods. From time to time we passed graceful towering *torii* on the hillsides or at the entrance to some forest. Every traveller in Japan is acquainted with the *torii* or sacred gateway, which is such a familiar landmark on the Japanese landscape. No matter what the material used, it is always constructed in the same way. Two upstanding columns, or posts, slightly inclined inwards towards each other, and across them a horizontal beam with widely projecting ends and below this another beam, which has its ends mitred into the columns. This sacred entrance is found over hill and dale, at the entrance to a valley, placed high up along a mountain path, in the deep recesses of the woods, sometimes at the edge of the rice fields and even deep in the waters of the Pacific. If one passes beneath it and follows the path of which it is the portal, one is almost sure sooner or later to come to a temple, or more often a simple shrine. In the latter you will find nothing. That is the strangeness and mystery that strikes all who come across these shrines.

As twilight was setting over the countryside and the hills, the express wound its way down from the hills to the great manufacturing city of Kobe where a thousand lights began to appear one by one as darkness descended on the city. Soon we were in another busy station and walking along with laughing merry crowds, then out into the magic streets lit by colored lanterns. It was the end of a perfect day, the finale of our trip across fascinating Japan.

Archconfraternity of the Passion of Jesus Christ

Interior Sufferings of Jesus

IT is acknowledged that mental suffering is far more severe than physical pain, that interior agony is harder to bear than bodily torments. So it was with Jesus in His Sacred Passion. His innocent body was indeed racked with pain from the crown of His head to the soles of His feet, but His holy soul was plunged into an abyss of anguish 'so terrible that He cried out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

This is so strange, so puzzling, that our human mind cannot understand it. How are we to reconcile such mental depression, such soul agony, with the bright vision of God which, theologians teach, was always present to the mind of Christ?

Sin is the act of madness by which men deliberately forsake God. Therefore the loss of God is their own self-chosen penalty. Christ became man in order to make a complete and perfect atonement for the sins of men by taking upon Himself all their punishment. Hence, it was in keeping with His own self-chosen plan that He should experience in some mysterious way what the loss of God really means, without, however, actually being separated from the vision of

God in the higher part of his nature; just as thick, heavy storm clouds can shut out the light of the sun, and turn the day into night, and make people tremble with fear and foreboding, the while they know that the sun still shines in all its splendor beyond the clouds.

How grateful we should be that our Lord tasted this awful sense of dereliction that He might liberate us from sin and the power of Satan and that we might never be forsaken by God. Jesus experiences mental agony that we, too, in the dark hour of trial and sorrow might take courage from the thought of His interior suffering. We, like Him, may seem to be abandoned by God because in the mysterious plan of His Providence the deepest grief and the most cruel mental suffering may come to the sweetest and most innocent soul. So it was with Him. Let us turn to Him when sorrow covers the serenity of our soul with a heavy pall. He will understand and comfort us.

(REV.) RAYMOND KOHL, C.P.,
General Director.
St. Michael's Monastery,
Union City, N. J.

Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

All requests for leaflets, and all

correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Masses Said	10
Masses Heard	47,168
Holy Communions	30,769
Visits to B. Sacrament	53,030
Spiritual Communions	164,640
Benediction Services	28,630
Sacrifices Sufferings	42,670
Stations of the Cross	18,028
Visits to the Crucifix	31,652
Beads of the Five Wounds	14,122
Offerings of Precious Blood	86,716
Visits to Our Lady	54,502
Rosaries	48,343
Beads of the Seven Dolors	7,664
Ejaculatory Prayers	1,696,592
Hours of Study, Reading	40,617
Hours of Labor	52,821
Acts of Kindness, Charity	36,933
Acts of Zeal	39,357
Prayers, Devotions	302,794
Hours of Silence	39,626
Various Works	39,961
Holy Hours	663

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Ecclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MOST REV. JAMES WALSH, BISHOP
OF MARYKNOLL
RT. REV. MSGR. MICHAEL A.
FITZGERALD
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REV. HUBERT ZIMMERMANN
REV. J. J. ROSSITER
MOTHER MARY OF THE CROSS
REV. JAMES M. MAMER
MOTHER M. FRANCIS REGIS
SR. M. MICHAEL
SR. M. JULIA (McDEVITT)
SR. M. ALEXIUS
MRS. M. NEARY
ELIZABETH BERLINGER
SUSANNAH O'KEEFE
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JOSEPH COYLE
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KATHERINE NUTTING
ELIZABETH NUTTING
WILLIAM HIRSH
JOHN COURTMAN
IRENE MALONEY
NELLIE SWENEY
HENRY H. DEVLIN
W. M. PIGOTT

May their souls and the souls of
all the faithful departed through
the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.

One Shall Be Taken

By May Calhoun

JAIME GONZALES pulled his hat down over his eyes and slouched across the plaza. Night had fallen and the dimly lighted chili stands with their gaudy oilcloth coverings and their rough plank benches were the center of a milling, sweating, loud-voiced crowd. There was the odor of Mexican food in the air, the overwhelming insistence of chili con carne, tortillas, of cheap rice and strong coffee.

Jaime shuddered. He had not as yet quite reconciled himself to all the tenets of his new creed of life. There was still remaining a strain of good old Andalusian blood, an inheritance of his Spanish ancestors that disclaimed relationship with the rank and file of his compatriots of liberty and equality. It was because of this subconscious influence that he now pulled his hat brim down well over his eyes and threaded his way between the stands and across the plaza to the large hall reeking with tobacco smoke, whose flaming posters announced a rally of the Sons of Liberty.

The hall was filled: Laborers, soldiers, hangers-on, rubbed shoulders with each other. There was also a sparse scattering of better class Mexicans. He knew he would be recognized soon enough and called upon to help in the rally, but just at the present moment he needed to get a stronger grip on himself. It was mentally exhausting, to say the least, to leave the sick bed of a mother who was hovering on the brink of eternity and to be hurled into the midst of an assembly that derided the hereafter. Not that Jaime had any serious qualms of conscience about the matter as to himself, or as to his course. Revolutionary propaganda had done its work too well for that. The only thing that worried him at the present moment was the love he bore his dying mother, the deception he was playing upon her. He sat down in the back of the hall while speaker after speaker harangued the mob as to the great benefits of education and civilization that the republic was conferring upon the peon, upon the common man, in freeing him from the deadly opiate of religious superstition and fanaticism.

As the speeches grew more inflamed, Jaime felt subconsciously a strange relief that his brother, his twin Juan, was out of it all—he hoped for good. He had acquired a profound contempt of Juan. Anyone who was spineless enough to aspire to be a priest was worthy of contempt in Jaime's eyes and the fact that

it was his own blood brother only made the matter worse. Nevertheless, it was good that Juan had been removed from danger by his superiors. Jaime wouldn't want him to be shot down as he had seen others of the old faith shot, for, after all, despite his weakness, he was his brother.

Presently the crowd began to thin out and only the nucleus of devilment remained. It was then that a heavy-set, alert officer noticed the slim figure in the rear of the hall.

"Oye!" he called out, holding up an imperative finger and addressing those around him in an undertone. It was good to get a man like Jaime Gonzales into the party. Refined, well-to-do, and of an old family, he would be able to exert a powerful influence on others.

Jaime straightened his shoulders and moved up to the front of the hall. He felt honored in being singled out by such a leader as Manuel Flores. The men made room for him about the large table on the platform. They were courteous. It was part of the game. The lower rabble could afford to be the loud factors.

"We were just saying, Gonzales," informed Flores, "that now, since the city is under the influence of the government, we can afford no risks or tampering with our plans."

Jaime raised an eyebrow. "Risks?" He was level-headed enough to see that a brow-beaten public offered no risks.

"Yes," emphasized Flores. "We have heard that the clergy are making an organized attempt to regain the foothold they have lost, and this attempt must be frustrated!" He banged the table with his fists.

"Indeed!" Jaime's tone was non-committal.

The captain looked at him admiringly. "We need you, men like you, level-headed, willing to sacrifice themselves for the cause of liberty, of enlightenment!"

HIS listener shifted position expectantly. This, he felt, was the prelude to something else. He would wait. The group eyed him appraisingly. The captain changed his incipient oration to a question.

"You have, I believe, registered your name with the People's Party."

"I have." Jaime's voice carried the ring of sincerity.

"Very well. I am here tonight to offer to you a place upon my staff. It is an

honor, Señor Gonzales, to be singled out without any previous preparation, an honor, which I am empowered to give as the leader of the People's Party here in the city."

"I appreciate the honor," Jaime answered hesitatingly, feeling his way cautiously. He would not fall into any trap, even though he was ambitious. He hesitated, and then—what a brazen jade the memory sometimes is! How she drags out from the past the scenes we would fain forget. As instantaneous as a flash of lightning Jaime felt the warmth of a summer afternoon. The scent of magnolia was in the air. Two small boys were seated near a cushioned arm chair in which their mother reclined. One of the lads was pouting. "I'm tired of learning my books and prayers. I'd rather be a soldier and shoot a gun."

"**A**H, Jaime," she said softly, "Why can't you be studious and steady like Juan."

"I don't want to stoop over books like Juan," was the retort. "Some day I'll be a leader, a soldier. I'll be great. Nothing will stand in my way!"

The picture faded; Jaime drew in a deep breath. The ambition of the child had grown with the years. Now it stood on the threshold of realization. He would definitely break with the past if he accepted—home, relatives, religion—but then there was much to compensate.

"I accept your offer, Captain," was all he said.

"Fine!" The captain slapped the boy's shoulders delightedly. "This very night you begin, Jaime. Valdez will see that you are fitted out immediately after this meeting. The uniform is to be worn regularly henceforward. Now that the matter is settled we want your presence in order to discuss plans for the patrol of the city." He shot a keen glance at the boy. Jaime's face was calm. He had cast his dice and come what may, he would follow the road he had chosen.

"Certainly, Captain."

He waited for his superior officers to be seated. Flores went on, punctuating his phrases by short vicious puffs on his cigar.

"We have definite information that a priest, perhaps several, are in hiding at the present moment here in the city. Now, we want to apprehend these men as soon as possible. If they are caught you will be rewarded by the government. You will draw by lots the part of

the city for which you are to be responsible."

Jaime was motionless, but of a sudden his flesh began to tighten and crawl—the patient white face of his mother rose up before him. It was too late to withdraw, even if he had so wished, so he fought down the mental vision and focused his gaze on the determined face of his leader.

Flores continued, "The sections of the city are to be patrolled regularly. You are to become acquainted with the goings and the comings of the residents thereof, and the least suspicious move, or the least suspicious person is to be investigated immediately. Is this thoroughly understood?"

The group assented. A hat was produced; the lots were drawn. There was a sudden lightening of his heart, the only emotion, when Jaime drew a portion of the city removed from his own home. After a few more instructions the group disbanded and Jaime went with the man Valdez who was to fit him out in his new uniform.

It was a full hour later when fully accoutred, he made his way through the silent streets of the city. It was well it was very late. He could slip in unnoticed to his home. His mother need never know. Cautiously he unlocked the door and closed it noiselessly behind him. But as he did so, a sudden flood of electric light enveloped him. Panchita, his old nurse, stood with her finger on the button. She looked him over scornfully, her eyes black pools of contempt.

"Ah, so it's you," she hissed, "Caramba!"

He started at the insult, stung to the quick, but was held at bay by the fury of her glance.

"You, you!" She stamped her foot. "Your sister has been waiting, I've been waiting, one, two, three hours for you, Señor Jaime." Her voice trailed off into a wail. "Ah, Dios, the Señora, she is dead!"

He staggered under the blow of her words.

"My mother—"

Fury shook her. "Caramba!" she shrieked, shrinking from him. Then she stopped motionless, a peculiar expression on her face. "The Señora—" she hissed, "is dead! Traitor! Your brother is here!"

Jaime hurled her aside and strode towards his mother's room. He stood on the threshold, awed for the moment by what he saw. His sister, Elena, was crouched at the foot of the bed while at its head with the light of the candles full upon him, knelt his brother, Juan. They both glanced up at the sound of his footsteps. Elena uttered a half shriek at the sight of the uniform. Juan started to his feet, a calm commanding look upon his face.



"QUICK, JUAN, TEAR OFF YOUR SUIT—TAKE THE UNIFORM—YOU LOOK LIKE ME. THEY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

"You, you!" Jaime whispered hoarsely. "You, Juan, how did you come here?"

"My mother, our mother," Juan replied, "has just died!"

Jaime's face worked pitifully.

Elena scorned him. "You cry! You with the uniform of a traitor. God forgive me, it is better our mother is dead!"

HE walked to the bed as if feeling his way. Elena flung herself against him. "Don't you dare kneel down, you hypocrite. Don't you dare say the name of God—you traitor—"

"Elena!" The priest's voice was soothing.

"Tis so, Juan. He's not worthy! Traitor! traitor! Do you hear me?"

she screamed frantically, deliriously.

Jaime turned and looked at her, then at his brother; he seemed stunned.

"When did you get here, Juan—how did you come?" he asked irrelevantly.

The priest hesitated. "Naturally, Jaime, knowing what you now are, I cannot tell you. I heard mother was seriously ill—dying—and with the help of others I have arrived in time to give her my first and last blessing as a priest."

Jaime shrugged his shoulders—so strong had habit grown upon him. They stood and looked at each other spellbound. Then like a whirlwind Panchita came into the room.

"Dios!" she exclaimed, her face contorted with terror. "Señor Juan, they are surrounding the house. I saw one, two, three men!"

Jaime turned upon her. "It's not true!" Then he whirled back to his brother. There was a peculiar stricken look upon the face of the priest.

"No, no!" Jaime cried, "not that, not that, Juan! I'm not guilty of that! I swear I knew no one was here!"

Elena wrung her hands helplessly. "What shall we do," she sobbed.

"You can do nothing, little sister," the young priest said. "I'm only thankful that I could get here in time to see my

mother, our mother, Elena!"

"You will be shot, Juan!" She clung to him in agony.

There are moments in life when grim reality can shatter the wall of our self-conceit, can pierce through the barrier we have built around our hearts and surprise us with the depth of unsuspected clinging to old ideals and truths that still remain. Jaime was face to face with such a moment. There before him lay his mother, dead. Within a few moments his own brother would be with her, shot down by a merciless gang. Faith at the call of love rushed once more into his soul. He tore at his uniform.

"Dios! I see it now," he gasped. "Help Juan, help me; it is the only way."

They looked at him bewildered. His breath whistled between his teeth, forced from a tortured heart. "I'm telling the truth! By my mother's death, I swear I see it all now! God forgive me for my sin! Help me, Panchita, help!"

The old servant leaped to obey. She knew her master even better than he knew himself.

"Ah, nino mio," she sobbed. "Ah, nino!"

He turned to his brother. "Quick, Juan, tear off your suit—take the uniform—quick—you look like me—they will not know—"

The priest looked at him searchingly. "And you?"

"Ah! I can get away—I know it—they will not rush the house as yet—we have time. Have you made plans for leaving?"

"Yes, Señor Blanco, is coming for me in an hour's time, but—"

"But nothing, brother mine, I'll get away safely—just hurry!"

The exchange was quickly made and Jaime knelt at his brother's feet. A hurried absolution was given and then Jaime was gone.

How he lived through it, Juan could never tell. There was the quick rush of feet, hoarse cries, a shot or two that rang out upon the stillness of the night. Panchita shrank into one corner of the room, huddled up into a heap, sobbing out her terror convulsively. Juan knelt by the bed supporting the half unconscious Elena. The soldiers were stopped on the threshold of the room by the candle light which flickered over the dead. With stark incongruity, the habit of years upon them, several of the terrified group made the Sign of the Cross. The leader spoke.

"We are sorry, Señor Gonzales, to intrude upon you. We were told a

priest was here." He turned to the others. "Search the rest of the house immediately, then withdraw all men from the premises."

It was an hour later that Juan, helped by friends, made his escape in the uniform of his brother. He did not know until months later that as he was fleeing in safety, Panchita knelt in a dark alleyway holding the head of her dead master, who had been mistaken for the fleeing priest, sobbing whispered words of endearment. He did not know that his sister, Elena, knelt by, her face marble white in its calm content as she gazed upon the dead countenance of her brother Jaime in the pale moonlight with its unearthly look of joy and of sacrifice; that she whispered from the peace of her tortured, sorrowing heart as he himself would have done—"Pax tecum, peace be with thee. May God have thee in His keeping."

The Calles Exile

By Randall Pond

CALLES worked his way to the highest political power in Mexico only to be supplanted by creatures of his own making. What does he think now?

POSSIBLY the most lonesome man in the United States today is Plutarco Elias Calles. The hard-faced man who struggled up the political ladder, from bartender to president and dictator of his country, sits secluded from the world in a California home. What does he see, looking back over the years since the revolution of 1910 sounded a clarion call, not only to sincere men, but to self-seekers who became the autocrats of a new régime?

He sees himself, possibly, as an unsuccessful schoolteacher, accused of mismanagement of funds. The schoolteacher, transformed into a bartender and "bouncer" in a Nogales, Mexico, saloon, joined the revolutionists and began his climb to wealth, power and influence. Friendship with Carranza, and the bearded one's general-in-chief, Alvaro Obregon, also a Sonoran like Calles, projected him into the military picture as a factor to be reckoned with in any division of spoils.

General of cavalry in 1920, aid of Obregon in his dispute with Carranza (who paid with his life), Calles emerged into civilian and political life while Mexico was just beginning to examine the ruins which thirteen years of strife and bloodshed had heaped up in the country. Obregon's term ended and the

man whom Mexico named *El Turco* achieved his presidential ambition with election in 1924.

From that time on, until Good Friday, 1936, Mexico was never free of the Calles octopus. Its tentacles extended into every phase of life. The law, industry, private property, foreign investments, agriculture, mining—every conceivable phase of national life paid tribute to men whose one object was wealth and power. Those who opposed the "Sonora gang," as they were known, went down before public firing squads or the pistols of hired assassins.

They were the years of blood and, paradoxically, the years of public adulation for the "Iron Man of Mexico." The opening of the Church persecution in 1926, entered upon for no sensible reason, meant martyrdom to thousands of Catholics, among whom the name of Father Miguel Pro, S. J., is a shining light. Men who had the temerity to protest these outrages were silenced with imprisonment, exile or death. Generals Serrano and Gomez, told that they could campaign for the presidency in 1928, were treacherously shot down in cold blood on trumped-up charges of treason.

But the adulation was sweet. Samuel Gompers came down to help the so-

called Socialist, Luis Morones, organize the *Confederacion Regional Obreros Mexicanos*, popularly known as CROM. Gompers came home to tell everyone what wonderful progress Mexico was making under the Calles régime. Will Rogers committed one of the few blunders by his life by repeating the Gompers assurances in humorous tones. Morrow and Lindbergh publicized Mexico in the headlines of the world—and Calles basked in the sunshine of a world pseudo-popularity that few Mexicans have known, even in their own country.

There was still dark work to be done, however. General Escobar revolted in 1929 and was drowned in blood. The so-called "Cristero revolt" dragged on and was finished only after the leaders were quietly slaughtered in violation of the truce agreement which the Calles mannikins had signed with them. Four supporters of Candidate Vasconcelos were beaten to death in 1930 while Ortiz Rubio, "the dummy that spoke," was a "Calles president." And the Church persecution kept on when Portes Gil and Abelardo Rodriguez responded to the string-jerks of the "Iron Man" who had grown fat, rich, and probably a bit careless.

HE was careless in picking Lazaro Cardenas to be president in 1934; in selecting Tomas Garrido Canabal for Minister of Agriculture in the new cabinet; and in pretending to be out of public affairs while he was still the country's master mind.

That year was, perhaps, the peak of his power. The government jumped to the crook of his fingers. Foreign banks held large deposits of money in his name. Santa Barbara hacienda, El Tambor rancho, the Mante sugar mills, the beautiful home in Cuernavaca, the gorgeous house in the capital—all these were his. What more could a man ask?

He could ask but one thing—the continuation of his place at the van of Mexican politics. And this was to be denied him. There is no need to detail the cry of alarm which the "Iron Man" raised against Cardenas last June; the subsequent flight to the Hawaiian Islands; the dramatic return in December. Those incidents were symptoms which disclosed that the political corpse of Plutarco Elias Calles was dead, although it still appeared to move and breathe.

Good Friday morning, 1936. A cordon of soldiers, a quick trip to the landing field, and a big, tri-motored plane, winging its way towards Brownsville, carried within it the last remains of the Calles legend. Why Good Friday? That is something to think about. Strange it is that the man who had so bitterly persecuted the Church should have been given the political *coup de grâce* on the most sorrowful feast dedicated to the founder of that Church!

These, then, are the thoughts of the man in California. If his mind wanders to the Mexican scene, contempt and chagrin must choke in his throat. What does he see there?

He sees President Cardenas the leading political figure, ostensibly resolved to root out of the country every vestige of Callismo; to break the CROM organization of Morones; to tear from power the few remaining "Calles governors" in the states. That is the picture the newspapers paint. What is behind it?

FIRST, Lombardo Toledano is behind it. The communist leader, close adviser to Cardenas, became the leading labor dictator in the country when Morones fell with Calles. Toledano rewrites the laws in terms of "socialism"; Toledano dictates the grounds on which strikes will be settled; Toledano writes of the "decayed capitalism" of other nations; Toledano promises the fruits of the Russian paradise to all who join his union, his proletarian uplift association, his storm troops against the bourgeoisie.

After Toledano, there is Portes Gil, whom Calles made president when Ortiz Rubio tried to think for himself in 1930. Gil's racket is organizing the peasants and acting as president of the National Revolutionary Party which the constitution-worshipping Cardenas still allows to function, despite its illegalities and corruption. And the former Calles pup-

pet, Portes Gil, had the nerve to declare in a speech on Good Friday evening: "I never was an instrument of Calles." The laughter over that one is just beginning to subside in Mexico.

These are the successors to Calles—Cardenas, Toledano, and Gil. These three, who proclaim the rule of law and the constitution, violated it by exiling Calles, Morones, Leon and Ortega. The constitution forbids such action against a Mexican citizen, no matter what be his crime. The constitution was ignored. And what excuse did the government give for its action?

Toledano tried to frame it, in twisted phrases, on Easter Sunday, April 12. His Marxian-soaked mind has arrived at the ultimate in legal deception. Turning his back on French revolutionary doctrine, forsaking the liberals who tried to destroy the Church, rejecting the philosophy which any sincere lawyer must hold, he said: "No one in Mexico can invoke the rights of man by which his liberty is respected simply because he is a man. This is an anti-revolutionary interpretation. He has a right to claim protection, he has a right to claim his prerogatives in accordance with the letter of the law, but only when he is not opposed to the revolution or opposed to the collective interest."

Could Hitler or Mussolini, whom he professes to despise; or Lenin or Stalin, whom he openly worships, have done

better than the new Marxian prophet of Mexico in declaring that man is a servant of the State? Here, surely, is a legal interpretation that denies a man, be he guilty or innocent, the protection of the law if he differs with those in power. Carried to its furthest extension, Toledano's declaration means the end of law for those who feel called upon to criticize the course of political or social events in Mexico. Political or social activity which was not approved by the government has been difficult of operation in Mexico since 1876. The Revolution of 1910, whose "ideals" are lovingly extolled by Cardenas, Toledano and Gil, fought to free men of such restrictions. Toledano has brought it back, stronger, more insidious than ever.

The exile of California can see something else—and that without much eye strain. Calles was the focus of all the dislike and distrust which had united leaders under the Cardenas banner. Now that the menace is gone, can Cardenas hold these men in check? Can he keep the leash on Toledano and Gil, always straining to be at each other's throats? Can he keep General Cedillo, boss of San Luis Potosi, loyal to him? Can he hold capital in the country and play with the fire of communism? Those are things that Calles and Mexico can see; but neither of them can see the answers.

Ye That Labor

By Katherine G. Morton

CAUGHT in the chaos of recurring days,
Eclipsed of order and devoid of rhyme,
Devitalized of hope, reduced to time,
I come to Thee, O Lord, and merely gaze.
Alone, and lost amid the myriad ways
Of life, wherein I may not dare to prime
The depths of friendship heretofore sublime,
I come to Thee for guidance through the maze.

Thy precious alchemy of love has made
My burden-laden heart a thing to bless.
At Your hurt feet my weariness I lay
And rise to face the future unafraid
Though bitter disappointment stalks distress.
They walk erect who first have knelt to pray!



Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON



Two Books on Ireland

TWO novels have been published recently which deal with modern Ireland, and both are by women. One, by Kathleen Pawle, called *We In Captivity*, is a tale of the Easter uprising. The other, by Nora Hoult, is called *Holy Ireland*. And the difference between the two books shows so plainly what may be called a disease of our times. The Pawle book, though full of bloodshed and despair, is an uplifting book. The soul of Ireland is there, and the author becomes now and then lyrical about the men who die for Ireland, their love, in her guises of Dark Rosaleen or Cathleen ni Houlihan or Deirdre of the Sorrows. The book is shot through with the Faith, and shows clearly how Ireland needs that Faith for its future as well as it did for its past. There is, for one thing, the bitter question of being faithful to God and also to country; the priests and the boys they teach debate it continually. But they debate it because it is a great question and means much to the soul of Ireland and the souls of men.

The other book—the very title of which is meant to be ironic—is the story of an Irish family. They are Catholics, yes. There is a super-pious girl who wants to be a nun, and she is the most boring person in the book. There is a priest unworthy of his calling. There is much praying, much muttering of ejaculations, but the author never misses a chance to let you know how childish all this sort of thing is. The only good characters are the ones who break away to seek God in their own way. Most of them are what some clever divine has called “blue-domers”—that is, they won't be pent in churches but take the great outdoors for their temples. However, the only person in the book who manages to find God in some bypath is a girl who marries a Theosophist and becomes a vegetarian. In all the book there is nothing good or great about the Faith—nor about its followers.

Kathleen Pawle, so I have read, is not Irish, but she certainly understands the soul of Ireland and its feeling for its faith. The other author may once have been Catholic, though she can hardly be a practising one now. One feels on reading her bitter onesided book that she must have been conditioned about it in her younger days.

Now perhaps the author of *Holy Ireland* had some disturbing childish recollection, for the book is thoroughly unpleasant in every reaction where the Faith is concerned. Evidently that Catholicism makes everybody mean or stupid is her thesis. On the other hand, the Pawle book shows the occasional narrowness, the strictures, but sees beyond the little shadows the great light.

More on Books

SPEAKING of books, Olive White has written a life of Thomas More which was recently reviewed in the *Herald Tribune*. Well reviewed too, but one amusing sentence caught my eye. “A character of rare nobility and sweetness, his appeal, in spite of his canonization, is universal.” In spite of his canonization—dwell on that. Is it that the critic feels that saints are a stand-offish lot—a proud set? Is it that she feels that before he belonged to the world but now he belongs to that narrow group known as Catholics? His canonization is of so recent a date that the criticism is especially strange. How about Saint Joan—is she too less popular now that she is haloed? Hardly—with even Bernard Shaw rooting for her vehemently. Or Saint Teresa, but recently enshrined in a book as a “prominent

woman writer” No, it is muddled learning of history and a queer Anglo-Saxon resentment, because he was an Englishman and aren't we all so at heart, and now that foreign crowd has rapt him from our vision.

This is not primarily a literary column, but I must note one more remarkable sentence from a reviewer. This time it is about a book called *The Tavern*, by a woman author, and the reviewer, another woman, says this about it: “Her heroes and heroines are not at all virtuous people. But you will like them—they lie and cheat and philander—but they do it so gracefully. And the best of it is, that they are just as bad at the end of the book as at the beginning . . . I think the public is too grown up to be stuffed forever on sweetness and purity.”

Ho hum, I say, and let you who read this criticism do your own smiling—or maybe weeping would be better. But I do want to add that considering the output of novels in the past few years and the many of them that are so full of not-at-all virtuous people, surely it is odd that at this late day a critic should begin honing for books that are of that sort.

True Literature

I CAME across a letter the other day written by the late Fr. Selden Delany, wherein he defines what he thinks is Catholic literature and the definition is excellent for those who want to write and those who want to read fiction and wish to know just where morality in fiction ends and immorality enters and vice versa: “I think the great value of modern fiction, poetry, and art—whatever one may think of them morally or esthetically—is that they reveal to us the true nature of the ‘world’ in which we must work out our salvation, and in the midst of which the Catholic Church must carry on her regenerating and redemptive work. This is the world of which St. John says that it is under the wicked one; St. Paul, that it is under the power of darkness; and Our Lord, that it is under the control of the prince of this world. That is why in the wilderness the devil could offer to Christ all the kingdoms of the world. ‘To thee will I give all this power and the glory of them. For to me they are delivered: and to whom I will I give them.’ Naturally, therefore, writers and artists who tell us of this world cannot be expected to give us always what is pious and pleasant. They must often paint a picture that is revolting, stark, cruel, and diabolical. The true artist is one who gives it to us in all its hideous reality—vile, dreadful, hopeless. The false artist is one who attempts to make it alluring with lies and unreal sentiment.”

Upton Sinclair's Religion

SOME months ago the *Woman's Home Companion* ran some articles by Upton Sinclair called *What God Means to Me*. After reading a portion of one of them I was moved to wonder what God, Who seeing all things may have noticed Mr. Sinclair's little tribute, thinks of Upton Sinclair. Now in the same magazine some months later is a letter from someone who also read the articles of faith and it seems to him that the author could have answered the question in one word instead of using so many pages. The answer according to him as to what God means to Mr. Sinclair is: Nothing. He follows it with a trenchant sentence: “Any racketeer, thug, moralist, ordinary citizen, good man or bad, has some sort of code for his everyday needs, and while it might not sound so beautiful in print it will doubtless be just as effective for salvation as Mr. Sinclair's homemade brand of religion which he, the supreme egotist, has created.”

On Having a Book

By A Woman Who Has

MANY women have had a baby. And also many women—undoubtedly too many—have had a book. Some women have even accomplished both. And these are the superwomen. For while a baby is one thing, and a book is another, yet all spiritual values apart, each requires a considerable degree of ambition, creative energy, and plain darnfoolishness.

When you find a woman who has produced both, you know she has a lot of what it takes. She has also taken a lot of what it gives—and on the chin, too. There's Sigrid Undset, for example. It is said that she has alternated flocks of children with flocks of books. Perhaps it's that sturdy Scandinavian strain—or perhaps there may have been some American mothers who have equaled her record: only their literary output cannot be as famous as hers or else one would think of them off-hand. Anyway, with all her books and all her babies, she belongs to the very limited class of those super-women. But what I'm considering at the moment, for more or less personal reasons, is the class of ordinary women.

For I'm just an ordinary woman. I've never had a baby; but I have had a book—in fact, three. Since their marriages, most of my friends, likewise ordinary women, have produced babies, one to three; but no books. They have regarded me accordingly with some suspicion and distrust. For all their affection (which is sincerely returned) they eye me with a certain amount of disfavor—a sort of look, "poor thing, we never suspected it at her wedding, but she's a little queer. She has books. Why doesn't she settle down and be sensible and have some children instead?"

Alas, why don't I? For I am here to state, having had three, that book-babies haven't half the assets to recommend them which human babies possess. They are infinitely lonelier, colder—and much less satisfying to the author of their being.

Let us compare the two in the abstract first, before drawing a comparison from strictly personal sources. (This is purely for the benefit of that type of superior-minded male whose eye may chance to fall upon this paper and who is prone to comment complacently that women can never argue anything from a detached, objective view—that their feeble mental processes are capable only

of attacking a discussion from their own personal "subjective." Of course it's a lot more fun that way—but since he likes it the other way. . . .)

Setting up then a row of human babies and book-babies on a cold and distant perspective, what are the differences which appear between them? One advantage for the book-baby would seem that it can be produced at any old time—if one chooses, before marriage. While a child-baby can only be produced after marriage—at least in polite society. Then, too, youth is no bar to the production of book-babies. Nathalia Crane and other alarming infants have had them almost before they could toddle. While in America and Europe at least, one has to be considerably older than that before a human baby is feasible.

Another advantage may be that in the production of a book-baby only one person, the author, is really essential. (True, the publisher is a necessary corollary; but he, like the human baby's nurse, enters the scene after production.) But in the production of a child-baby, it seems that another person must play a primary, if incidental part.

The production and later development of a human baby requires, too, a considerable amount of financial sacrifice on the part of the parents. While the creator of a book-baby can shove the squawling offspring onto the lap of a troubled publisher, who has already paid the printer for delivering it—and if it's a flop, he stands the loss. She can even start a new book at once, if she likes (provided she hasn't taken the critics too seriously). The producer of a child-baby on the other hand, needs at least several months of a restorative process before she can undertake a new one.

BUT gaze upon the advantages on the other side! When the human baby is born, all is roses and sunshine for the mother. Everyone views the new sample of humanity, and pronounces it (at least within her hearing) to be a perfectly wonderful specimen in every way. No newspaper blasts are launched, shrieking to the wide world that Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Smith have just perpetrated a very bad piece of art in the person of little Adolphus, Jr. If he is cross-eyed, the world pretends not to notice. If he is feeble-minded, people declare him to be an incipient genius (usually of the musical variety. I wonder why? It

seems a little hard on the musicians). If he is bow-legged, the dictum is that he will grow up to be a great polo-player. In a word, he is handled from the start with kid gloves.

Is the poor book-baby treated with any such consideration? Never. It must prove its own virtues, if it has any—and if it hasn't, it's just too bad. Once launched upon this cold world, the kid gloves of the populace are removed for boxing gloves. The mother and her helpless offspring stand naked and shivering to face a skeptical universe. Just you try having a book-baby that is cross-eyed, feeble-minded, and bow-legged! Its stigmas are joyously shrieked from the house-tops. The press merrily belittles them; people at teas chatter entertainingly about them; your friends charitably and painstakingly call them to your attention—and everyone is happy but the author.

THAT poor soul tries humbly, desperately to be honestly grateful for the criticism—not to be small and sensitive over it—and in some notable, large-souled cases, actually succeeds. Yet are her feelings for her offspring exactly as tender as those of the mother of a child? Has not her book been born in travail and pain? Has it not taken at least nine months—in most cases, more—to produce? In fact, its mother has every right to be even more sensitive than the mother of a child—for she alone is responsible for her error. She cannot say complacently: "The baby gets his bad disposition from his father"; or, "His cross-eyes come down to him from Adolphus' grandmother"; or utter other such familiar alibis. No, she is the sole author of the book's being, and as such must carry on her own shoulders its deformities to the grave.

But of course if it happens to be a good book-baby, the reverse is true. The world rings with its praises; and instead of costing its mother money, as a human baby would, it actually earns for its parent. (I've suspected for a long time that the trick lies in producing a really good book-baby—but this is harder than you'd think.)

Yet another advantage which the mother of a child possesses, lies in the corrective process which is permitted her. She can "improve on" her offspring after production. Are little Adolphus' eyes crossed? She can

straighten them out with the proper glasses. Is he bow-legged? She can rub him with oil and feed him viastarol. True, if he's feeble-minded, there's not much she can do about it. But if his teeth flare out in a dress-circle effect, she can have them nicely pushed back into their correct places (provided his father is a millionaire). Now a few slight errors in a book may be corrected in the second edition. But if it's really cross-eyed, bow-legged, and feeble-minded, its mother can do nothing about it in the first edition—and of course it never even reaches a second. Moreover if it has unpardonably flouncing teeth, they are irreparable, and will bite viciously at her at every turn.

There's a wide dissimilarity too in the different manner in which the mother of a child and the mother of a book view their first-born. The first child is always the nearest and dearest to its mother's heart, no matter how many may later succeed it. He is always pushed prominently forward by his proud parent. But the first book on the other hand generally becomes a matter of shame and humiliation to its author—particularly if followed by others. Instead of being pushed forward, it is frequently contemptuously hidden in the dimmest corner of the book-case. True, it may be harder on one to have had a bad child, than to have had a bad book. The latter can, with fortitude; be thrown off and almost forgotten—while I suppose a really bad child can never be completely lived down.

ONE could go on discussing the matter in generalities. But now let's have a good time and get down to personalities.

When my very best friend, at whose wedding I had acted as maid-of-honor, started to have her first baby, what happened? At the joyous news that she expected to become a mother, our little world (in which she is justly very popular) was shaken to its foundations. A new and overpowering affection for her was kindled. The very air dripped with solicitude—chairs were carried and pillows were fetched. She was immediately released from all her club and committee duties, and from the least attractive social ones. Apart from her husband's and family's tender watchfulness, her friends fairly showered her with attentions and gifts. We brought presents for the yet unborn infant—caps and rattles and silver cups and spoons; dresses and blankets and pillows; heaven knows what-all. And we brought presents for her—lovely bed-jackets and "throws"; filmy negligées, and all sorts of charming things.

When the baby was at least actually born, these gifts were magnified, crates of flowers being added. We bore them in person triumphantly to the hospital,

having telephoned many eager queries beforehand to the efficient nurse and the proud husband. We made at least two or three personal calls at the hospital, solemnly and ceremoniously viewing from behind cages the sacred, untouchable infant—ah'ed and oh'ed and exclaimed over it—praised the mother lavishly; congratulated the father profusely. We watched a competent nurse tenderly bathing the mother's brow in eau-de-cologne. With mother and child doing nicely in their own home once again, we continued our visitations. Then came the baby's christening, which called for even more in the line of gifts. And before we knew it, the baby's first birthday rolled around, and the performance had to be all repeated.

THIS particular baby is now ten years old—hence we have put on the same act, somewhat modified of course, for ten successive times. Add to that a succession of ten Christmases, and you get a total of twenty gifts, per head, plus all those previously betowed before and upon birth. And as he (a dear child, to be sure) has every likelihood of outliving me, I shall be repeating, twice a year, unto my death.

So much for my best friend's first baby—I stood it and actually enjoyed it. But since she has gone inconsiderately ahead and produced two other children besides (and since some of my other friends have been even more alarmingly prolific—one, of course a Catholic, has even had eight!) and the same performance has had to be in some degree repeated for each, it has become a bit thick. I don't want to be bitter, but there are times when I can't help comparing the birth of my three book-babies with the birth of her three human ones.

When I announced, for instance, to our little world, that I had begun a book, it didn't at all pause and shower me with a new outburst of affection. *Au contraire*, in fact. No solicitude dripped—no chairs or pillows were fetched. My friends instead regarded me as a terrible bore because I had to refuse serving on their committees and going to morning meetings in order to write. They didn't see why I just couldn't jot down my novel in odd moments during the day. That fifteen minutes between committee meetings—or that half-hour just before dressing for dinner. When I declined their invitations to luncheon, they grew rather sharp—and whispered behind my back that it was all a pose. Although I patiently explained that I'd like to have my mornings uninterrupted for work, they persisted in calling me on the telephone brightly and cheerily on an average of four times a day:

"Excuse me for intruding. . . I know you said you wanted to write. . . but I'm sure you'd rather go with me to that exhibition"; or, "There's a fashion-

show on at the St. Regis—the loveliest things! Come and help me choose a new dinner-dress."

Yes, I know; if I'd been really strong-minded, I could have instructed the maid—but when I tried that, the jangling of the telephone bell still reached me; and even though with a supreme effort I remained glued to my desk, all ideas were scattered by the thought; "Now, who was that calling, anyway? I wonder if someone's ill? Or maybe it was an invitation to go to the opera tonight, and my slippers haven't come home from the cleaner's!" And before I knew it, I'd have the hero and heroine married, before they'd even been introduced to each other.

My family behaved even worse than my friends—and as for my husband! He was a conscientious objector from the start. Where, in the parallel situation, my best friend's husband had showered her with devotion and care, in this one my own sulked badly. I was neglecting the home—the maid was taking a Roman holiday—the food was poor and repetitious—the laundress was imposing—his socks were never darned. Did he return home and catch me still at my desk? I was killing myself for lack of outdoor exercise and plenitude of indoor cigarette smoke. Did I dare approach my typewriter evenings, or holidays, or Sundays? He had to listen to typewriters all week long at the office, and he'd be darned if he couldn't have his home at least free from that clatter.

FRIENDS, family, husband, all agreed that I'd gone a little mad—and what was the use anyway? I'd never sell the fool book—nobody (at least whom they knew) ever did—and why upset myself and everyone over such a hopeless occupation?

Who shall say then that my first book-baby was not born in even greater travail than any human baby? Only opposition and hostility surrounded me, where the mother of the latter was enwrapped in solicitude. In the stead of her physical pangs, I had my own painful intellectual suffering. Doubts, agonies, and labors over this or that chapter—the first half of the book to be entirely rewritten—the struggle over the conclusion which somehow would not conclude.

I would, in my first naïve innocence, timidly ask my husband if he'd mind listening to a chapter read aloud after dinner—he might be able to tell me what was wrong—and I could hear myself how it sounded. With the air of a martyr, he'd consent—get himself comfortably settled on the sofa, yawn—and by the time I had reached the third page, he would be snoring regularly if not gently.

And the sacrifices? Parties, trips, theatres, clothes—all went by the board. Where I had scurried with other gift-bearers to my best friend's side, bringing

a silver cup for the unborn baby, my best friend never even presented me with a lead-pencil. Not a single present came my way to cheer on the production of that book-baby. Not for me was it to recline on a chaise-longue, heaped with satin pillows and lace-trimmed "throws." Nor was I clad in any chiffon negligée. Instead, I sat on a hard chair and pounded a hard typewriter, garbed in my oldest and most unattractive—conscious that I was a sight to all and sundry—unloved and unlovely. That customary beauty which glows upon the expectant mother's cheek, had no part in me. My shoulders stooped—a frown developed from eye-strain—my skin became sallow and pale—my nerves a jangled mess. No white-robed nurse bathed my fevered brow in eau-de-cologne as I read and corrected in solitary agony those first interminable proofs. . . .

And what happened when my book-baby was finally born? Congratulations, yes, from friends and family; with a really kind attempt to conceal tactfully the genuine surprise. But gifts and flowers? Not by a long shot. Instead, each one expected from me a free, autographed copy of the book—for each of which I had to pay the publisher handsomely. I gave to all I could afford; each accepted it as her due, put it on the library table as a sort of curiosity—and in most cases forgot to cut the pages. (After all, it was only a book by an old friend—and anything I had to say I had said verbally to them long since.) Those to whom I couldn't afford to give an auto-

graphed copy, allowed a polite chill to creep into our friendship. (For, "she had given a book to Ann—and if to Ann, why not to me?")

Did one of those friends buy a copy of the book? Not a chance. Even my best friend—she upon whom and upon whose offspring I had showered gifts; and to whom I now of course presented an autographed copy—accepted it graciously but made no gesture to augment my royalties by purchasing an extra one. Christmas was near, I thought bitterly; and she might at least order one copy for that gift she had to make Aunt Susan anyway. It wouldn't have cost any more than that silly little bead-bag she bought instead. I even thought it would make a nicer gift than the bead-bag—but I suppose, being a mother, I was prejudiced.

TRUE, some friends dropped in for tea, politely admired the offspring placed conspicuously on the piano, and murmured something to this effect: "Why, I must order a copy at once!" But a careful sleuthing on my part failed to reveal that they ever did. I thought hysterically of giving a christening-party for my baby—or a first birthday party—in the hope of netting the poor forlorn child something—but was defeated by the absolute futility of the idea. The guests would only expect me to give them more free autographed copies—for their relatives; or maids, perhaps. (Indeed, I had one friend who told me how hugely her colored cook had enjoyed my book—she herself had not yet had time to read it, the year had gone by so fast.)

Then, with the birth of my two other book-babies, the tragedy became even more enhanced. The first perfunctory inquiries as to "how is the book coming along?" began to dwindle with the second child; and, like the congratulations on birth, practically ceased with the third. I and my offspring have become an old (and never too interesting) story.

There are times when I long to do a "Mrs. Dionne"—just to get even with all of them. Nevertheless, I know that I shall go foolishly on (God willing) producing these unwelcome book-children. It's a disease I can't seem to shake off. But let all this be a warning to those women who may idly think that they'd rather have a book than a baby. Believe me, your bread is far better buttered on the other side. I suppose it's because of one of those irritating but unshakable universal truths—the inherent urge toward the reproduction and perpetuation of the human species. I hate to propose the question; but after all—what are books compared to babies, anyway? I believe there are approximately 10,000 books born annually in the United States. Probably about 9,995 too many. And I'm all for a rigorous birth-control in that field—as long as they don't let it affect me. I suppose all the other 9,999 authors feel the same way. . . .

And on the side, I'm morbidly wondering just what I'll do when my best friend comes (as she is sure to) and again whispers joyously and proudly that she's expecting a new baby. *Entre nous*, I think it's just possible that I shall be carried off in hysterics.

From Catacombs to Cubism

By Victor Luhrs

DURING the Gothic period architecture advanced until it reached the most exalted heights. With the end of the Middle Ages it declined.

TO one who approaches the Middle Ages through the haunting medium of the cathedrals, talk about the "age of superstition and ignorance," as contrasted to the modern "march of progress," falls upon deaf ears. Those ages were like a mighty refrain that had to end. Starting with the moaning strains of the Early Christians, they danced through the Oriental tune of Byzantium, and settled into a beautiful melody during the Romanesque era. The Gothic period switched the melody from a soft to a majestic refrain, which

increased in intensity till it reached the torrentella of the flamboyant period. Then it all came to an abrupt end. Tracing the cathedral architecture throughout these ages, one feels it growing more and more uplifting, till it comes dangerously close to rising above this vale of tears. But to reach beyond the petty cruelties and follies of the world is too much for it. It crashes and with it go the medieval days. Its overthrow is heralded and called the Renaissance of culture. The age it expressed is called "1,000 years without a bath," and an "era

of darkness" by a century whose greatest accomplishment is the slaughter of 1914 to 1918.

While the pinnacles were being finished at Milan and the flamboyant detail was appearing on Rouen, the Middle Ages seemed to be soaring to newer and greater heights. But as they rose they were being undermined in their birthplace, Italy; and had not the Italians given us Milan Cathedral I would never forgive them for creating the Renaissance.

Early Italian masters commencing with Cimabue in the thirteenth century made religious paintings of exquisite sincerity and simplicity, which improved till they reached their zenith in the golden age of Raphael and Leonardo. They then began to discard their religious significance and promptly went

into a steady decline towards foppishness, till the revolts of Picasso, Cézanne and the various modern schools. The primitives are usually called early Renaissance. They are nothing of the sort. They are medieval in spirit, subject and treatment and belong to the bright ages of St. Francis and the Gothic arch.

The Renaissance which means "re-birth" is generally credited with bringing back a culture after centuries of darkness. Rather should it be charged with having destroyed a culture and supplanted it with an imitation, which makes it a true forerunner of the modern world. The architecture of the Renaissance is little more than a bizarre imitation of Greek and Roman, and its only progressive feature is the development of the cupola. Even in this respect it often takes more credit than it deserves. It usually assumes credit for having invented the dome. It merely improved on domes existent in the Byzantine and Romanesque periods.

Church architecture of the Renaissance was not relegated to the background as is the case in the present day; it was forced to share the spotlight with gaudy palaces. Except for a few gems of sixteenth century baroque and the cathedrals of Spain and Latin America, the churches of the Renaissance do not deserve a rating with the palaces.

St. Peter's, Rome, the largest house of worship in the world, is the primary Renaissance church. The skill of such artistic aristocrats as Bramante, Raphael, Michelangelo and others went into its designing. Its dome has been the despair of later architects (though why they should despair over that when they have Chartres' south spire, Canterbury's central tower and Burgos' lantern to despair about, I do not know). It contains the Sistine Chapel by Michelangelo and innumerable priceless pieces of art. But a humble layman like myself with a medieval peasant's mind perhaps, simply refuses to get excited about it.

To me it is a monument of the darkest period in the history of the Catholic Church. It lacks the simplicity of an Early Christian church, the sincerity of a Romanesque church, and the spiritual beauty of a Gothic church, for the simple reason that its creators lacked these attributes.

THERE are two groups of churches in the Renaissance that this prejudiced writer does enjoy. One group is the baroque and the other consists of the cathedrals of Spain and Latin America, which maintain the spirit if not the form of Gothic.

The sixteenth century baroque Church of Santa Maria della Salute, on the Grand Canal, Venice, is a jewel from a period of scrap iron. Its double octagon plan, exquisite domes and scroll work

make it a worthy companion for the magic San Marco. Its steps leading into the lagoon give it an almost unique approach. The Jesuit Church in Venice, the Church of Val de Grace, Paris, St. Augustine, Salzburg and the fascinating churches of Munich such as the Theatiner Church and Ludwigskirche belong to this style of architecture. Although at times they are inclined towards needless ornamentation, they lighten the Classical lines and at least try to be Catholic and not inferior pagan imitations.

Whereas medieval church architecture rose from humble beginnings to a climax of grandeur, Renaissance architecture came out in its zenith and after the sixteenth century went on an artistic toboggan slide till it reached a new low for church art in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; a period of poor imitations of churches that were in themselves imitations.

IN this decadent period the great cathedrals of Spain and Latin America alone kept church building on an esthetic level. The great Cathedral of Granada, a Renaissance church which clings pitifully to Gothic arches, and the Cathedral of Saragossa served as inspirations to Spanish church builders in the New World. Starting with the crude Church of San Miguel, Santa Fé, the Latin Americans proceeded to build churches and cathedrals throughout the Americas. Exquisite cathedrals by them are located at Lima, Havana, Santiago de Chile, Araquippa, Panaman and Guadalupe. Their masterpiece is a vast twin towered gem called the Cathedral of Mexico City. All the religious sincerity of the Mexican went into this monument; it is the most beautiful building on the Western Hemisphere.

The great cathedral of the seventeenth century, St. Paul's, London, is a downward step from St. Peter's, Rome. It was built to supplant the Gothic cathedral ruined by the Great Fire and is the first great Protestant built church. Like St. Peter's it offers a cupola and gives a good imitation of Classical lines. It is the darling of the academic writers however boring it may be to lovers of the picturesque. It has one unusual feature for a cathedral, a whispering gallery within the cupola. I can appreciate the use of a whispering gallery in a palace where eavesdropping is a practical art, but in a cathedral it seems out of place—unless, perhaps, the sturdy Protestant dean of St. Paul's, like the wicked old medieval Catholic monk, had some secrets.

In negative respects this cathedral improves on Rome. It cost less, used less time to build, takes up less space and needed only one architect, Sir Christopher Wren. Wren contributed many churches to London, among them St. Mary le Bow and St. Mary le Strand,

both of which introduced the spire to Classical architecture. The English, they say, like Wren's churches. I am not English.

Things grew steadily worse during the eighteenth century. The Madeleine, Paris, I believe (though am not interested enough to be sure) belongs to that artificial century. The Madeleine is one of those things in Paris which if you have not seen, you have not seen Paris. It is a Catholic church trying to look like a Grecian temple, and should be visited in order to appreciate how far church art declined since the days of Notre Dame.

Our American Colonial churches of the eighteenth century, mostly Episcopalian, further demonstrate this decline. Rather poor imitations of Wren's churches, they contain enough sincere Protestant faith to make them pretty in a mild way. They are said to be the delight of the D. A. R. who for the most part probably being unfamiliar with the Bible of Amiens are content with their little Colonial Books of Common Prayer.

Imitation Renaissance churches continued into the nineteenth century (often using brownstone materials to remove what little cheer they may have possessed) and some are still being built. A Renaissance of Gothic blossomed in this century which was, perhaps, the first of a long string of modern "revolts" against anything and everything. The Gothic revival, however, is distinctly modern and will be dealt with next.

As one who claims to be writing on Catholic architecture from a Catholic viewpoint, I feel it necessary to add a word concerning my unfavorable criticism of St. Peter's, Rome. Feeling securely flanked by Michelangelo and Raphael most Catholics like to point to this church as the acme of Catholic accomplishment in the field of art and architecture. Yet I insist on committing the near heresy of saying that St. Peter's is an inferior cathedral and does not deserve to be called Catholic art.

IT is a Classical imitation, and Classical art, is pagan and worldly, not to say sensuous. One has a right to expect something above worldliness in Catholic art. This "something" is more or less of an atmosphere and is difficult to describe, but it can be sensed in the Catholic faith and is captured by Gothic cathedrals. St. Peter's with its Classical lines and plump angels by Michelangelo may be very fine, but it lacks the ethereal Gothic atmosphere and brings one down to earth with a none too pleasant thud. Here and there are suggestions of that mystic "something," for after all the Papal cathedral is a Catholic church. But it possesses the diluted Catholicism of the Renaissance. It has not the untarnished Faith of the Middle Ages.

The Passion and the Poets

John Masfield and the Modern Mystery Play

By Daniel B. Pulsford

THE Welsh National Eisteddfod is a very ancient public institution. At the annual gathering, marked by picturesque ceremonial, the choosing and crowning of the Bard is the chief function. Here, in the use of their native language and the perpetuation of national customs, a people who in other respects have almost entirely lost their identity keep alive their racial traditions. For it is no literary or artistic coterie which meets on these occasions; the celebrations are truly national in character. It was therefore peculiarly appropriate that the Eisteddfod should have been addressed, at one of its more recent gatherings, by Mr. John Masfield, the English Poet Laureate, who holds a position corresponding to that of the chief Welsh Bard. The Poet Laureate is a nominee of the Government and the appointment is for life. His office has become almost meaningless so far as the vast bulk of the people are concerned. Generally speaking his associations are with the intellectual class, he has little or no contact with the general public. It was perhaps this difference between his own position and that of the Bard that caused Mr. Masfield, on the occasion to which reference has been made, to speak as he did concerning the state of poetry in his own country.

"In the days of long ago," he said, "there was one culture for everybody. The King who employed a bard shared his poetry with his subjects. Now, however, there has been a separation of the culture of the court and the culture of the people, and a clear separation of the bard from the heart of the world. So many poets today never see their audiences. They write in the solitude of rooms, and their writings when perfected are printed in a book. Not many people have the faculty of finding poetry in a book or of reading it when found. As a consequence the poet is led to believe that his generation does not need him. All the poets of that tradition to which I belong . . . have been taught that they were not wanted, and so have plunged into dissipation or died in despair. . . . And all the time their generation was crying out for their poetry. The people, not being able to find the poet or his poetry, have devised all manner of substitutes, such as going fast

and then faster and faster still in the longing for the excitement which poetry alone can give."

When one turns from this utterance to Mr. Masfield's own poetry one can see the direction in which he has been striving. It is that "separation of the bard from the heart of the world" concerning which he spoke that he has been trying to overcome. His poems are mostly of the narrative kind and written in a jog-trot measure which makes no pretence to achieve the delicate verbal music of other poets. The stories he tells, too, are related to the everyday life of the English countryside. He has been a sailor and naturally the sea claims a good deal of his attention but he has dealt also with the hunting-field. It is, however, in the stories he has told of the more sordid side of village life that he has come nearest the heart of that rural England to which he belongs. Anyone who desired to get at John Masfield in his most characteristic mood could not do better than begin with *The Everlasting Mercy*, a poem which recounts the doings of one Saul Kane, poacher, pugilist and public-house habitué. During one of his drunken orgies at the village "pub," Saul is approached by a gentle Quaker lady who makes a practice of visiting these popular resorts.

"Saul Kane," she said, "when next you drink,
Do me the gentleness to think
That every drop of drink accursed
Makes Christ within you die of thirst,
That every dirty word you say
Is one more flint upon His way,
Another thorn about His head,
Another mock by which He tread,
Another nail, another cross.
All that you are is that Christ's loss."

With these words ringing in his ears, Saul Kane goes out into the night. And then there comes to him an experience to which the name "conversion" has been given. He describes it in these terms:

"I did not think, I did not strive,
The deep peace burnt my me alive;
The bolted door had broken in,
I knew that I had done with sin.
I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth,

And every bird and every beast
Should share the crumbs broke at the feast."

His ecstasy keeps him out under the stars and, with the dawn, he comes upon old Callow, the farmer, plowing, and suddenly he perceives the sort of life that is to be his in place of the vagabond existence he has hitherto led:

"I kneeled there in the muddy fallow,
I knew that Christ was there with Callow
That Christ was standing there with me,
That Christ had taught me what to be,
That I should plough, and as I ploughed
My Saviour Christ would sing aloud,
And as I drove the clods apart
Christ would be ploughing in my heart,
Through rest-harrow and bitter roots,
Through all my bad life's rotten fruits."

THE type of religion the poet has chosen to exemplify is that Evangelicalism in which emotion plays a large part. Nevertheless, one can see that his sympathies are drawn in the direction of that older England when both religion and poetry were communal possessions. Religion in that England had not become a matter of individual taste nor had literature fallen into the hands of cultured specialists writing books remote from the understanding of common folk. It was to be expected therefore that sooner or later he would try his hand at something resembling the Mystery and Miracle plays at one time performed in the church-yards or on the village greens of the countryside. This expectation has been fulfilled in the play entitled, *Good Friday*, which a little while ago was performed, with all the aid which architecture and music could give it, in Canterbury Cathedral.

Before I say anything about this particular work, however, it will be necessary to make some preliminary observations. Having regard to the literary ideals which, as we have seen, Masfield has set before him, we may say that it was a sound instinct which led him to deal with the Passion. Here is no recondite theme calculated to appeal only to the few but the most universal subject, the most public event in the whole of history. The Cross is the most generally recognized sign in our civilization. There

is nothing merely private or esoteric about the Cross. It is not the sign of a sect or a party. It is the token of a Fact as public as the sun in the heavens. It rallied the armed hosts of medieval Europe. On modern battlefields it announces the presence of those whose duty it is not to slay but to heal. Some dim perception of its meaning, at least, is known to the most benighted in our great industrial cities. What subject could be more fitting for a poet who desired to bridge the chasm between the bard and "the heart of the world"? Here is a subject calling for the same open-air and public treatment as was accorded by the Greek dramatists to the stories of the pagan gods. The Greek Drama, like the Welsh Eisteddfod, stood for a culture which was popular, traditional and associated with religion. Calvary seeing that it witnessed the death of the Incarnate Son of God, might claim, one would think, a form of treatment even more popular and public.

THE medieval playwrights appreciated this fact. The Passion Plays which they presented had no subtlety. They were not marred by over-refinement. They dealt with a theme that could be understood by all and they were given in the open air. In consequence they held a place in the life of the community even more central than that of the present-day Picture House. The fact that they dealt with what was of universal significance did not prevent them containing topical allusions, references to local traditions, personalities familiar to the townsmen who looked on. Their universality was combined harmoniously with native elements. It is no wonder therefore that an age weary of its own sophisticated drama has essayed to go back to these exercises of a simple faith. The success which attended the performance a little while ago at the Welsh Eisteddfod of the medieval Morality Play, *Everyman*, is indicative of the triumph which might reward the dramatist who could recapture the spirit of that older time. It was this which Mr. Masefield attempted to do in his *Good Friday*.

In its first and, as far as I know, only public performance he had seemingly every advantage. For background there was given him the hallowing associations of Canterbury Cathedral, today the chief shrine of Anglicanism, but remembered also as the mother-church of English Catholicism. Here was a subject and a setting which might well evoke a performance standing in the same relation to the national life as the Welsh Eisteddfod stands to the life of Wales. Unfortunately it has to be recorded that, while appreciative comments on the pageantry appeared in the press, the general tone was by no means enthusiastic. It would be idle to pretend that the production constituted a national occasion or that

the general public was deeply interested. Literary people, people concerned with the Church-and-stage movement were interested, but that was all.

I think that, if we examine the play, we may be able in some measure to understand the reason for this. Let me quote one of the more striking passages. Longinus is relating to Pilate the scene which has unmanned him. He says:

We nailed him there
Aloft between the thieves, in the bright
air.

The rabble and the leaders mocked with
oaths,

The hangman's squad were dicing for
his clothes.

The two thieves jeered at him. Then it
grew dark.

Till the noon sun was dwindled to a
spark,

And one by one the mocking mouths fell
still.

We were alone on the accursed hill
And we were still, not even the dice
clicked,

Only the heavy blood-gouts dropped and
ticked

On to the stone; the hill is all bald stone,
And now and then the hangers gave a
groan.

Up in the dark, three shapes with arms
outspread.

The blood-drops spat to show how slow
they bled.

They rose up black against the ghastly
sky.

God, lord, it is a slow way to make die
A man, a strong man, who can beget
men.

Then there would come another groan,
and then

One of those thieves (tough cameleers
those two)

Would curse the teacher from lips bitten
through,

And the other bid him let the teacher be.
I have stood much, but this thing daunted
me:

The dark, the livid light, and long, long
groans

One on another, coming from their bones.

This description is continued for some
while in the same vein, until Longinus
having gone out, Pilate remarks:

No man can stand an earthquake. Men
can bear

Tumults of water and of fire and air,
But not of earth, man's grave and stand-
ing ground;

When that begins to heave the will goes
round.

In dealing with *The Everlasting Mercy* we had occasion to note the emotional character of Saul Kane's "conversion." It was due, we saw, to a sudden uprush of feeling released by the Quakers' words. Something of the same kind occurs in the case of Longinus. So

far as his speech gives us any index to his state of mind, he has experienced a bad attack of "nerves." The horror of the scene, the peculiarly disquieting effects of earthquake have unmanned him. The poet has piled one ghastly feature on another in order to make our flesh creep in sympathy with the man to whom we are listening. But his effort is too obvious. We know all the time that we are being subjected to the effects of literary artifice. The description reminds us of the diction in which a newspaper reporter might chronicle a railroad accident in a thunderstorm. The play ends with these lines spoken by a blind madman selling flowers:

Only a penny, a penny,
Lilies brighter than any,
Lilies whiter than snow.
[He feels that he is alone]
Beautiful lilies grow
Wherever the truth so sweet
Has trodden with bloody feet,
Has stood with a bloody brow.
Friend, it is over now,
The passion, the sweat, the pains,
Only the truth remains.
[He lays lilies down]

I cannot see what others see;
Wisdom alone is kind to me,
Wisdom that comes from Agony.

Wisdom that lives in the pure skies,
The untouched star, the spirit's eyes:
O Beauty, touch me, make me wise.

This is the kind of religion theatrically beloved of our generation. It indicates, not faith, but sentiment. It is pretty rather than awe-inspiring. Dogma has disappeared or is suggested only by the cryptic hints of a mad mystic. This is not the Universal Fact that won Europe from the barbarians and summoned whole populations to build cathedrals. It is the work of a poet writing in the solitude of his room with an eye to a sophisticated, unbelieving audience which has yet retained a sentimental attachment to the Christian Tradition.

Such conditions as those demanded in the Poet Laureate's address to his Welsh audience are not impossible even in the twentieth century. What the Eisteddfod is for Wales the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, enacted by Catholic peasants, has become for present-day Christendom. Here the simple facts of the Gospel, unadorned by the tinsel sentiment of the commercialized theater, are found capable of drawing huge crowds from all parts of the world. What is lacking, in this case, in professional experience is supplied by the faith of a simple people. Ober-Ammergau witnesses to the possibilities of a Christian drama universal in its appeal and as public as that open-air arena in which it is enacted.

The Inspiring Teacher

The Personality of an Inspiring Teacher Can Produce Unlimited Good Effects

By John W. Then, Ph.D.

CONSIDER the conscientious student attending any of our great universities. He never runs into the difficulty of discipline by his teachers. His heart is set on acquiring the knowledge for which he thirsts. His teachers are kindly disposed toward him because he is sincere. Such a student is very likely to idolize the whole system which thrills him with the sense of intellectual growth, which fires his imagination with the possibilities of the many new paths that open fresh and inviting at his feet. In talking with his friends and relatives he will very likely praise his Alma Mater, and eulogize the collection of altruistic, high-minded and noble men that constitute its honored faculty.

Later, however, this same student reaches the status of a graduate student and embarks upon individual and original investigations. He enters into the region which earlier seemed reserved for the élite, or the intellectual aristocracy. He has reached the more difficult stages of his studies and the advanced courses in which he specializes, and finds that under the tutelage of his instructors he is arrived at a point where he can hold his own with the professor as a result of his enlarged background, and also because he often approaches the same subject from a point of view different from that to which the teacher is accustomed.

At this point in the intellectual and philosophical development of the student he is very likely to arrive at a disillusionment of his former high regard for the uniformly high caliber of the men from whom he hoped to learn so much. He will undoubtedly find that these supposedly supermen, taken as a whole, are very human indeed. He will learn to his disappointment that some are actually envious of his rapid encroachment upon a preserve of intellectual endeavor that the teacher felt was intrinsically his own. He will find that others of his mentors have no interest whatever in the con-

tinued development of the students committed to their charge beyond fulfilling the necessary minimum that will insure the flow of pay checks from the university—intent solely on increasing their own academic prestige and burning their energies and composure in a wild chase for the coveted priority in the publication of their work.

OTHERS of the teaching staff there are who will obviously (and without shame or apology) warp the course of instruction to furnish themselves with the means of rounding out special studies on their own pet theory or highly specialized investigation. Some there are who with an incredibly cold aloofness utterly destroy the valuable personal contact between student and teacher, even discouraging the sincere, simple question the student may ask after the lecture. Whether this action on the part of the lecturer is prompted by a disdain for the intellectual attainment of the student, the result of selfishness on the part of the professor because of the awful demand for time necessary for his private investigation, or whether it is prompted

by the fear of personal embarrassment from the keenness of the inquiring mind of the student, is hard to tell; but the effects are none the less trying upon the student.

Now, I would not have you think for a moment that this is the whole of the picture. Just as surely as the trying nature of the direction of advanced study brings out the small qualities

of the ill-adapted who undertake this arduous work; the same circumstances bring out in glowing lines the capacities, the sterling qualities of character, the ethics of their profession, and the masterful abilities of the really great teachers—the giants of moral and intellectual integrity. To associate intimately with such a character for only the short space of a year is an opportunity that overcomes and outweighs all of the discouraging and disappointing handicaps en-

tailed in laboring under our generally unsatisfactory methods of highly-publicized modern education.

Indeed, I would definitely claim, that our educational system, if it succeeds in effecting the contact of only one really great teacher with the student body of each of its educational institutions has justified its existence, however imperfect and unsatisfactory that system may be in fulfilling its purpose, the dissemination of knowledge. For the contact with an inspiring personality is something which has repercussions long after that personality has ceased to exist upon the earth. The fires its enthusiasm has kindled will glow and kindle other fires. It will furnish purpose and direction for the limitless forces and power embodied in the lives and wills of intellectual men. Its value cannot be weighed or measured on any material scale, or encompassed by any limits of time, for here spiritual as well as material forces are set into action.

WHILE it is true that a strong, vigorous and leading personality may be very destructive if exercised in the wrong direction, one is inclined to forget that the limits of good can be greater than those of evil. Perhaps they are necessarily greater, or how could man have progressed at all if this were not so. At any rate it is certain that an Omniscient and Omnipotent God has the welfare of his children at heart, and so the striking force and inspiration entailed in the contact with a strong and noble personality seems to bear the qualities of the handiwork of the Infinite who carries out His designs for the perfection and blessing of His children through the instrumentality of weak humans endowed with special capacities.

I always recall an inspiring character, a great teaching personality with whom it was my good fortune to come in contact in my experience as a graduate student at one of the great non-sectarian centers of learning in the eastern section of our country. Words are so weak in conveying deep emotional experiences! One can perhaps adequately describe a handsome or powerful person, but how can one adequately transmit to another his conception of a great and inspiring personality? How explain the kindling of one's spirit, the refreshing vivifying



elevation of mind and heart and soul that results from contact with such a personality? How explain the firing of one's will that sends him off on a sustained endeavor to achieve and realize the inspiration of what constitutes a life ambition? Perhaps the explanation is that to the one who has experienced the inspiration, that personality through whom it came was the vehicle by means of which a divine guiding Providence transmitted to the recipient the message of His Will. And so, we see how the same great teacher may produce varying degrees of activity in the students with whom he works.

It were easier to picture such a great teacher associated with a great Catholic university where morals, ethics and character occupy a more prominent place. But to find the embodiment of such sterling qualities of heart and principle in a secular institution of learning where unbridled passion for secular learning is admired and the candidate for worldly praise and honors may slacken his attention to normal duties and even find encouragement to neglect the student body to add prestige to the school—to find in such surroundings one who by sheer strength of character can rise above himself, dare to disappoint his short-sighted superiors, and become a nobler, more perfect man, simply enhances his qualities, much as a fine rose blooming in the wilderness seems to be more singular and striking than the same flower in the midst of a like company.

Such was my estimate of Dr. G. C. Hallock, professor of Physical Chemistry: (of course, his real name was not Hallock, and he wasn't a professor of Physical Chemistry). I remember the first time I met him to speak to—it was quite typical of the man. One could not but know of him for he was prominent in every worthy civic cause in our university town, and a leader in all of the Catholic functions of church or student body. He was a Fourth Degree Knight of Columbus, an enthusiastic organizer of the Catholic Newman Club of the university. He was generous in giving of his time and energies for anything that had to do with character building—he helped originate the first Catholic troop of Boy Scouts.

He was asked to give a lecture in the hygiene course on the subject of the chemistry of guarding the purity of the municipal water supply. I came early and obtained a front seat, the better to study the character of such a prominent member of the community. He walked, at ease, across the elevated lecture platform of the large lecture hall. Imagine my surprise when he stepped down and taking the seat next to me, turned and said, "Hello, John, how is your mother getting along? I see you both every Sunday at the high Mass." Then we talked

about the pastor and the excellent work he was doing at old Saint Mary's Parish. Then, as the hall became crowded and the time for the lecture approached he stepped up on the platform with all the self-possession of a master in his field. With chosen words he solicited the interest of the whole group.

He spoke of the human element and the importance of conserving public health. He developed the fascinating aspects of the scientific phases and carried the interest of the whole class, for the whole period, in a way that was a glad surprise for my critical and sometimes cynical eye for student indifference.

One evening I attended one of the research meetings of the University Chemical Section. After witnessing a rather hair-raising lecture and demonstration of the research on high explosive nitrogen compounds, conducted by graduate students under the direction of our authority in that special field, Dr. W. L. Jones, I was leaving for home in a semi-upset state of mind. I ran into Dr. Hallock, who, in his usual calm, composed and good-natured manner, invited me into his private research room. He showed me different experimental setups and explained the interesting work he was carrying on with the enthusiasm of a boy displaying his new Christmas toys. Here he was carrying out an investigation to remove a hygroscopic impurity from a local salt mine, which caused the table-salt to cake from adsorbed moisture. There was the completed product in an effort to dehydrate the mother-liquor of a beet sugar refinery, which developed into an important item of cattle feed and made a practical use of a heretofore useless by-product. He told of the fascinating investigations carried out under his direction in the importance for plants of certain food elements in various soils. Then there were other phases of investigation in progress in the field of Colloid Chemistry. I came away thrilled with the adventures of this quiet, unassuming, yet capable, versatile and effective scientist into the unexplored fields on the chemical frontier of human knowledge.

AGAIN I saw him at a meeting of the Newman Club, moving about before the formal opening of the meeting,

sitting with the students, telling clean, wholesome jokes with a sparkling humor, spreading good cheer. Of course, he was on the speakers' platform. At another time he was the toastmaster at a K. of C. banquet given to celebrate the visit of the newly appointed Bishop of the diocese.

From time to time I visited and talked seriously with him about a philosophy of life, which crystallized in my mind a conception of spiritual science which when developed in conjunction with a life devoted to the study of physical sciences could transform the latter from a means of liveli-

hood into one glorious lifelong symphony of prayer and praise to the God of Wisdom, the Author of the laws of nature, the Fountain of all Sciences. At one time I complained to him about the difficulty of keeping abreast of the enormous volume of scientific literature, the difficulty of sifting the value of the published researches, the energy and time-consuming element of following in the tracks of the great masters with the inevitable results of stifling one's initiative as far as developing one's own original ideas was concerned.

TO aid me in solving this problem he informed me that he, himself, was a slow reader. Explaining how to overcome the difficulty, he said he read the Abstract Journals and judiciously selected that to which he devoted an intensive study. But most important of all, he impressed upon me the necessity of giving a free rein to the individual and original thought of an investigator. He warned me that, to a great extent, knowledge is essentially from above and given to humans as a gift from on high. One exercises this gift by conceiving and formulating in cooperation with the Source. He maintained that one may often learn more by writing than by reading, by speaking than by hearing, by conceiving ideas than by hunting ideas. The inspirations are often there but are smothered by inaction; the ideas present themselves but are never allowed to take definite shape and soon dissolve into the drab background because of insufficient initiative to formulate concretely. Plans die for want of the life-giving exercise of intellect and will.

At another time I said to him, "Ah,



Professor, to have written such comprehensive treatises as you have done in your *System of Physical Chemistry* and your *Studies in the Metamorphic Forms of Chemical Compounds*. To be honored by your fellowmen, to receive the just remuneration from the royalties on your popular *Lab Manuals*; that is an ideal for us young students to aim at. But to be an inspiring teacher of science as well as an investigator seems to be a combination worthy of one's devoting his energies, talents, time and whole life to achieve."

TO this he answered, "To have accomplished all you just now recited would not mean more than a snap of my finger, and it would mean no more to you if we stopped there. How many of my colleagues have accomplished so much more in scholarship, in sheer number of published volumes, in experimental accomplishments, in inventive genius? But they are unhappy, they are distracted in spirit, they have paid a terrible price, simply because they started upon the erroneous premise that man is constituted of body and intellect. They have failed to coördinate the spiritual factors into their philosophy of life. At practically no sacrifice to their intellectual development these spiritual factors would have enriched their lives with the priceless rewards of nobility of character, kinship with the Infinite, the achievement of some measure of perfection according to spiritual standards, and finally of peace, the goal for which every soul instinctively strives but never can experience in entirety here below."

Upon my request for the basis upon which he molded such a happy coördination of spiritual and physical science he encouraged me to study the articles suggested in the Reading List in the last volume of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* under *Ascetical Theology*, the science which teaches the means by which sanctity of life may be acquired, increased and perfected in the ordinary providence of God. These excellent volumes were in our University Library and later led me to study *The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost* by Manning; *DeLehn's The Way of Interior Peace*, and other excellent works which changed my whole attitude of life and enriched and matured my outlook.

Finally, I succeeded in obtaining what I believe to be the basis of the qualities that set him off, head and shoulders above his colleagues, and made him master of himself and of his surroundings. I asked and learned the means, the practical application of this coördinating principle of spiritual and physical science which for want of a better name we called a *Dual Career*.

Somewhat reluctantly, he explained that in the application of a *Dual Career* in our lives, this Midas of Spiritual Sci-

ence touches Physical Science, and immediately upon the fusion of the two the latter is transformed from a means of livelihood to a great and noble prayer.

Henceforth, we dedicate the whole of our work in Physical Science to the honor and glory of God. Various phases are dedicated in different ways: Theoretical work and coördination of facts are dedicated in honor of the Holy Ghost. Experimental phases are dedicated in honor of the Sacred Heart, or to the Precious Blood. Particular experiments may be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the Angels, the Saints, or the souls in purgatory.

If difficulties, obstacles, or disappointments are met with, God is thanked and the soul exercised in resignation at the delay. The necessity of greater efforts means only the acquisition of greater rewards, and this regardless of the outcome. If the experiment is a success God is praised as the Author, Director and Co-worker in the undertaking; if it is a failure it is lost as far as its material value is concerned, but as a prayer it has eternal value. One has the personal reward of increased perfection in resignation, detachment from self, and the peace that comes with knowing that as a prayer it was a piece of work well done, and perhaps with an even greater merit than a successful experiment.

In this way the Spiritual Science benefits by the Physical Science, for the latter furnishes the means and material for advancing and perfecting the former. But the converse is also true. What man of Physical Science has not experienced the deadening effect of a series of negative experiments, of one failure after another? Here is a reviving or resurrecting force—rather, it is a means of eliminating the discouraging element altogether. It makes the investigator more resourceful in that he looks within for the source of his concepts and inspiration. He knows that without the source

Mother of a Priest

By Frances M. Miller

"THIS is my son, who raptly stands
Before the sacred golden cup,
And in his young and reverent hands
He holds my Lord and Saviour up.

That he might live, I looked on death,
And knew the pangs of mortal strife,
Now, at his feet, with fluttering breath
I kneel, and taste the Bread of Life."

of an infinite Intelligence, the Fountain of all Science from which to draw, the aid of humans is at best weak and his own efforts negligible. Accordingly, he raises up his heart and mind to God, prays for blessing upon the work at hand and for divine guidance and inspiration to carry the work to completion according to His will.

Patience, the foundation of all scientific investigation, is the certain concomitant of this method of attack. Peace, the pearl of great price, whether from the point of view of spiritual or physical advancement, is the necessary result of the union of the spiritual with the physical. The lack of a peaceful approach and progress through any investigation is the most deadly enemy of perseverance.

THIS leads to the last of our considerations on the inter-relations of the spiritual and physical sciences. By this sanctifying touch of the physical by the spiritual sciences one could transform a whole career devoted to the physical sciences into one glorious life-long symphony of prayer and praise to God. Let us say, for instance, that one had devoted his life to carrying out an extensive investigation which involved experiment, literary research, coördination and publication of facts and findings in a comprehensive treatise. Ostensibly, it would be a great achievement from a purely human or materialistic point of view; one which would bring all the benefits of material gain, honor, and a sense of achievement. But behind all this it would have been a means of more perfectly uniting the individual with the Infinite God, of perfecting his soul and of realizing the Peace that accompanies the knowledge that one has done something big in accordance with the Divine Will, and something promoting his eternal salvation and concerning which he hopes to hear a word of commendation from his Master on Judgment Day.

Where Martyrs Slept

By Ernest Wiley

THE old scrivener shambled hastily into the gloomy doorway of a little wine shop as a fresh downpour tumbled from the sky. The crooked, little street in which the wine shop stood became a rivulet, with streams of water bubbling over its cobblestones to the drain gratings in the center. There could be no doubt of it—Rome's autumn had arrived.

Careful to avoid the barrage of water which was catapulted from the cornice overhead, the old scrivener peered gingerly from the doorway, searching the deserted street for an empty carriage. And the thoughts which infested his mind were as dreary as the day. Forced to a choice between the prattle in the parlor of his lodging house and the patter of the rain outside, he had unhesitatingly cast his lot with the rain, only to be greeted by this fresh deluge.

But an inspiration had come, born, perhaps, of the gloom about him: he would go out to the catacombs! This, after all, was the proper sort of day for a visit to the cool, dark sepulchres where the mortal remnants of the early Christians found a final peace. The transition from the outer world, on a day like this, would be less abrupt. And one's mood would be more easily attuned to the brooding silence in the labyrinth of passages and vaults beneath the ground.

"*Carrossa!*" the old scrivener shouted, waving his hand insistently, as an antiquated carriage swung lazily around a bend in the little street, drawn by a horse as ancient as itself. Little clouds of vapor arose from the back of the listless animal as it jogged unheeding through the rain. And the grizzled *carrozziere*, a worthy match for his outmoded equipage, peered hopefully over the big tarpaulin stretched in front of him to keep him dry. He spied the hand waving from the little wine shop and pulled at the reins as a generous smile lit up his wrinkled countenance.

"*Carrozza d'affitto, Signore?*"

"*Sì,*" the old scrivener assured him as he clambered aboard. "*Alle catacombe—San Calisto.*"

"*Le catacombe, Signore?*" the driver questioned unbelievably. And the expression on his countenance gave evidence that he failed to understand why anyone would desire to go to the catacombs, of all places, on a day like this. But it was a good fare to San Calisto, even if it was a *passo* who paid it. "*Benissimo, Signore! Alle catacombe.*"

The old scrivener settled contentedly

on the leather seat in the dark recesses of the vehicle; and the horse was encouraged to resume its interrupted progress. They clattered along the town's bedraggled thoroughfares, and, at length, were crawling between the great bastions of the Porta San Sebastiano and onto the old Appian Way, which stretched out through the rain in front of them, as far as the eye could see. In the misty distance, at the top of a little mound, the old scrivener caught sight of the vague outline of one of the great Roman tombs which line the Via Appia for miles along its route from the city. And he promised himself that, one day in the spring, when the days would be bright and not yet too warm, he would go out and hike along that highway of old Rome, from San Sebastiano to Albano, inspecting those crumbling tombs in his own way. But that trip must wait for the spring.

High, stuccoed walls arose on either side of him, as his carriage clattered over the old highway to the catacombs. His view was limited to the yellow barriers with the rain slithering down their sides; and he turned his thoughts to the place he was going to see. Anyway, he liked to prime himself for these visits. And that process was like drawing a sheaf of documents from some pigeon-hole storage place in his mind and going through them—so familiar was he with early Christian Rome.

The Colosseum and circus, he reflected, were providing Rome with its wild amusement, while the Christians were frequenting the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus to bury their dead. And, on many a quiet, dark night, a little procession of the faithful had gone out with their martyred brethren, conducting them to their resting places in the niches hewn in the walls of Saint Calixtus. They had moved along this very course, those martyred dead, on the march which followed their victory. This was their triumphal way. Here, rather than in the Forum where the Roman Legions dragged the captives of their border conquests, was the *Via Sacra*—the Sacred Way.

THE scrivener could imagine the heavy lull which hung over the pagan city, in the small hours of a night following a day of games in the Colosseum. The rabble would be filled with the bread and sour wine passed out by potentates who would retain their favor; and the great ones themselves would be sluggish

from the rich foods and copious vintages of their festive banqueting. Then, in the silence of those hours, he could picture a little band of Christians creeping about the shadows of the amphitheatre and gathering the mangled bodies of their heroes—the martyred victims of a Roman Holiday—and bearing them tenderly away to their resting places in the catacombs.

THEY would have moved stealthily through the streets of the city, he supposed, lest they arouse the hates which slumbered there. But, once outside the walls in the Campagna's lonely quiet, they would have gathered close around the biers of their martyred dead, and would have chanted softly as the triumphal cortège made its way into the night. And the flickering torches would have cast unsteady beams across the faces in the group. And there would have been strange smiles—such as were a perpetual enigma to the pagan romans—beneath the tears which streamed down the cheeks of the relatives and closest friends of the martyred dead. Others, with a quivering note of fear in their chant, would have gazed unceasingly into the darkness along the edges of the road, where Roman soldiers might have lurked. And yet others would have let their voices ring out strong and vibrant in their eagerness to be the next in the triumphant march of the martyrs. And from the heart of every one would have come a prayer for strength to bear the ordeal, if it should come, as had the departed heroes of that day's games. And it came to many of them.

The old scrivener could visualize the little band of Christians shielding their torches as they left the road to creep across a field or through a grove of gnarled olive trees to the catacomb's secret entrance. For they were forced, when the persecutions reached their fiercest stage, to conceal, as best they could, the subterranean burial places. They had not done this at the start, because Rome had recognized, begrudgingly, the existence of official burial societies. And the Christians, along with the Jews and groups of pagans—the Christians were a Jewish sect, in the estimation of the Romans—had been allowed their burial societies, and the quiet possession of their cemeteries. But laws were passed, when the persecutions grew more vehement, forbidding Christian gatherings for religious practices. Then, like hunted animals, the faithful crept,

by night, out to the catacombs, assembling in the burial crypts and chapels beneath the ground, there to offer the forbidden worship to their God—the God despised by Rome. News of this reached the powers in Rome; and the catacombs were hunted by the soldiery. Thereupon the Christians closed the known entrances—many of them on the public roads—and dug new approaches to their cities of the dead, piercing through the ground to the network of galleries and passages from remote and unfrequented spots, from the deserted tunnels of abandoned sandpits, and the like.

And through-out those early ages of the Faith, amid all the fury of the persecutions and for almost a hundred years after those fires had been smothered out by Constantine's edict granting freedom to the Christians, the use of the catacombs continued. The galleries and crypts, in which the sepulchral niches were dug, were extended as the walls became filled, until, at the close of the epoch of the catacombs, there were no less than three hundred and fifty miles of passages, stretching through the earth around the Eternal City, laid out in different stories, and winding, crossing and doubling back on one another like a labyrinth.

Then, with the invasions of the Barbarians of Alaric, the catacombs had fallen into disuse. The bodies of the saints which had not already been removed were transferred to shrines and basilicas erected in their honor, where they might receive more fitting homage, and be more effectively preserved from the desecrations of the invading hordes. And when their treasures were removed the catacombs lost their prominence.

The entrances of many of them were

filled with earth, so that the marauders might not find them; and, with the passing of the centuries, they were all but forgotten. The region in which many of them lay held a reminder of them in the name it bore, "ad catacumbas." But many of the catacombs themselves actually were lost, to be joyously rediscovered, in another age, by Christian archeologists.

THE *carrozza* reached, at last, the end of its unhurried journey through the rain. Its passenger alighted

walked into the gallery, he glanced about to see how the feeble light was flickering on the tablets fixed in the walls, and reaching weakly into the empty niches. He was glad that modern progress had not yet brought electric lighting into these catacombs, to drive away the sombre spell cast by the shadows and the dancing lights from little torches.

On many another visit he had confined his attention to a single gallery or chamber, even to some one figure painted on the wall, the roughly carved inscription on the cover of a grave, or the jumbled, scarcely legible invocations which pilgrims had scratched hastily, in a later age, near the shrine of a saint. But, today, he had not come for study, but just to feel the spell which he knew the place would throw about him.

He wandered into the Chapel of the Popes and glanced reverently about at the empty niches, body-length which lined the walls in even tiers — niches in which had lain the earthly remnants of Martyr-Popes: Saints Zephyrinus, Anteros, Fabian, Lucius, Stephen I, Sixtus II, Eutychianus, and the rest. He

could name them off as though they might have been close friends of his.

His gaze roamed through the feeble light, over the two spiral-fluted columns standing against the walls, and back into the gloom of the little passageway leading to the nearby Crypt of Saint Cecilia. It traveled across the meager fragments of the stone railing and the dais of the tiny altar; and it lingered on the wall where the archeologists had placed the haunting inscription by Pope Saint Damasus which they had pieced together from little marble fragments they found on the floor. Then his gaze climbed up into the slender shaft ex-



HE WATCHED THE FLAME OF HIS TORCH CAST DARTING SHADOWS ON THE WALLS WHERE THE BODIES OF THE CHRISTIAN DEAD HAD LAIN.

where there was a doorway through the yellow wall surrounding the monastery grounds from which one goes into the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus. He left a dazed but grateful *carrozziere* gazing after him as he shuffled through the rain to the shelter near the stairs. The monk who was in charge at the ticket booth smiled in recognition, handed him a taper and motioned him to pass; for he was permitted to go into the labyrinth without a guide. He made his way down the steps towards the patch of darkness at their base almost as one descends the stairway of his home. And, as he lit his taper and

Mutual Immortality

By Norbert Engels

I AM a thread of earth's reflected light,
 You, too. And when our dust with other dust
 Shall mingle through the years that are earth's right
 In the eternal plan, together must
 Our constant flame continue, caught by stars
 And moons; until it utterly shall die
 Where once had been a Saturn or a Mars,
 What once had been material "you" and "I."

Yet when that light upon the bounded plain
 And gray of time shall fade, a whiter gleam
 Shall gather to shine forth from our two souls;
 Each meeting each as drops of mutual rain
 Gather upon a window as toward two goals,
 And merge in an essential endless stream.

tending above the chapel to the upper world to bring light and air down to the underground sanctuary.

He held his taper above his head and went through the narrow passage to the Cubiculum of Saint Cecilia, the chamber named after the noble, Roman martyr whose remains were first laid there to rest. There was her open tomb, now occupied by a block of stone, chiseled to represent her body as they found it, six centuries after her death, perfectly preserved and clothed in the rich, gold-twined garments in which she had been buried, with the white, blood-stained linen rolled in a little ball and lying at her feet. She rested on her side; and the three ugly gashes made by the blade of the executioner could yet be seen upon her neck.

WITH a familiar friendliness the old scrivener gazed at the mural painting of Pope Saint Urban, who had been Cecilia's friend and had brought her body to this resting place. And there, beside the tomb, he saw the cavity in which the Christians had placed a little lamp that was kept burning at the martyr's shrine. Then, as he slowly left the crypt, he paused and held his taper close to examine the *graffiti* scratched upon the wall by pilgrims to the shrine.

Wandering along the galleries, he watched the flame of his torch cast darting shadows on the walls where the unnumbered and sometimes unnamed bodies of the Christian dead had lain. And, passing by, he peered abstractedly into the branching passages which extended from the one he was traversing into the dark silences beyond.

Then the gallery widened slightly; and he knew that he had reached the place which once contained the remains of Saint Cornelius, the only one of the early pontiffs to possess the name of a Roman family of nobility. And he reflected that perhaps it was the will of God that this vicar of His Son, this noble in the household of the Faith, should have been robbed, for a time, of every mortal honor—his tomb lost for centuries, while he lay buried, not in the revered Chapel of the Popes, but in a simple niche in a gallery, surrounded by the unnamed graves of the humblest of his flock.

But it was growing late; and the old scrivener turned about to retrace his steps. Again he passed close by the Chapel of the Popes. He heard the sound of the heavy rain thudding dully through the airshaft like a jumbled murmur, or like the distant roll of drums. And he provided himself with an excuse to linger for a while: perhaps the rain would cease.

He took a seat on one of the worn, stone benches by the chapel wall, and blew out his taper light so that the place might be illuminated only by the softened rays which sifted down from the shaft. The spiral columns stood out in the dull, gray light; and the empty niches were black patches on the walls. It was very quiet, and the distant thudding of the rain reached him like a murmur. It was easy, then, for him to see the chamber as he imagined it had been, with marble slabs covering the graves, tiny, boat-like lamps hanging from brackets in the walls and shedding their feeble light over the bowed heads of

a group of worshippers, gathered there beneath the ground, in the dead of night, to assist at the Sacred Mysteries. And, like the soft murmur of rain, he could hear the subdued voices of the faithful mingling in chorus and filling the narrow confines of the place. It was a tender melody which they whispered tremblingly, lest it guide the Roman soldiers to their secret rendezvous. Then there was a hush; and a veil, like a screen of soft, gray light, was drawn before the tiny altar where the Sacred Mysteries were renewed.

AFTER a while, there was an old man with a white beard standing before the tiny altar. His wrinkled hands were stretched out towards the group of worshippers; and the flowing garment which he wore was gathered up in front of him, resting across his arms. He seemed to be exhorting the little flock to constancy, pleading with them, regardless of the cost, to be faithful to their Master, Who is the Christ, and, with a weary but glowing smile, telling them of the reward which will be theirs. And the tones of his soft, trembling voice issued from his lips almost in a murmur—like the murmur of rain.

For a long time the cajoling of that weary voice went on. Then, there was a sudden scuffling of heavy feet in the passageway outside the little crypt, and the glare of torches in the dark. The Roman soldiers? Perhaps they had discovered the rendezvous, guided to it by some weak soul who had been unable to withstand the Prefect's torturing. Surprising the Christians in their forbidden act of sacrifice, the Prefect's guard would carry out their master's brutal orders. There would be no need for trial and condemnation. They would, upon the spot, set about the execution of the penalty imposed by Roman law. And the blood of new martyrs would flow upon the floor of this little chapel in the ground. And the ribald laughter of the soldiers would drown the involuntary groans of agony.

The old scrivener started suddenly. And, with a weak and trembling hand, he wiped the beads of cold sweat from his forehead. Then he heard the voice of someone speaking to him; and he saw the figure of a man in the doorway. He held a large torch which cast a brilliant light upon him and upon the faces of the other men who stood behind him. He smiled and spoke again to the old scrivener:

"You were gone so long, *Signore*. . . we feared you were lost, somewhere in the labyrinth. And we came to search for you."

"Lost, *Padre*?" the old scrivener questioned dazedly. "No, I've just been sitting here. But perhaps I was lost for a little while—that is, lost in the labyrinth of years."

Through St. Anthony's Land

By John Gibbons

ST. ANTHONY *during most of his life was so intimately associated with Italy that one is prone to forget that Portugal was really his native land.*

WHILE most of us usually associate St. Anthony of Padua with the Italy where he lived so much of his life and where he met his beloved St. Francis, he was of course really born a Portuguese and Portugal has never forgotten the fact. All over the country you find Santo Antonio, and under all sorts of circumstances. Quite curious to Anglo-Saxon ideas some of them seem.

There is no racing and no pool-rooms in the Latin countries, but when Portugal has an extra-special lottery then it is a figure of St. Anthony and the Child that you see in the lottery-shop windows, and some percentage of the gross takings will go to St. Anthony's charities. There is that great and gorgeous Casino at Estoril, the place that is to be a kind of Monte Carlo, and then almost immediately opposite is the ancient *Igreja* or Church of St. Anthony with all the Miracles of the Saint depicted on *azulejos*. Those are the painted tiles peculiar to Portugal, and very fine works of art some of them are; each tile is a little part of a picture sometimes signed by the artist, and then the things are baked hard and fitted together into the wall of a Church or Palace. The story of St. Anthony is painted in *azulejos* all over Portugal.

It is, however, in the extreme south that the Saint really has his kingdom. That is the province that they call Algarve, the name being the Portuguese version of the Moorish *El Gharbi*. It is the strip along the southernmost coast that the Moors conquered first and from which they were turned out last, and they called it *El Gharbi* or the Kingdom of the West. That was centuries ago, but Algarve still bears all sorts of traces of the Moors and many of the people are obviously of Moorish blood. It is a pretty conservative country, and I have been casually shown bullet marks in a church tower as of purely modern interest and as if the fighting had been yesterday. For they only dated to 1870, a little after the American Civil War, and Algarve does not count as old anything much this side of the 1100's. I have seen a church with a parchment founding a local branch of the Third Order; but it was dated 1679 and did not count as an antiquity.

That province stretches from the Spanish frontier to Cape St. Vincent and is about 100 miles long; but it is only a few miles broad, just reaching inland to the low range of hills behind it. And in the whole 100 miles there is nothing at all approaching the American idea of a city; the three or four towns run only to ten or twelve thousand souls apiece, and the bulk of the people are in hamlets, living on the land or on the fishing. There is a climate nearly as hot as that of Africa, and there are palm trees and giant figs and whole leagues of almond trees, all pinkish blossoms in the Spring of January and February. You see the boats with queer Arabian-looking lantern sails out after the tunny and the sardines of those warm seas. It is a poor country, and a laborer's wage may be half an American dollar a day; a hotel will lodge and board a guest for 25 *escudos* or say a dollar a day with as much free wine as he can drink.

But with all their poverty those fishermen are pretty fine sailors. Eight of them once took their tiny sailing boat right across the Atlantic from Portugal to Brazil. The story is painted in tiles in the park at Olhão, with the boat almost swamped by giant waves and with Our Lady of the Rosary looking down from the clouds. St. Anthony's Land is a pretty Catholic country even today, and while plenty of the old churches and monasteries are in ruins or turned into something else, those that are left fairly blaze with gilt and glory. To our notions that town of Olhão may be only a big village, but it has its churches.

THEY are curious towns, and to foreign eyes they are of a Babylonian Terrace style of architecture. It is hot there with a glaring sun and dazzling light; so they have narrow lanes for the sake of shade. The houses are tall, and on the roof of one house may stand another house and then still another. They are not flats, but complete houses with a family in each, and plenty of old people will live up there and next to never come down to the street.

From Olhão you pass to Faro, really Santa Maria del Faro, the capital and the very pride of all Algarve; if it only

has a population of perhaps 16,000, it is for all that a city. It has its garrison and its naval barracks, and its Castle and its Cathedral and its Palace of My Lord the Bishop. Also it has its Carmo, the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel; that is where you see the Bone Chapel with thousands of human skulls let into the walls. As you stare, they point out to you an inscription over the door. Stop Here, it says, For To This You Will Come.

THEN Faro has its Church of St. Francis, and its Church of St. Anthony. It is Santo Antonio do Alto, St. Anthony on the Hill, and you climb up its tower and look down over leagues of blazing Portugal. And then they take you through a little gay-flowered garden that makes a sort of cloister, and into a hall that must once have been a refectory. That is the Museum of St. Anthony, and Faro is very proud of it.

Republican Portugal has officially no religion, but the Portuguese people are unofficially just as Catholic as they wish to be. So the Mayor of Faro in his private capacity and with his private money started this little St. Anthony's Museum, the only one in the world that I ever heard of. They have patiently collected a tile or painting or carving from every St. Anthony's Church in Portugal; and then they have written to Italy and got all sorts of St. Anthony pictures and so forth from there. It was in Italy at a place called Forli that St. Anthony preached his first sermon, and I know Forli; and here hundreds of miles away in Faro I found a gentleman who had written a little book of Portuguese Verse on that first sermon.

Anything about St. Anthony would be welcome for that Museum, they said, from Portugal, from Spain, from Italy, from anywhere; their Saint is International. But when I asked if they would like anything from America, they looked doubtful. That, they said, was a heretic and indeed an infidel country, was it not, where nobody believed in God or the Mother of God or in their Santo Antonio? But there were millions of good Catholics in America, I told them, who believe quite a lot, and then they said that they would be glad to have anything from America, so that everybody who came to their Museum could see that St. Anthony had stretched out a hand even to the far-away States and had devout clients even at the ends of the earth.

The World Faces East

By Frederick V. Williams

A STRING of 7,000 islands, the northernmost of which is about 500 miles distant from Formosa and the southernmost of which lies in the neighborhood of British Borneo—forming a palm fringed chain in the Pacific Ocean—these are the Philippine Islands. Bounded on the East by the Pacific Ocean and on the West by the China Sea, the Archipelago lies about 600 miles off the coast of China in approximately the same latitude as Central America. It has a total coast line of about 11,440 statute miles—double that of the United States. Of the islands comprising the Archipelago, Luzon is the largest with an area of 40,814 square miles. Manila, the seat of the International Eucharistic Congress, is situated on the coast of this large island on the shore of Manila Bay. Here will come; from the far corners of the world, in February of next year, thousands of pilgrims, among them Princes of the Church, to do homage to the Eucharistic King.

The Philippines are the home of the only Catholic nation in the Far East. Of its 14,000,000 people, 12,000,000 are Catholics. And yet they are served by but 1,400 priests, 800 of them native born, working in a country beset with external pagan influences and just awakening from an almost lethargic indifference to anti-Catholic attacks in all known means of propaganda. It is not sheer imagination to state that this country stands in danger of losing its most priceless possession—its Faith. But the assembling of hundreds of thousands of Catholics in Manila next February, the celebration of thousands of masses, the receiving of innumerable communions and the offering of countless prayers are expected to do their part in saving its Far East possession to the Church.

The number of Catholic priests actually engaged in parochial work barely reaches 1,100. Although there are 986 parishes in the Philippines, 53 are still vacant. If the parishes, I am told, were evenly distributed there would be more than 12,000 people in every parish, but they are not and as a consequence there are some parishes with more than 40,000 souls and less than three resident priests to care for them. The cry is for a native priesthood, for vocations among the natives, for the Church in the Philippines admits the islands cannot go on looking to foreign countries for their priests. And so at this great international gathering of Catholics over the



HIS GRACE, MOST REVEREND MICHAEL J. O'DOHERTY, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF MANILA AND PRIMATE OF THE PHILIPPINES, SPONSOR OF THE XXXIII INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS, TO BE HELD AT MANILA, FEB. 3 TO 7, 1937.

world at Manila next February prayers will be offered for vocations among the youth of the islands.

There are two Archdioceses in the Philippines—Manila, founded in 1585, and Cebu, founded recently, ten dioceses

and two Apostolic Prefectures. The present Archbishop of Manila, and Primate of the Philippines, His Grace, Most Reverend Michael O'Doherty, D.D., took possession of his seat in 1916 after a term of five years as Bishop of Zamboanga. He is the second Archbishop during the American régime. His Auxiliary Bishop is Most Reverend William Finnemann, D.D. The present Archbishop of Cebu, the first since the foundation of the Archdiocese, is His Grace, Most Reverend Gabriel M. Reyes, D.D. The two Apostolic Prefects are Very Reverend Victoriano Roman, A.R., Prefect Apostolic of Palawan and Very Reverend Joseph Billiet, Prefect Apostolic of the Mountain Province. All of the 33 priests working in the Mountain Province are foreign born, and they minister to a Catholic population of 60,000 scattered over the rugged regions of the province.

Religious have given up their lives in the Prefecture of Palawan, in the Culion Leper Colony and the Iwahig Penal Colony, 11 Augustinian Recollects, two Jesuit priests, 16 Paulist Nuns and one Jesuit Lay Brother, working among 75,000 Catholics, trying to convert 32,700 pagans and wondering what to do with 5,200 Mohammedans.

THERE are 60 Catholic colleges, academies and institutions scattered over the islands, sending out thousands of young men and women trained in the principles of the Faith. In the city of Manila, alone, there are 22 Catholic institutions of learning. Added to these are approximately 150 parochial schools and the hundreds of catechetical centers flourishing in the towns and barrios, giving instruction to countless children and even adults! The Philippine Islands have 12 seminaries. These seminaries are the workshops wherein are formed the future priests of the Philippines, the men who will follow in the wake of the missionaries of today and take from their hands the herculean labors to which they have dedicated their lives. Nine hundred youths are enrolled in these seminaries.

The foreign priests in the Philippines have had to master many dialects. They must converse with the faithful in many tongues. The Hierarchy and many of the priests are accomplished linguists. The aboriginal inhabitants of the Philippines were the pigmies. Although some are still in existence, they are fast disappearing. The early immigrants were the Indonesians and the Malays, who are divided into the pagan, the Mohammedan and the Christian Malays.

To the islands came early tourists even before the Spanish. The Chinese traders arrived in 982 A. D., taking back valuable merchandise to Cathay. The Chinese eventually exercised a wide influence in the industrial life of the na-

tives. It is believed that many of the industries which the Spaniards found flourishing when they arrived—sugar milling, gold mining, metal working, etc., are of Chinese initiation.

The Sumatrans, like Prince Baginda in 1390 and Malaccans like Abu Bakr in 1380, followed the Chinese. Before the Europeans came, two Hindu-Malayan empires had succeeded in bringing under one government the islands inhabited by the Malays, including the Philippines. The first Spanish galleons that arrived found that the Filipinos had a culture of their own. They wrote from left to right as we do. Whether or not there was any native literature is a matter of conjecture. Oral tradition handed down from generation to generation is rich in folklore, legend and mythology. There was music, dances, song and the use of some form of metal for coinage. There were four classes of society: the nobles, the freemen, the serfs and the slaves. Government was characterized by highly

THE SIGN will be pleased to make arrangements for individuals or groups who wish to go to the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress to be held in Manila, Feb. 3 to 7, 1937.

defined laws of which the penal were better known.

There is a church and convent in Old Intramuros which, if transplanted to almost any European city and ticketed, would receive pages of advertising and be photographed to the innermost corners of its 350-year-old nooks, corridors and cloisters. This is St. Augustine's, an almost forgotten sentinel of the past; the only structure in the Philippines that has withstood the earthquakes of ancient times that have all but wiped out both cities and buildings; steeped in the lore of a mysterious past and still the home of an order of monks living the life and customs of their predecessors who began to make the Philippines into the only Christian people in the Orient long before the Pilgrims ever landed on Plymouth Rock. It is safe to say that there are hundreds of foreigners who have spent years in the islands and left for good without even a casual visit to the interior of this wonderful old church or its picturesque monastery; who failed to feast their eyes upon its beautiful sacristy, and the choir with its huge books of hand printed parchment where the music notes are as large as after-dinner coffee cups.

All of this is almost within a stone's throw of ultra-modern hotels, amuse-

ment emporia and the most beautiful water front in all the Far East; a jewel of the past set down behind the gates of the world's finest, and only example of a medieval walled city still throbbing with life as it was hundreds of years ago; where the drawbridge pulleys are still in place and the old windlasses laid to one side as if in readiness for the onslaught of a horde of pirates or the invasion of one of the old time foes.

Such is Manila, the capital of the Philippine Commonwealth, the gateway to the Orient—the honored seat of the next XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress which makes it the first Oriental metropolis ever to be accorded the sacred privileges. It is not as old as the pyramids, or the Forum or the castles of England or the chateaux of France, yet of a period in history when the United States and all the new world was coming into being, a period within our comprehension and understanding.

FROM a dilapidated port, mosquito and disease ridden, transformed into a modern metropolis with all the twentieth-century splendor, Manila nevertheless has kept something unchanged in its amazing progressive metamorphosis. The old medieval city of Intramuros with all its quaint Spanish buildings and narrow streets, the massive churches that have withstood the ravages of time are witnesses to its unchanging progress. If the 350-year-old massive pillars of the Church of St. Augustine have withstood the countless earthquakes that have rocked the whole Archipelago, far more confirmed is the zealotness and Faith of those that built them. If the huge bells up in the belfry have rung in resounding peals in the inaugural mass and are still ringing now with no less vigor and tone—after four centuries have rolled on, far more enthusiastic and vigorous are the paeans sung for the Catholic Faith. And as we survey other Oriental countries and note how life is led in their supposedly gay cities, should we wonder then that Manila was chosen as the meeting place of all the standard bearers of Christendom for the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress in February, 1937?

When the Spaniards first sailed into Manila Bay around 1570 under Martin de Goiti, Legaspi's master of camp, they saw on the southern banks of the Pasig River a town "owned and fortified by a ruler named Rajamora; and in front, across the river, was another large town, named Tondo, well made of palms and thick posts." From the ashes of the Malay town south of the Pasig River rose the massive walls of Old Manila, political, commercial and social center of the Philippines during the Spanish régime.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, after the conquest and pacifica-

tion of Luzon, small villages were scattered all around the walled city. These villages composed of clusters of nipa huts were the nuclei of the suburbs which are now known as the district of the modern city. Tondo, which is located some two miles north of the Pasig River on the beach, was the most populous suburb before and after the conquest.

Manila was not immune to the baptism of fire and sword that is the rite of historic cities. After the Spanish conquistadores had wrested the place from native chieftains, logs were gathered to build the first walls of the city for the white rulers. In 1574 a roaming band of Chinese pirates captured and sacked the newly founded city.

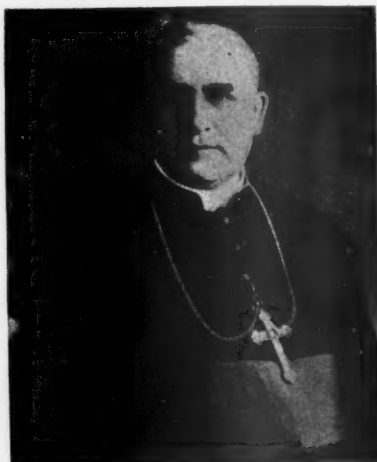
In 1590 a new governor arrived from Spain and construction of the permanent work on what is now Fort Santiago and the present headquarters of the United States Army begun. In 1603 the new walls were tested with a fresh Chinese outbreak. All of this before the founding of the first colony in Virginia. At the southern end of the west wall there still stands a formidable bastion which was constructed in 1644, and more than 100 years later, 1762, this came under heavy fire when 13 British men-of-war with 2,500 men and several 24 pounders captured the city. It was retained for a year or more and then evacuated by the British at the signing of the Treaty of Paris. In 1797 another new grant from the Spanish crown renewed work of fortification.

IN 1898 the United States took a hand in Manila history. Admiral Dewey blew the Spanish fleet out of Manila Bay. The advent of the Stars and Stripes gave birth to a new Manila—a metropolis to vie in honors with the best in Europe and the Americas. Large buildings designed for strength and architectural splendor sprang up; wide and well paved streets banked with shady trees and lighted in dazzling brilliance at night welcomed visitors from far away lands; residential mansions built for comfort and beauty now house the city dweller; taxis, neon lights, de luxe theaters, skyscrapers, high athletic stadiums, modern universities—a modern stone against an ancient setting.

Churches—tall, imposing with majestic grandeur! Churches—small and simple, large and ornate; churches still standing as they have stood for centuries, the scenes of colorful ceremonies for the devoted faithful; churches, moss grown and dilapidated, recalling old days of glory; churches rich with the treasures of the centuries, in architecture, history and art, eloquent witnesses of the work of the missionaries who died in the scenes of their toil; churches scattered all over the Philippines—Spain's legacy in stone to the Filipinos.

Where the Spanish sword went, there also went the Cross of Christ, and as the colors of Philip were being hoisted over conquered lands, loving hands were piling stone on stone. The Congress pilgrim will feast his eyes and heart upon these monuments to Christ the King.

The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Manila is one of the most beautiful churches in the world. It had its beginning with the creation of the Manila Archdiocese and was dedicated December 21, 1581. A typhoon in 1582 damaged it, and fire completed the work of destruction. A second cathedral was partially wrecked by an earthquake. December 16, 1614, saw the third cathedral finished and blessed, but again this was brought to the ground by an earthquake. Building activities were begun in 1654 with the laying of the corner-stone of the fourth cathedral by



MOST REVEREND WILLIAM FINNEMANN, D.D., AUXILIARY BISHOP OF MANILA, PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE XXXIII INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

Archbishop D. Miguel Millan de Probele.

This was ruined by the earthquake of June 3, 1863. Undaunted by past disasters, the Archbishop ordered the construction of the fifth cathedral in 1870. Completed in 1879, it was blessed by Archbishop Pedro Payo. Archbishop Harty restored the church to its present rich and harmonious condition in 1915.

It is this cathedral in which the principle religious ceremonies of the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress will be held February 3rd to 7th in 1937. It is here the Papal Legate will retire and pray after his escort through the streets from the ship on the day before the formal opening of the Congress. And it is here that the bishops and priests of the world will hold their great meetings.

The cathedral stands on a high elevation of stone; steps lead up to a spacious courtyard—and the whole ensemble pro-

duces an imposing effect. Its façade faces the Plaza McKinley, where a statue of the Spanish king, D. Carlos de Bourbon, stands sentinel like. To the right is the Ayuntamiento, the seat of the city administration in Spanish times and the seat of insular administration in American times. The dome of the cathedral is the first thing and the last the traveler sees at sea; the center of the cross of the dome is the reference point to all astronomical longitudes of the Archipelago. The architecture is composite with a dash of Byzantine.

Massive native vestment chests feature the Sacristy. The side walls are flanked with wardrobes and reliquaries resting upon consoles about a fine crucifix. Here also are choir books of enormous dimensions whose antiquity and long period of unuse is testified to by their worm-eaten bindings. The nave of the church is majestic in proportion; its clustered pillars have gilded capitals. The cupola rises to an immense height and has an inside balcony.

IN a city visited by destructive earthquakes old St. Augustine's (dedicated to St. Paul) withstood the 'quakes of 1645, 1754, 1863 and 1880, while all the others crashed. Though fortunate against nature, it suffered from the attacks of men. This church and its historic graves were profaned during the British occupation of Manila in 1762. Having stood in this place since the beginning of the Spanish régime in the Philippines, it has been witness to many historical events. The first synod in Manila was held here in 1581. It was also the scene of the *Junta Magna* at which weighty matters of ecclesiastical import were discussed; and in the vestry of this church the terms for the American occupation of Manila were signed in August, 1898.

Bones of men prominent in ecclesiastical and civil history of the islands lie buried here in the chapel to the left of the altar. The bones of Legaspi, Salcedo, Lavesarez and of Archbishops Guerrero, Garcia, Serrano, Zamudio and of other notables whose names ring down through the corridors of time in the islands' history, now rest in the easternmost chapel of the transept.

The Congress pilgrim will revel in a visit to the monastery, rich in Spanish arches done in colorful style. The first thing that strikes the visitor in this church is the wide span of arches, which reach from one end of the church to the other. These arches are very low and herein lies the secret of the church's strength against earthquakes.

Low pillars support the side of the chapel and another peculiarity of this church is that chapels supplant the aisles. The church is always rather dim, because there are no windows. The sun breaks through only one side through

small lunettes; the other side is the cloister. The mural decorations of the church were done some 70 years ago by the Italian painter, Alveroni, who with quaint conceit reproduced in miniature, above the high altar, the painting of the entire ceiling.

The statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, venerated in this church, is a beautiful piece of sculpture. Thousands kiss the feet of this statue on festival days. The natives credit Our Lady's intercession to saving Manila from Dewey's guns. After the destruction of the Spanish fleet by the Americans came the announcement that the city was to be bombarded. Panic ensued and thousands fled with their belongings. On that day, May 1, 1898, the May services in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes were to begin. The Superior of the Capuchins, after Rosary that evening, fell on his knees before the statue and solemnly promised Our Lady that the new church would be dedicated to her if she would save Manila from the threatened bombardment.

Was Mary moved to intercede with her Son? The fact is that neither on the next day, nor the next week, nor the next month—did the much feared effects of the bombardment come upon Manila.

Shells screamed overhead, causing damage within a radius of 500 meters of the city. The new church was inaugurated on September 24, 1898.

More will be told later of the beautiful and ancient churches and shrines of Manila and the Philippines and of the legends of the faithful, of how the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress came to Manila, of the joy and devotion of the Catholic people and their preparations for this great event in honor of the Eucharistic King, how great processions marched through the streets of cities and villages singing hymns of the church, past lantern strung homes in the golden twilight of the Far East, on their way to their churches to adore the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the high altars of great and little churches.

No Catholic of whatever nation can realize what this coming Congress means to the Catholic people of the Philippines, to the Church as a whole there.

When the great trans-Pacific liners from San Francisco and Los Angeles and Vancouver and Seattle steam across the unruffled waters of Manila Bay and anchor at the great Pier Seven, serving in many cases as floating hotels for the

thousands of pilgrims, the salvos of the faithful will rise with new hope to greet their brothers from across the seas. Before the eyes of the pilgrims, watching from the decks of their Eucharistic ships, will stretch the great Luneta, a huge area of reclaimed land turned into a magnificent public park and facing the bay and where the open air activities of the Congress will be held.

No man or woman, no Catholic or non-Catholic who visits Manila when the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress is held there next February will ever be able to erase from their minds the memory of that which they will be privileged to see.

The great ships that carry them to Manila will take them first to Hawaii, then on to Japan, then down to China and then to the Philippines.

It will require all of two months to make the journey—going and coming and attending the Congress—strange and mystic lands, the charm and fascination of the Far East and then—at Manila—in a setting that goes back four and five centuries, in an old world made new, the Mass, the Communion, Benediction, the ritual of Rome, home in the Faith of our Fathers.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

Mexican Martyrdom

by Wilfrid Parsons

Father Parsons, former editor of the distinguished Catholic weekly, *America*, has been collecting material for this book for the last ten years. It is not a controversial work but a simple and candid narrative of facts. The author has had unusual opportunities for obtaining his information. He witnessed many of the facts with his own eyes and the rest he obtained from sources of unimpeachable authority.

Mexican Martyrdom is a human interest story which will make a deep and sympathetic impression. It tells in simple and unadorned language the daily trials of the persecuted Catholics of Mexico, which are the result of the attempts of a brutal and Communist government to deprive them of the ancient heritage of the faith and all the beneficent institutions of that faith. The closing of churches and the banishment of priests, the efforts to corrupt the minds of little children by teaching them, not merely the so-called "principles" of the Revolution, but also the technique of sex; the heroic resistance of both priests and people to such vicious attacks, even to the point of martyrdom, and the unconquered spirit of the faithful in the face of such continued and savage pres-

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sure—all are here brought out in a manner which ought to convince even the prejudiced reader.

This is an excellent method to follow in the present state of the situation, for it avoids the acrimony of controversy and pleads the merits of the Catholic cause by a mere recital of the inhuman treatment to which they have been and still are subjected. Lovers of fair play have in this book an answer to the false propaganda coming out of government offices in Mexico. Father Parsons has done a great service, not only to the cause of the persecuted Catholics in Mexico, but also to all those who still believe in the fundamental liberties of mankind. It is to be hoped that the book will have a wide circulation throughout the English speaking world. It counteracts false propaganda by the most potent means—the recital of facts. That is all that fair-minded men need to be convinced that the Catholic Church has a case in Mexico.

Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50.

My Country and My People

by Lin Yutang

The widespread curiosity of westerners about the Orient and its people is not to be wondered at. Because in countless items the common nature of white man and yellow man has given radically different expression of its being. *My Country and My People* is not, however, a mere symposium of the opposites of East and West. It is a scholarly, brilliantly written exposé of China and the Chinese. On many scores, this book is possessed of truly exceptional merit.

The author imparts with simplicity his deep and varied fund of learning and experience, addressing men of "simple common sense." There is sparkle and verve in his sketches of character and action. The calm sagacity of old China's serene wisdom gives balance throughout. He brings us as close as can be done by the written word to that elusive but vitally important passport to an understanding of the Chinese: their point of view. He does not attack this problem specifically; he meets it as it occurs in the course of his narrative. This is perhaps his most distinctive contribution to the western world's appreciation of his country and his people.

Lin Yutang speaks of himself as formerly a Christian and now a pagan. But

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THE GATES OF THE CHURCH

C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

Everybody has been puzzled by those who come so near the Church and yet never enter it, and those who are born in it and go away. In this book Fr. Martindale suggests reasons for these things, and what the remedies must be. Selected by the *Spiritual Book Associates*. (75c)

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By the editor of the *Lealiter Missal*. This little book is bound in silver, and makes a perfect gift for a novice, or indeed anyone who likes simple and beautiful meditations. Selected by the *Spiritual Book Associates*. (\$1.00)

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SHEED AND WARD SAMPLERS

The first six of these are now ready. Each contains 32 pages from the writings of a modern Catholic author, giving a clear notion of the main direction of his thought. Each has also a portrait and a biographical note. Needless to say, they make ideal introductory Catholic reading. The first authors are, Christopher Dawson, Jacques Maritain, Alfred Noyes, Mgr. Fulton Sheen, Ross Hoffman and G. K. Chesterton. Price 25c each, five for \$1.00.

SHEED AND WARD

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Lin really never disowned Christianity. It was never his to disown. What he claims to have tried and found wanting was a sterile, unlovely derelict of the Reformation. He deserves sympathy for having come under its influence. It offered him a shallow, superficial substitute for the real Christianity, and Lin Yutang was logical enough to despise it. How regrettable that the decomposing corpse of Protestantism should be identified in his mind with the living truth of Christ's One Church!

This explains perhaps his assertion that in China Christianity must fail. That his race is pliable to religious thought is proven by their adoption of Buddhism. Christianity—Catholicity, at least, is advancing in China. In his own admission Confucianism and Taoism do not satisfy. It is to be hoped that Lin Yutang will be given to see that Faith in its true light as have many of his distinguished compatriots.

Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., New York. \$3.00.

My Spiritual Pilgrimage

by Carolyn Therese Kobbé

In this autobiography a convert tells the intimate story of her conversion to Catholicism. But *My Spiritual Pilgrimage*, is not "just another story of conversion." Its pages mirror the depths of a noble and sensitive soul as it passes through life's dark labyrinths into the peaceful light of the Catholic Faith.

It was the tragic death of her husband that revealed to Therese Kobbé the emptiness of life as she knew it. Faced with the necessity of seeking an answer to its problems she began her search for truth. She delved into Spiritism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Calvinism, but these left her unsatisfied—groping in a maze of doubt and contradiction. European travel occasioned the strange but providential circumstances that resulted in a new spiritual outlook on life and her entry into the Catholic Church. What her new-found faith meant to her is thus expressed: "How happy I am to be a Catholic. How much richer, how much happier my life is now. . . . Once I walked in darkness and despair, now I live in peace and light!"

Woven into the narrative of her deep spiritual experiences Therese Kobbé gives an interesting account of her pilgrimages to famous shrines in Europe.

The Devin-Adair Co., New York. \$1.25.

The Beginnings of the Society of St. Sulpice in the United States (1791-1829)

by Joseph William Ruane, Ph.D.

Naturally, the primary appeal of a work such as this will be to the clergy, but the story of the beginnings of clerical

education in America is told so simply and interestingly that it cannot but help appeal also to the informed Catholic layman who would know more of the early life and spirit of his Church in America.

There are many noteworthy features about this book, not the least of which is the Bibliography, which Doctor Ruane has entitled *Essay on the Sources*. Since its inception it has been the aim of the Department of American Catholic Church History at the Catholic University of America to make its

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students source-conscious—on the *qui vive* for locating, classifying and cataloguing any material, and particularly any primary source material, with bearing on the history of the Church in this country. There has been a lamentable lack of interest in the preservation and proper documentation of such material in the past. When it was found and used, it was often relegated by its user to its former obscurity and confusion without regard for the convenience of writers who in the future might desire to take up the thread of the narrative where the former writer left off.

Much credit, therefore, is due to Doctor Ruane for the painstaking care with which his bibliography has been assembled, classified and explained. Those who take up the labor after him shall have reason to be grateful to him for this particularly excellent *Essay on the Sources*.

The Voice. St. Mary's Seminary, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

Old St. Peter's, the Mother Church of Catholic New York (1785-1935)

by Leo Raymond Ryan, A.B., M.S.

"Old St. Peter's on Barclay St."! For the lover of American Catholic life and tradition Old St. Peter's on Barclay Street is a name to conjure with. From Revolutionary days St. Peter's has been the scene of many a stirring episode and the background for many a colorful personality in American Catholic history.

With the passing of the years the Church in New York, first housed in a carpenter shop—like its divine Founder Himself—has emerged and spread itself with incredible vitality over two states. Where originally the Church could count but one priest and some two hundred communicants, today, after the lapse of one hundred and fifty years, it comprises 2,749 churches, 5,635,559 communicants, 5,328 priests, and is presided over by a cardinal-archbishop and ten suffragan bishops. To read the story of this old mother of such a sturdy spiritual progeny is to quicken one's faith in the divine life still latent in Catholicism after two thousand years of struggle and persecution.

The book, a dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Department of History at Fordham University, is well written under the inspiration and guidance of some of our best American Catholic Church historians. The publication is sponsored by the United States Catholic Historical Society, Monograph Series XV. The content and format, therefore, are according to the best historical theory and practice.

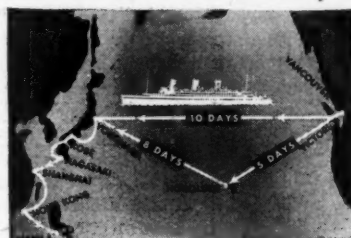
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The book will give especial satisfaction and joy to every student of history desirous of seeing the story of our venerable old parishes in the United States told not only in an interesting but also in a truly informative and scientific way. Mr. Ryan is to be congratulated on a very creditable performance.

United States Catholic Historical Society. Monograph Series XV. New York.

The Green Lion

by Francis Hackett

The Green Lion is from the pen of the author of lurid biographies of Henry VIII and Francis I. These books rode to great popularity on the wave of the present craze for intimate biographies and this fact may serve to aid the sale of the present work of fiction. Its intrinsic value, however, is not very great.

The story covers the first eighteen years of the life of an Irish boy, Jerry Coyne. The time is the late nineteenth century with its political turmoil in Ireland. Jerry is portrayed as a sensitive youth and this sensibility, in the modern mood, is supposed to indicate superior intelligence in some way or other. Unfortunately it often merely indicates an unstable nervous system and this seems to be Jerry's fundamental trouble. His creator gives long and minute descriptions of Jerry's psychological reactions to events and persons coming within the sphere of his more or less sheltered life. Nothing objectively important ever happens to him. He is unable to come to grips with life as he finds it and whatever personally important decisions he makes, come from emotional impressions rather than intellectual insight. At the end we find the eighteen-year-old youth starting for some uncertain future in America.

One thing the author is very insistent about is that all of Jerry's disappointments are in some manner due to the

Catholic Church. No opportunity is lost to present the Church in as unfavorable a light as possible. From Mr. Hackett's pages one would never think there is another side of the picture. Fortunately for Ireland her destiny is in the hands of men of far different type than Jerry Coyne.

Doubleday, Doran and Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$2.50.

Get It Right

by John B. Optycke

The sub-title, *A Cyclopaedia of Correct English Usage*, gives one a general idea of the contents of this very useful work. It treats in some detail of grammar, punctuation, spelling and word study. There are chapters on abbreviations, capitalization, letter-writing, newspaper copy, proofreading, etc.

There is an amazing amount of information condensed in its 673 pages—information that is made easily accessible by a thorough index. It is of use to the student, the business or professional man, and especially to writers and secretaries.

As the author says in the preface, it "is meant primarily to serve as a sort of first-aid kit in expressional emergencies. It is an omnibus of usage to be consulted whenever and wherever decisions have to be made between what is exact and precise in speech and writing and what is merely passable or downright wrong."

In fact, almost any literate person will find it useful and interesting.

Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York. \$3.50.

Darby and Joan

by Maurice Baring

Joan Brendan, the daughter of an invalid and widowed father, was baptized

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a Catholic and entrusted to an Irish Catholic nurse. But she never attained to the status of a convinced and observant Catholic, due to the skepticism of her father and the environment in which she moved. Joan read everything and consequently had ideas. That didn't help any. She contracted three marriages—all unhappy. Her sufferings are told in that easy, transparent and economical style characteristic of all Mr. Baring's writings. The average American reader, however, will hardly grow sentimental over a woman who, though she had her difficulties and failures, never wrestled with the elemental problems of existence, as the getting of food, clothing, shelter and money. Her life and that of the group in which she moved reveals to an annoying degree the uselessness of that class of people so aptly called "the idle rich." Of course, it wasn't Joan's fault that she was often in a quandary whether she should spend one week or one month shooting in Scotland. The story goes to show that even people with nothing to do to provide a livelihood are still capable of being unhappy. Joan's one great comfort was old Dr. Valea, who tried to make her see the Catholic explanation of sorrow. The strangest part of this story is that the author claims it is true.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.00.



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Your Child—In Health and in Sickness

by Hugh L. Dwyer, M.D.

In recent years doctors have been faced with an increasing demand for accurate and up-to-date information on the subject of child hygiene. Parents everywhere are manifesting a deeper interest in matters relating to the physical and mental welfare of their children.

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The book is written in simple language, and is entirely devoid of technical expressions. Its primary purpose is to acquaint mothers with the latest scientific advances in the field of child hygiene, and to provide them with a complete knowledge of modern methods for the prevention of childhood disorders.

The author has devoted the greater part of his professional life to the study of pediatrics—the science of the hygienic care of children. He is Associate Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Kansas' School of Medicine, and attending physician to several hospitals in Kansas City, including the Children's Mercy Hospital. He is the author of more than thirty articles on the subject of child welfare, which have been published at various times in leading medical journals. The volume which he has written is therefore based on many years of practical experience, and the information contained therein will be of invaluable aid to parents.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.75.

Correlative English

by Llewelyn Lloyd

The definite purpose of this text-book is to correlate the study of English composition with the other studies of second year high school. The author insists that the study of English composition is not an end in itself—"it must carry over to the other classes" of the high school. If, for example, a student can turn out an excellent composition in the English class, but is unable to express himself clearly in the history class, his study of English composition is a lamentable failure. The only solution to the problem is obviously to teach the student mental adaptability. He must acquire "the ability to make practical

application of rules and principles" (of self-expression) learned in the English class, "while the mind is absorbed in an entirely different subject." How far the author has succeeded in achieving his aim may be left to individual opinion. The work is at least as pro-

For Your Protection

ACCORDING to officials of the Catholic Press Association, dishonest subscription solicitors are very active in various parts of the country. Complaints have been received from New Jersey, Iowa, Virginia, Michigan, Illinois, Texas, Ohio, Colorado, Missouri, New York, Pennsylvania, Florida, Indiana, Georgia, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Wisconsin and the District of Columbia.

These solicitors are frauds. They do not represent any of the legitimate Catholic publications. In a number of cases they are using fake printed receipts.

Readers of THE SIGN are urged to examine the credentials, the receipts and the magazine. If solicitors have not all three of these things no money should be given to them.

The dishonest solicitor who was recently arrested and sentenced in New York City, admitted to Police that he made from forty dollars to one hundred dollars a day, when he worked. This man fraudulently solicited for various Catholic magazines, pocketed the money and never sent a nickel to the publishers.

Another one of these men, when he finds that the husband is out of employment, suggests to the wife that she fill out a petition slip. The said petition slip is placed at some shrine somewhere. "This is a quick way to get a job for your husband," he tells the victims. Another one of these fakers makes a specialty of swindling institutions conducted by Nuns.

Another one of these men wears a roman collar and pretends to be a priest.

The Catholic Press Association is making efforts to stop these fraudulent operators. Complaints should be sent to the office of the Association at 64 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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vocative and suggestive as the title.

The chief merit of Professor Lloyd's book is that it sets forth the dry mechanics of grammar in a pleasing, conversational manner destined to engross students who naturally balk at the uninteresting and "logical" organization of the ordinary framework type of text-book.

On the other hand, the book looked at as a whole, fails to give the impression of a well constructed mosaic; rather each segment catches the eye. The Table of Contents indicates a desultory treatment of the subject-matter, with some effort at orderliness by groupings under various "unit" headings. However, the fragmentary appearance of the work may be ascribed to the new technique which is slowly gaining the ascendancy in pedagogy, or as Professor Lloyd says, that "methods of teaching this important subject are more practical than ever before."

High school teachers who are interested in improving teaching technique may very profitably examine this new arrival.

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A brief study of a man who combined the simplicity of the peasantry from which he sprang with the cleverness of the most able diplomats of our day. Without ambition or selfseeking, his one interest was the welfare of Austria. He sought the recovery of the economic and social well-being of the people in the application of the doctrines contained in the Papal Encyclicals. The success which attended his efforts is becoming more and more appreciated. He lived and died a hero.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London. \$2.00.

Rome From Within

by Selden P. Delaney

The title of this posthumous book is an intriguing one. But the reader who imagines that he will find an exposé of the evils in the "Roman" Church by a distinguished convert of only five years duration will be disappointed. The author admits that he might have discussed some things which he regarded as evils, but he was sensible enough to acknowledge that evils of some kind are inevitably connected with all organizations made up of human beings, even though the organization be of divine institution and endowed with divine means to achieve its end.

Father Delaney divides his book into three parts—The Mystical Element, The Intellectual Element, and The Institutional Element in the Church. This logical division enables him to describe the Church in its several aspects and to furnish a candid and satisfying explanation of the subjects included in this arrangement. There is an air of simplicity and honesty about the book which commends itself to the sincere enquirer more, perhaps, than a book written in a controversial tone would do. It should appeal especially to non-Catholics who are anxious to know Father Delaney's reac-

tions to his new environment. The faithful themselves will also profit by it as a source of instruction and inspiration. Incidentally *Rome From Within* will serve as an excellent antidote to those books written by apostates, who desire to make money by appealing to the prejudices of non-Catholics. Catholics who are interested in the conversion of their non-Catholic friends would do well to acquaint them with it.

Bruce Pub. Co., Milwaukee. \$2.00.

The Secret of St. John Bosco

by Henri Ghéon. Translated by F. I. Sheed

Gifted Henri Ghéon—physician, convert, biographer, poet-dramatist—has done much in recent years to bring back the saints in all their human interest. The timely appeal of the work and personality of Don Bosco, so well interpreted in the *Secret of St. John Bosco*, makes this book one that can be offered confidently to a Catholic or non-Catholic who has never read the life of a saint nor feels the urge to do so. While M. Ghéon does not supply admirers of Don Bosco with new information, they will be delighted with his engaging manner of introducing saints to a world skeptical of sanctity.

Don Bosco was a remarkable man. The force of his charity still radiates to the ends of the earth. He met "on its own ground the materialism of an age choking with the pride of its inventions, refusing to accept God on faith, clamoring for results." And results he gave with a vengeance! Begun at a time when anti-clericalism was in the saddle, religious looked at askance by authorities and people, his organization for youth has had a most astonishingly rapid spread.

Readers of this work will agree with the author when he says: "What the memory of Don Bosco really clamors for is not a book, but a film—an immense popular film, packed with adventures, games, dreams, miracles, with fields and vineyards, sordid slums, shameful hovels, and all the misery of soul of children abandoned to their own perversity, and over all the great pure breath of joy that came from the little farm boy and scattered the mists."

Sheed and Ward, N. Y. \$2.00.

The Church and the Catholic and

The Spirit of the Liturgy

by Romano Guardini

The first part of this slender volume treats of the Mystical Body of Christ. The author shows that God intended man to be a social being, and that the highest perfection of this tendency is

attained by membership in the Church. A life lived as a faithful and convinced member of the Mystical Body of Christ is the way marked out by God for a man to become truly human and free. The second part, a re-print, is concerned with the part which the liturgy plays in living out the principles which derive from the doctrine of the Mystical Body. By means of it our soul's needs are most fittingly made known to God, our fellowship with the faithful is more strongly cemented, and the emotional nature of man is released in channels which correspond to both his rational nature and divine adoption as son of God. It must be confessed, however, that Father Guardini is not conspicuous for simplicity of style. This book demands concentration, but it will repay the serious reader for his effort.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.00.

The Gateway to American History: Revised Edition

by Thomas Bonaventure Lawler

Lawler's text-books in American History are well known to the grade-school teacher, especially in Catholic circles, and need no special introduction. His Revised Edition of *The Gateway to American History* is a valuable supplement to these texts. A great drawback, often encountered by the teacher of American History, is the pupil's woeful lack of background. Comparisons carried over from European settings into the field of American History lose their value, because the pupil's knowledge of leading facts of world history is meagre. *The Gateway to American History* is a capable endeavor to correct this deficiency: The style is clear, and the choice of words shows consideration for the immature mind. The volume contains many instructive pictures and excellent maps. The questions and suggestions appended to each unit are helpful.

Ginn & Co., Boston. 96 cents.

Our Palace Wonderful

by Rev. Frederick A. Houck

This is the seventh edition of a book which has maintained a steady popularity over a number of years. The sub-title "What Nature Says of its Creator" gives the theme of the work. The author's purpose in treating the various aspects of the material universe and of man's place in it is to point the human intellect

to an Intelligent and Omnipotent Cause.

The presentation is popular but at the same time solidly scientific and philosophical. The esthetic side is not neglected and many poems and fine prose passages are utilized to bring home particular points. The spirit of the book is refreshing in contrast with so much that is written on the subject.

Frederick Pustel Co., N. Y. \$1.25.

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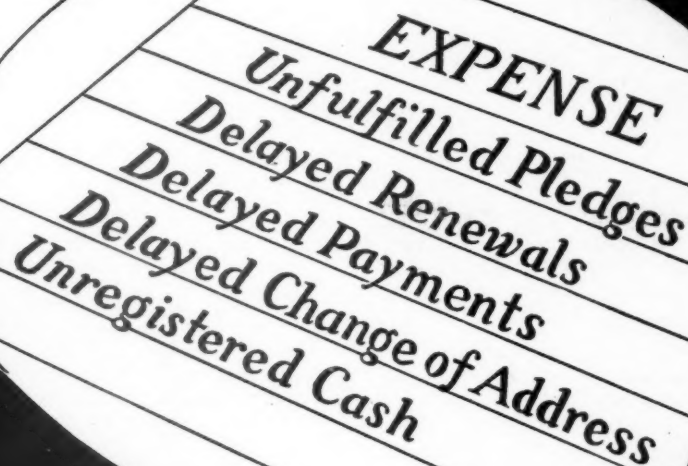
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